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*White*

THE GIFT OF  
JAMES WALKER.  
(Class of 1814.)  
LATELY PRESIDENT OF  
HARVARD COLLEGE.

Received 31 Jan. 1860.







THE  
REMAINS  
OF  
HENRY KIRKE WHITE,  
OF NOTTINGHAM,  
*LATE OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE;*  
WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS  
LIFE,  
*BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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FIFTH EDITION, CORRECTED.

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*LONDON:*

PRINTED FOR VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARPE; LONGMAN, HURST, REES,  
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**CILFTON GROVE.**

**VOL. II.**

**B**



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**This, and the following Poems, are reprinted from the little volume,  
which Henry published in 1803.**

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TO  
HER GRACE  
THE  
DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE,

THE FOLLOWING  
TRIFLING EFFUSIONS  
OF  
A VERY YOUTHFUL MUSE,

ARE  
BY PERMISSION DEDICATED,

*By her Grace's*

MUCH OBLIGED

AND GRATEFUL SERVANT,

**HENRY KIRKE WHITE.**

NOTTINGHAM.



## PREFACE.

---

*THE following attempts in Verse, are laid before the Public with extreme diffidence. The Author is very conscious that the juvenile efforts of a youth, who has not received the polish of Academical discipline, and who has been but sparingly blessed with opportunities for the prosecution of scholastic pursuits, must necessarily be defective in the accuracy and finished elegance, which marks the works of the man who has passed his life in the retirement of his study, furnishing his mind with images, and at the same time attaining the power of disposing those images to the best advantage.*

*The unpremeditated effusions of a Boy, from his thirteenth year, employed, not in the acquisition of literary information, but in the more active business of life, must not be expected to exhibit any considerable portion of the correctness of a Virgil, or the vigorous compression of a Horace. Men are not, I believe, frequently known to bestow much labour on their amusements: and these Poems were, most of them, written merely to beguile a leisure hour, or to fill up the languid intervals of studies of a severer nature.*



## PREFACE.

Πᾶς το οἰκτιος ἑρῶν ἑαυτῶν. “Every one loves his own work,” says the Stagyrte; but it was no overweening affection of this kind which induced this publication. Had the author relied on his own judgment only, these Poems would not, in all probability, ever have seen the light.

Perhaps it may be asked of him, what are his motives for this publication? He answers—simply these: The facilitation through its means of those studies which, from his earliest infancy, have been the principal objects of his ambition; and the increase of the capacity to pursue those inclinations which may one day place him in an honourable station in the scale of society.

The principal Poem in this little collection (*Clifton Grove*) is, he fears, deficient in numbers, and harmonious coherency of parts. It is, however, merely to be regarded as a description of a nocturnal ramble in that charming retreat, accompanied with such reflections as the scene naturally suggested. It was written twelve months ago, when the author was in his sixteenth year.—The *Miscellanies* are some of them the productions of a very early age.—Of the *Odes*, that “*To an early Primrose*,” was written at thirteen—the others are of a later date.—The *Sonnets* are chiefly irregular; they have, perhaps, no other claim to that specific denomination, than that they consist only of fourteen lines.

## PREFACE.

*Such are the Poems, towards which I entreat the lenity of the Public. The Critic will doubtless find in them much to condemn, he may likewise, possibly, discover something to commend. Let him scan my faults with an indulgent eye, and in the work of that correction which I invite, let him remember, he is holding the iron Mace of Criticism over the flimsy superstructure of a youth of seventeen, and remembering that, may he forbear from crushing by too much rigour, the painted butterfly, whose transient colours may otherwise be capable of affording a moment's innocent amusement.*

**H. K. WHITE.**

**NOTTINGHAM.**



## TO MY LYRE.

### AN ODE.

#### I.

THOU simple Lyre!—Thy music wild  
Has serv'd to charm the weary hour,  
And many a lonely night has 'guil'd,  
When even pain has own'd and smil'd,  
Its fascinating power.

#### II.

Yet, oh my Lyre! the busy crowd  
Will little heed thy simple tones:  
Them, mightier minstrels harping loud  
Engross,—and thou, and I, must shroud  
Where dark oblivion 'thrones.

#### III.

No hand, thy diapason o'er,  
Well skill'd, I throw with sweep sublime;  
For me, no academic lore  
Has taught the solemn strain to pour,  
Or build the polish'd rhyme.

#### IV.

Yet thou to *Sylvan* themes canst soar;  
Thou know'st to charm the *woodland* train:  
The rustic swains believe thy power  
Can hush the wild winds when they roar,  
And still the billowy main.



## V.

These honours, Lyre, we yet may keep,  
 I, still unknown, may live with thee,  
 And gentle zephyr's wing will sweep  
 Thy solemn string, where low I sleep,  
 Beneath the alder tree.

## VI.

This little dirge will please me more  
 Than the full requiem's swelling peal;  
 I'd rather than that crouds should sigh  
 For me, that from some kindred eye  
 The trickling tear should steal.

## VII.

Yet dear to me the wreath of bay,  
 Perhaps from me debarr'd;  
 And dear to me the classic zone,  
 Which snatch'd from learning's labour'd throne,  
 Adorns the accepted bard.

## VIII.

And O! if yet 'twere mine to dwell  
 Where Cam, or Isis winds along,  
 Perchance, inspir'd with ardour chaste,  
 I yet might call the ear of taste  
 To listen to my song.

## IX.

Oh! then my little friend, thy style  
 I'd change to happier lays,  
 Oh! then, the cloister'd glooms should smile,  
 And through the long the fretted aisle  
 Should swell the note of praise.

## CLIFTON GROVE.

A sketch in Verse.

LO! in the west, fast fades the lingering light,  
And day's last vestige takes its silent flight.  
No more is heard the woodman's measur'd stroke  
Which, with the dawn, from yonder dingle broke;  
No more, hoarse clamouring o'er the uplifted head,  
The crows assembling, seek their wind-rock'd bed;  
Still'd is the village hum—the woodland sounds  
Have ceas'd to echo o'er the dewy grounds,  
And general silence reigns, save when below,  
The murmuring Trent is scarcely heard to flow;  
And save when, swung by 'nighted rustic late,  
Oft, on its hinge, rebounds the jarring gate:  
Or, when the sheep bell, in the distant vale,  
Breathes its wild music on the downy gale.

Now, when the rustic wears the social smile,  
Releas'd from day and its attendant toil,  
And draws his household round their evening fire,  
And tells the oft-told tales that never tire:  
Or, where the town's-blue turrets dimly rise,  
And manufacture taints the ambient skies,  
The pale mechanic leaves the labouring loom,  
The air-pent hold, the pestilential room,  
And rushes out impatient to begin  
The stated course of customary sin;

Now, now, my solitary way I bend  
 Where solemn groves in awful state impend,  
 And cliffs, that boldly rise above the plain,  
 Bespeak, blest Clifton ! thy sublime domain.  
 Here lonely wandering o'er the sylvan bower,  
 I come to pass the meditative hour ;  
 To bid awhile, the strife of passion cease,  
 And woo the calms of solitude, and peace.  
 And oh ! thou sacred power, who rear'st on high  
 Thy leafy throne where waving poplars sigh !  
 Genius of woodland shades ! whose mild controul  
 Steals with resistless witchery to the soul,  
 Come with thy wonted ardour and inspire  
 My glowing bosom with thy hallowed fire.  
 And thou too, fancy, from thy starry sphere,  
 Where to the hymning orbs thou lend'st thine ear,  
 Do thou descend, and bless my ravish'd sight,  
 Veil'd in soft visions of serene delight,  
 At thy command the gale that passes by  
 Bears in its whispers mystic harmony.  
 Thou wav'st thy wand, and lo ! what forms appear !  
 On the dark cloud what giant shapes career !  
 The ghosts of Ossian skim the misty vale,  
 And hosts of Sylphids on the moon-beams sail.

This gloomy alcove, darkling to the sight,  
 Where meeting trees create eternal night ;  
 Save, when from yonder stream, the sunny ray,  
 Reflected gives a dubious gleam of day ;

Recalls endearing to my alter'd mind,  
 Times, when beneath the boxen hedge reclin'd  
 I watch'd the lapwing to her clamorous brood ;  
 Or lur'd the robin to its scatter'd food ;  
 Or woke with song the woodland echo wild,  
 And at each gay response delighted, smil'd.  
 How oft, when childhood threw its golden ray  
 Of gay romance, o'er every happy day,  
 Here, would I run, a visionary boy,  
 When the hoarse tempest shook the vaulted sky,  
 And fancy-led, beheld the Almighty's form  
 Sternly careering on the eddying storm ;  
 And heard, while awe congeal'd my inmost soul,  
 His voice terrific, in the thunders roll.  
 With secret joy, I view'd with vivid glare,  
 The volley'd lightnings cleave the sullen air ;  
 And, as the warring winds around revil'd,  
 With awful pleasure big,—I heard and smil'd.  
 Belov'd remembrance!—Memory which endears  
 This silent spot to my advancing years.  
 Here dwells eternal peace, eternal rest,  
 In shades like these to live, is to be blest.  
 While happiness evades the busy croud,  
 In rural coverts loves the maid to shroud.  
 And thou, too Inspiration, whose wild flame  
 Shoots with electric swiftmess through the frame,  
 Thou here, dost love to sit with up-turn'd eye,  
 And listen to the stream that murmurs by,  
 The woods that wave, the grey-owls silken flight,  
 The mellow music of the listening night.

Congenial calms more welcome to my breast  
 Than maddening joy in dazzling lustre drest,  
 To Heaven my prayers, my daily prayers I raise,  
 That ye may bless my unambitious days,  
 Withdrawn, remote, from all the haunts of strife  
 May trace with me the lowly vale of life,  
 And when her banner death shall o'er me wave,  
 May keep your peaceful vigils on my grave.  
 Now, as I rove, where wide the prospect grows,  
 A livelier light upon my vision flows.  
 No more above, the embracing branches meet;  
 No more the river gurgles at my feet,  
 But seen deep, down the cliffs impending side  
 Through hanging woods, now gleams its silver tide.  
 Dim is my up-land path,—across the Green  
 Fantastic shadows fling, yet oft between  
 The chequer'd glooms, the moon her chaste ray sheds,  
 Where knots of Blue-bells droop their graceful heads,  
 And beds of violets blooming 'mid the trees,  
 Load with waste fragrance the nocturnal breeze.

Say, why does man, while to his opening sight,  
 Each shrub presents a source of chaste delight,  
 And nature bids for him her treasures flow,  
 And gives to him alone, his bliss to know,  
 Why does he pant for vice's deadly charms?  
 Why clasp the syren pleasure to his arms?  
 And suck deep draughts of her voluptuous breath,  
 Though fraught with ruin, infamy, and death?

Could he who thus to vile enjoyments clings,  
 Know what calm joy from purer sources springs,  
 Could he but feel how sweet, how free from strife,  
 The harmless pleasures of a harmless life,  
 No more his soul would pant for joys impure,  
 The deadly chalice would no more allure,  
 But the sweet portion he was wont to sip,  
 Would turn to poison on his conscious lip.

Fair Nature ! thee, in all thy varied charms,  
 Fain would I clasp for ever in my arms :  
 Thine, are the sweets which never, never sate,  
 Thine, still remain, through all the storms of fate.  
 Though not for me, 'twas Heaven's divine command  
 To roll in acres of paternal land,  
 Yet still, my lot is blest, while I enjoy  
 Thine opening beauties with a lover's eye.

Happy is he, who, though the cup of bliss  
 Has ever shun'd him when he thought to kiss,  
 Who, still in abject poverty, or pain,  
 Can count with pleasure what small joys remain :  
 Though were his sight convey'd from zone to zone,  
 He would not find one spot of ground his own,  
 Yet, as he looks around, he cries with glee,  
 These bounding prospects all were made for me :  
 For me, yon waving fields their burthen bear,  
 For me, yon labourer guides the shining share,  
 While happy I, in idle ease recline,  
 And mark the glorious visions as they shine.

This is the charm, by sages often told,  
 Converting all it touches into gold.  
 Content can soothe, where'er by fortune plac'd,  
 Can rear a garden in the desert waste.

How lovely, from this hill's superior height,  
 Spreads the wide view before my straining sight !  
 O'er many a varied mile of lengthening ground,  
 E'en to the blue-ridg'd hills remotest bound  
 My ken is borne, while o'er my head serene,  
 The silver moon illumines the misty scene,  
 Now shining clear, now darkening in the glade,  
 In all the soft varieties of shade.

Behind me, lo ! the peaceful hamlet lies,  
 The drowsy god has seal'd the cotter's eyes.  
 No more, where late the social faggot blaz'd,  
 The vacant peal resounds, by little rais'd ;  
 But, lock'd in silence, o'er Arion's \* star  
 The slumbering night rolls on her velvet car ;  
 The church-bell tolls, deep-sounding down the glade,  
 The solemn hour, for walking spectres made ;  
 The simple plough-boy, wakening with the sound,  
 Listens aghast, and turns him startled round,  
 Then stops his ears, and strives to close his eyes,  
 Lest at the sound some grisly ghost should rise.

---

\* The Constellation Delphinus. For authority for this appellation,  
 vide Ovid's Fasti. B. 11, 115.

Now ceas'd the long, the monitory toll,  
 Returning silence stagnates in the soul ;  
 Save when, disturb'd by dreams, with wild affright,  
 The deep-mouth'd mastiff bays the troubled night ;  
 Or where the village ale-house crowns the vale,  
 The creaking sign-post whistles to the gale.

A little onward let me bend my way,  
 Where the moss'd seat invites the traveller's stay.  
 That spot, -oh ! yet it is the very same ;  
 That hawthorn gives it shade, and gave it name ;  
 There yet the primrose opes its earliest bloom,  
 There yet the violet sheds its first perfume,  
 And in the branch that rears above the rest  
 The robin unmolested builds its nest.

'Twas here, when hope presiding o'er my breast,  
 In vivid colours every prospect drest ;

'Twas here, reclining, I indulg'd her dreams,  
 And lost the hour in visionary schemes.

Here, as I press once more the ancient seat,  
 Why, bland deceiver ! not renew the cheat ?

Say, can a few short years this change atchieve,  
 That thy illusions can no more deceive !

Time's sombrous tints have every view o'erspread,  
 And thou too, gay Seducer ! art *thou* fled ?

Tho' vain thy promise, and the suite severe,  
 Yet thou could'st guile misfortune of her tear,  
 And oft thy smiles across life's gloomy way,  
 Could throw a gleam of transitory day.

How gay, in youth, the flattering future seems ;  
 How sweet is manhood in the infants' dreams ;



The dire mistake too soon is brought to light,  
 And all is buried in redoubled night.  
 Yet some can rise superior to the pain,  
 And in their breasts the charmer hope retain :  
 While others, dead to feeling, can survey  
 Unmov'd, their fairest prospects fade away :  
 But yet a few there be,—too soon o'ercast !  
 Who shrink unhappy from the adverse blast,  
 And woo the first bright gleam, which breaks the gloom,  
 To gild the silent slumbers of the tomb.  
 So, in these shades, the early primrose blows,  
 Too soon deceiv'd by suns, and melting snows :  
 So falls untimely on the desert waste,  
 Its blossoms withering in the northern blast.

Now pass'd whate'er the upland heights display,  
 Down the steep cliff I wind my dévious way ;  
 Oft rousing, as the rustling path I beat,  
 The timid hare from its accustom'd seat.  
 And, oh ! how sweet this walk o'er-hung with wood,  
 That winds the margin of the solemn flood !  
 What rural objects steal upon the sight !  
 What rising views prolong the calm delight !  
 The brooklet branching from the silver Trent,  
 The whispering birch by every zephyr bent,  
 The woody island, and the naked mead,  
 The lowly hut half hid in groves of reed,  
 The rural wicket, and the rural stile,  
 And frequent interspers'd, the woodman's pile.

Above, below, where'er I turn my eyes,  
 Rocks, waters, woods, in grand succession rise.  
 High up the cliff the varied groves ascend,  
 And mournful larches o'er the wave impend.  
 Around, what sounds, what magic sounds arise,  
 What glimm'ring scenes salute my ravish'd eyes :  
 Soft sleep the waters on their pebbly bed,  
 The woods wave gently o'er my drooping head,  
 And swelling slow, comes wafted on the wind,  
 Lorn Prögne's note from distant copse behind.  
 Still, every rising sound of calm delight  
 Stamps but the fearful silence of the night ;  
 Save, when is heard, between each dreary rest,  
 Discordant from her solitary nest,  
 The owl, dull-screaming to the wandering moon ;  
 Now riding, cloud-wrapt, near her highest noon :  
 Or when the wild-duck, southering, hither rides,  
 And plunges sullen in the sounding tides.

How oft, in this sequester'd spot, when youth  
 Gave to each tale the holy force of truth,  
 Have I long linger'd, while the milk-maid sung  
 The tragic legend, till the woodland rung !  
 That tale, so sad ! which, still to memory dear,  
 From its sweet source can call the sacred tear.  
 And (lull'd to rest stern reason's harsh control)  
 Steal its soft magic to the passive soul.  
 These hallow'd shades,—these trees that woo the wind,  
 Recall its faintest features to my mind.

A hundred passing years, with march sublime,  
 Have swept beneath the silent wing of time,  
 Since, in yon hamlet's solitary shade,  
 Reclusely dwelt the far-fam'd Clifton Maid,  
 The beauteous MARGARET; for her each swain  
 Confest in private his peculiar pain,  
 In secret sigh'd, a victim to despair,  
 Nor dar'd to hope to win the peerless fair.  
 No more, the shepherd on the blooming mead  
 Attun'd to gaiety his artless reed,  
 No more entwin'd the pansied wreath, to deck  
 His favorite wether's unpolluted neck,  
 But listless, by yon babbling stream reclin'd,  
 He mix'd his sobbings with the passing wind,  
 Bemoan'd his hapless love, or boldly bent,  
 Far from these smiling fields, a rover went,  
 O'er distant lands, in search of ease to roam,  
 A self-will'd exile from his native home.

Yet not to all the maid express'd disdain,  
 Her BATEMAN lov'd, nor lov'd the youth in vain.  
 Full oft, low whispering o'er these arching boughs,  
 The echoing vault responded to their vows,  
 As here deep hidden from the glare of day,  
 Enamour'd oft, they took their secret way.

Yon bosky dingle, still the rustics name;  
 'Twas there the blushing maid confess'd her flame.  
 Down yon green lane they oft were seen to hie,  
 When evening slumber'd on the western sky.

That blasted yew, that mouldering walnut bare,  
Each bears memento's of the fated pair.

One eve, when Autumn loaded every breeze  
With the fall'n honours of the mourning trees,  
The maiden waited at the accustomed bower,  
And waited long beyond the appointed hour,  
Yet Bateman came not;—o'er the woodland drear,  
Howling portentous, did the winds career;  
And bleak and dismal on the leafless woods,  
The fitful rains rush'd down in sudden floods.  
The night was dark; as now-and-then, the gale  
Paus'd for a moment,—Margaret listen'd, pale;  
But through the covert to her anxious ear,  
No rustling footstep spoke her lover near.  
Strange fears now fill'd her breast,—she knew not why,  
She sigh'd, and Bateman's name was in each sigh.  
She hears a noise,—'tis he—he comes at last.  
—Alas! 'twas but the gale which hurried past,  
But now she hears a quickening footstep sound,  
Lightly it comes, and nearer does it bound;  
'Tis Bateman's self,—He springs into her arms,  
'Tis he that clasps, and chides her vain alarms.  
“ Yet why this silence?—I have waited long,  
“ And the cold storm has yell'd the trees among.  
“ And now thou'rt here my fears are fled—yet speak,  
“ Why does the salt tear moisten on thy cheek?  
“ Say, what is wrong?”—Now, through a parting cloud,  
The pale moon peer'd from her tempestuous shroud,

And Bateman's face was seen ;—'twas deadly white,  
And sorrow seem'd to sicken in his sight.

" Oh, speak my love ! " again the maid conjur'd,  
" Why is thy heart in sullen woe immur'd ? "

He rais'd his head, and thrice essay'd to tell,  
Thrice from his lips the unfinish'd accents fell ;

When thus at last reluctantly he broke  
His boding silence, and the maid bespoke.

" Grieve not, my love, but ere the morn advance,

" I, on these fields must cast my parting glance ;

" For three long years, by cruel fate's command,

" I go to languish in a foreign land.

" Oh, Margaret ! omens dire have met my view,

" Say, when far distant, wilt thou bear me true ?

" Should honours tempt thee, and should riches fee,

" Wouldst thou forget thine ardent vows to me,

" And on the silken couch of wealth reclin'd,

" Banish thy faithful Bateman from thy mind ? "

Oh ! why, replies the maid, my faith thus prove,  
Canst thou ! ah, canst thou, then suspect my love !

Hear me, just God ! if from my traitorous heart,

My Bateman's fond remembrance e'er shall part,

If, when he hail again his native shore,

He finds his Margaret true to him no more,

May fiends of hell, and every power of dread,

Conjoin'd, then drag me from my perjur'd bed,

And hurl me headlong down these awful steeps,

To find deserved death in yonder deeps ! \*

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\* This part of the Trent is commonly called "*The Clifton Deep*."

Thus spake the maid, and from her finger drew  
 A golden ring, and broke it quick in two ;  
 One half she in her lovely bosom hides,  
 The other, trembling to her love confides.  
 " This bind the vow," she said, " this mystic charm,  
 " No future recantation can disarm,  
 " The right vindictive does the fates involve,  
 " No tears can move it, no regrets dissolve."

She ceas'd. The death-bird gave a dismal cry,  
 The river moan'd, the wild gale whistled by,  
 And once again the lady of the night,  
 Behind a heavy cloud withdrew her light.  
 Trembling she view'd these portents with dismay :  
 But gently Bateman kiss'd her fears away :  
 Yet still he felt conceal'd a secret smart,  
 Still melancholy bodings fill'd his heart.

When to the distant land the youth was sped,  
 A lonely life the moody maiden led.  
 Still would she trace each dear, each well-known walk,  
 Still by the moonlight to her love would talk,  
 And fancy as she paced among the trees,  
 She heard his whispers in the dying breeze.  
 Thus two years glided on in silent grief ;  
 The third her bosom own'd the kind relief ;  
 Absence had cool'd her love,—the impoverish'd flame  
 Was dwindling fast, when lo ! the tempter came ;  
 He offer'd wealth, and all the joys of life,  
 And the weak maid became another's wife !

Six guilty months had mark'd the false one's crime,  
 When Bateman hail'd once more his native clime.  
 Sure of her constancy, elate he came,  
 The lovely partner of his soul to claim.  
 Light was his heart, as up the well-known way  
 He bent his steps—and all his thoughts were gay.  
 Oh ! who can paint his agonising throes,  
 When on his ear the fatal news arose.  
 Chill'd with amazement,—senseless with the blow,  
 He stood a marble monument of woe;  
 Till call'd to all the horrors of despair,  
 He smote his brow, and tore his horrent hair;  
 Then rush'd impetuous from the dreadful spot,  
 And sought those scenes, (by memory ne'er forgot)  
 Those scenes, the witness of their growing flame,  
 And now like witnesses of Margaret's shame.  
 'Twas night—he sought the river's lonely shore,  
 And trac'd again their former wanderings o'er.  
 Now on the bank in silent grief he stood,  
 And gaz'd intently on the stealing flood,  
 Death in his mien and madness in his eye,  
 He watch'd the waters as they murmur'd by;  
 Bade the base murderess triumph o'er his grave—  
 Prepar'd to plunge into the whelming wave.  
 Yet still he stood irresolutely bent,  
 Religion sternly stay'd his rash intent.  
 He knelt.—Cool play'd upon his cheek the wind,  
 And fann'd the fever of his maddening mind.  
 The willows wav'd, the stream it sweetly swept,  
 The paly moonbeam on its surface slept,

And all was peace;—he felt the general calm  
 O'er his rack'd bosom shed a genial balm :  
 When casting far behind his streaming eye,  
 He saw the Grove,—in fancy saw *her* lie,  
 His Margaret, lull'd in Germain's \* arms to rest,  
 And all the demon rose within his breast.  
 Convulsive now, he clench'd his trembling hand,  
 Cast his dark eye once more upon the land,  
 Then, at one spring he spurn'd the yielding bank,  
 And in the calm deceitful current sank.

Sad, on the solitude of night, the sound,  
 As in the stream he plung'd, was heard around :  
 Then all was still,—the wave was rough no more,  
 The river swept as sweetly as before,  
 The willows wav'd, the moonbeam shone serene,  
 And peace returning brooded o'er the scene.

Now, see upon the perjurd fair one hang  
 Remorse's glooms and never-ceasing pang.  
 Full well she knew, repentant now too late,  
 She soon must bow beneath the stroke of fate.  
 But, for the babe she bore beneath her breast,  
 The offended God prolong'd her life unblest.  
 But fast the fleeting moment's roll'd away,  
 And near, and nearer drew the dreaded day ;  
 That day, foredoom'd to give her child the light,  
 And hurl its mother to the shades of night.

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\* Germain is the traditionary name of her husband.



The hour arrived, and from the wretched wife  
 The guiltless baby struggled into life.—  
 As night drew on, around her bed, a band  
 Of friends and kindred kindly took their stand ;  
 In holy prayer they pass'd the creeping time,  
 Intent to expiate her awful crime.  
 Their prayers were fruitless.—As the midnight came,  
 A heavy sleep oppress'd each weary frame.  
 In vain they strove against the o'erwhelming load,  
 Some power unseen their drowsy lids bestrode.  
 They slept, 'till in the blushing eastern sky  
 The bloomy morning oped her dewy eye ;  
 Then wakening wide they sought the ravished bed,  
 But lo ! the hapless Margaret was fled ;  
 And never more the weeping train were doom'd  
 To view the false one, in the deeps intomb'd.

The neighbouring rustics told that in the night  
 They heard such screams, as froze them with affright ;  
 And many an infant at its mother's breast,  
 Started dismayed, from its unthinking rest.  
 And even now, upon the heath forlorn,  
 They shew the path, down which the fair was borne,  
 By the fell demons, to the yawning wave,  
 Her own, and murder'd lover's, mutual grave.

Such is the tale, so sad, to memory dear,  
 Which oft in youth has charm'd my listening ear,  
 That tale, which bade me find redoubled sweets  
 In the drear silence of these dark retreats ;

And even now, with Melancholy power,  
 Adds a new pleasure to the lonely hour:  
 'Mid all the charms by magic Nature given  
 To this wild spot, this subliminary heaven,  
 With double joy enthusiast Fancy joins  
 On the attendant legend of the scenes.  
 This sheds a fairy lustre on the floods,  
 And breathes a mellower gloom upon the woods;  
 This, as the distant cataract swells around,  
 Gives a romantic cadence to the sound;  
 This, and the deep'ning glen, the alley green,  
 The silver stream, with sedgy tufts between,  
 The massy rock, the wood-encompass'd leas,  
 The broom-clad Islands, and the nodding trees,  
 The lengthening vista, and the present gloom,  
 The verdant pathway breathing waste perfume;  
 These are thy charms, the joys which these impart  
 Bind thee, blest Clifton! close around my heart.

Dear Native Grove! where'er my devious track,  
 To thee will Memory lead the wanderer back.  
 Whether in Arno's polish'd vales I stray,  
 Or, where "Oswego's swamps" obstruct the day;  
 Or wander lone, where wildering and wide,  
 The tumbling turrent laves St. Gothard's side;  
 Or, by old Tejo's classic margent muse,  
 Or stand entranc'd with Pyrenean views;  
 Still, still to thee, where'er my footsteps roam,  
 My heart shall point, and lead the wanderer home.

When splendor offers, and when Fame incites,  
 I'll pause, and think of all thy dear delights,  
 Reject the boon, and wearied with the change,  
 Renounce the wish which first induc'd to range;  
 Turn to these scenes, these well-known scenes once more,  
 Trace once again Old Trent's romantic shore,  
 And tir'd with worlds, and all their busy ways,  
 Here waste the little remnant of my days.  
 But, if the Fates should this last wish deny,  
 And doom me on some foreign shore to die;  
 Oh! should it please the world's supernal King,  
 That weltering waves my funeral dirge shall sing;  
 Or, that my corse, should on some desert strand,  
 Lie, stretch'd beneath the Simoöm's blasting hand;  
 Still, though unwept I find a stranger tomb,  
 My sprite shall wander through this favourite gloom,  
 Ride on the wind that sweeps the leafless grove,  
 Sigh on the wood-blast of the dark alcove,  
 Sit, a lorn spectre, on yon well-known grave,  
 And mix its moanings with the desert wave.

## **MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.**



## **GONDOLINE;**

**A BALLAD.**



**THE** night it was still, and the moon it shone  
Serenely on the sea,  
And the waves at the foot of the rifted rock  
They murmur'd pleasantly.

When Gondoline roam'd along the shore,  
A maiden full fair to the sight;  
Though love had made bleak the rose on her cheek,  
And turn'd it to deadly white.

Her thoughts they were drear, and the silent tear  
It fill'd her faint blue eye,  
As oft she heard, in fancy's ear,  
Her Bertrand's dying sigh.

Her Bertrand was the bravest youth  
Of all our good King's men,  
And he was gone to the Holy Land  
To fight the Saracen.

And many a month had pass'd away,  
 And many a rolling year,  
 But nothing the maid from Palestine  
 Could of her lover hear.

Full oft she vainly tried to pierce  
 The Ocean's misty face;  
 Full oft she thought her lover's bark  
 She on the wave could trace.

And every night she placed a light  
 In the high rock's lonely tower,  
 To guide her lover to the land,  
 Should the murky tempest lower.

But now despair had seiz'd her breast,  
 And sunken in her eye:  
 "Oh! tell me but if Bertrand live,  
 "And I in peace will die."

She wander'd o'er the lonely shore,  
 The Curlew scream'd above,  
 She heard the scream with a sickening heart,  
 Much boding of her love.

Yet still she kept her lonely way,  
 And this was all her cry,  
 "Oh! tell me but if Bertrand live,  
 "And I in peace shall die."

And now she came to a horrible rift  
 All in the rock's hard side,  
 A bleak, and blasted oak, o'erspread  
 The cavern yawning wide.

And pendant from its dismal top  
 The deadly night-shade hung,  
 The hemlock, and the aconite,  
 Across the mouth were flung.

And all within, was dark, and drear,  
 And all without, was calm,  
 Yet Gondoline entered, her soul upheld  
 By some deep-working charm.

And, as she enter'd the cavern wide,  
 The moonbeam gleamed pale,  
 And she saw a snake on the craggy rock,  
 It clung by its slimy tail.

Her foot it slipp'd, and she stood aghast,  
 She trod on a bloated toad ;  
 Yet still, upheld by the secret charm,  
 She kept upon her road.

And now upon her frozen ear  
 Mysterious sounds arose,  
 So, on the mountain's piny top,  
 The blustering North-wind blows.



Then furious peals of laughter loud  
Were heard with thundering sound,  
Till they died away, in soft decay,  
Low whispering o'er the ground.

Yet still the maiden onward went,  
The charm yet onward led,  
Though each big glaring ball of sight  
Seem'd bursting from her head.

But now a pale blue light she saw,  
It from a distance came,  
She followed, till upon her sight,  
Burst full a flood of flame.

She stood appall'd; yet still the charm  
Upheld her sinking soul,  
Yet each bent knee the other smote,  
And each wild eye did roll.

And such a sight as she saw there,  
No mortal saw before,  
And such a sight as she saw there,  
No mortal shall see more.

A burning cauldron stood in the midst,  
The flame was fierce and high,  
And all the cave so wide and long,  
Was plainly seen thereby.

And round about the cauldron stout  
 Twelve withered witches stood :  
 Their waists were bound with living snakes,  
 And their hair was stiff with blood.

Their hands were gory too ; and red  
 And fiercely, flamed their eyes ;  
 And they were muttering indistinct  
 Their hellish mysteries.

And suddenly they join'd their hands,  
 And uttered a joyous cry,  
 And round about the cauldron stout  
 They danced right merrily.

And now they stopt ; and each prepared  
 To tell what she had done,  
 Since last the Lady of the night,  
 Her waning course had run.

Behind a rock stood Gondoline,  
 Thick weeds her face did veil,  
 And she lean'd fearful forwarder,  
 To hear the dreadful tale.

The first arose : She said she'd seen  
 Rare sport, since the blind cat mew'd,  
 She'd been to sea, in a leaky sieve,  
 And a jovial storm had brew'd.

She call'd around the winged winds,  
 And raised a devilish rout ;  
 And she laugh'd so loud, the peals were heard  
 Full fifteen leagues about.

She said there was a little bark  
 Upon the roaring wave,  
 And there was a woman there who'd been  
 To see her husband's grave.

And she had got a child in her arms,  
 It was her only child,  
 And oft its little infant pranks  
 Her heavy heart beguil'd.

And there was too in that same bark,  
 A father and his son :  
 The lad was sickly, and the sire  
 Was old, and woe-begone.

And when the tempest waxed strong,  
 And the bark could no more it 'bide,  
 She said, it was jovial fun to hear  
 How the poor devils cried.

The mother clasp'd her orphan child  
 Unto her breast and wept ;  
 And sweetly folded in her arms  
 The careless baby slept.

And she told how, in the shape o'the wind  
 As manfully it roar'd,  
 She twisted her hand in the infant's hair  
 And threw it overboard.

And to have seen the mother's pangs,  
 'Twas a glorious sight to see ;  
 The crew could scarcely hold her down  
 From jumping in the sea.

The hag held a lock of the hair in her hand,  
 And it was soft and fair,  
 It must have been a lovely child,  
 To have had such lovely hair.

And she said, the father in his arms  
 He held his sickly son,  
 And his dying throes they fast arose,  
 His pains were nearly done.

And she throttled the youth with her sinewy hands,  
 And his face grew deadly blue :  
 And the father he tore his thin grey hair,  
 And kiss'd the livid hue.

And then she told, how she bored a hole  
 In the bark, and it fill'd away ;  
 And 'twas rare to hear, how some did swear,  
 And some did vow, and pray.

The man, and woman, they soon were dead,  
 The sailors their strength did urge;  
 But the billows that beat, were their winding-sheet,  
 And the winds sung their funeral dirge.

She threw the infant's hair in the fire,  
 The red flame flamed high,  
 And round about the cauldron stout  
 They danced right merrily.

The second begun ; she said she had done  
 The task that Queen Hecat' had set her,  
 And that the devil, the father of evil,  
 Had never accomplish'd a better.

She said, there was an aged woman,  
 And she had a daughter fair,  
 Whose evil habits fill'd her heart  
 With misery and care,

The daughter had a paramour,  
 A wicked man was he,  
 And oft the woman, him against,  
 Did murmur grievously.

And the hag had worked the daughter up  
 To murder her old mother,  
 That then she might seize on all her goods,  
 And wanton with her lover.

And one night as the old woman  
 Was sick and ill in bed,  
 And pondering sorely on the life  
 Her wicked daughter led,

She heard her footstep on the floor,  
 And she rais'd her pallid head,  
 And she saw her daughter, with a knife,  
 Approaching to her bed.

And said, my child, I'm very ill,  
 I have not long to live,  
 Now kiss my cheek, that ere I die  
 Thy sins I may forgive.

And the murderess bent to kiss her cheek,  
 And she lifted the sharp, bright knife,  
 And the mother saw her fell intent,  
 And hard she begg'd for life.

But prayers would nothing her avail,  
 And she scream'd loud with fear;  
 But the house was lone, and the piercing screams  
 Could reach no human ear.

And though that she was sick, and old,  
 She struggled hard, and fought;  
 The murderess cut three fingers through  
 Ere she could reach her throat.

And the hag she held the fingers up,  
 The skin was mangled sore,  
 And they all agreed a nobler deed  
 Was never done before.

And she threw the fingers in the fire,  
 The red flame flamed high,  
 And round about the cauldron stout  
 They danced right merrily.

The third arose : She said she'd been  
 To Holy Palestine ;  
 And seen more blood in one short day,  
 Than they had all seen in nine.

Now Gondoline, with fearful steps,  
 Drew nearer to the flame,  
 For much she dreaded now to hear  
 Her hapless lover's name.

The hag related then the sports  
 Of that eventful day,  
 When on the well-contested field  
 Full fifteen thousand lay.

She said, that she in human gore,  
 Above the knees did wade,  
 And that no tongue could truly tell  
 The tricks she there had play'd.

There was a gallant featur'd youth,  
 Who like a hero fought :  
 He kiss'd a bracelet on his wrist,  
 And every danger sought.

And in a vassal's garb disguis'd,  
 Unto the knight she sues,  
 And tells him she from Britain comes,  
 And brings unwelcome news.

That three days ere she had embark'd,  
 His love had given her hand,  
 Unto a wealthy Thane :—and thought  
 Him dead in holy land.

And to have seen how he did writhe  
 When this her tale she told,  
 It would have made a wizard's blood  
 Within his heart run cold.

Then fierce he spurr'd his warrior steed,  
 And sought the battle's bed :  
 And soon all mangled o'er with wounds  
 He on the cold turf bled.

And from his smoking corse, she tore  
 His head, half clove in two,  
 She ceas'd, and from beneath her garb,  
 The bloody trophy drew.



The eyes were starting from their socks,  
 The mouth it ghastly grinn'd,  
 And there was a gash across the brow,  
 The scalp was nearly skinn'd.

'Twas **BERTRAND'S HEAD!!** With a terrible scream,  
 The maiden gave a spring,  
 And from her fearful hiding-place  
 She fell into the ring.

The lights they fled,—the cauldron sunk,  
 Deep thunders shook the dome,  
 And hollow peals of laughter came  
 Resounding through the gloom.

Insensible the maiden lay  
 Upon the hellish ground:  
 And still mysterious sounds were heard  
 At intervals around.

She woke,—she half arose,—and wild,  
 She cast a horrid glare,  
 The sounds had ceas'd, the lights had fled,  
 And all was stillness there.

And through an awning in the rock,  
 The moon it sweetly shone,  
 And shew'd a river in the cave  
 Which dismally did moan.

The stream was black, it sounded deep  
 As it rush'd the rocks between,  
 It offer'd well, for madness fired  
 The breast of Gondoline.

She plunged in, the torrent moan'd  
 With its accustomed sound,  
 And hollow peals of laughter loud  
 Again rebellow'd round.

The maid was seen no more.—But oft  
 Her ghost is known to glide,  
 At midnight's silent, solemn hour,  
 Along the ocean's side.

### LINES

WRITTEN ON A SURVEY OF THE HEAVENS,

In the Morning before Day-break.

YE many-twinkling stars, who yet do hold  
 Your brilliant places in the sable vault  
 Of night's dominions!—Planets, and central orbs  
 Of other systems;—big as the burning sun,  
 Which lights this nether globe,—yet to our eye,  
 Small as the glow-worm's lamp!—To you I raise  
 My lowly orisons, while all bewilder'd,  
 My vision strays o'er your ethereal hosts;

Too vast, too boundless, for our narrow mind,  
 Warp'd with low prejudices, to infold,  
 And sagely comprehend. Thence higher soaring;  
 Through ye, I raise my solemn thoughts to him!  
 The mighty founder of this wondrous maze,  
 The great Creator! Him! who now sublime  
 Wrapt in the solitary amplitude  
 Of boundless space, above the rolling spheres  
 Sits on his silent throne, and meditates.

The angelic hosts in their inferior Heaven,  
 Hymn to their golden harps his praise sublime,  
 Repeating loud, "The Lord our God is great,"  
 In varied harmonies.—The glorious sounds  
 Roll o'er the air serene—The Æolian spheres,  
 Harping along their viewless boundaries,  
 Catch the full note, and cry, "The Lord is great,"  
 Responding to the Seraphim.—O'er all,  
 From orb to orb, to the remotest verge  
 Of the created world, the sound is borne  
 Till the whole universe is full of HIM.

Oh! 'tis this heavenly harmony which now  
 In fancy strikes upon my listening ear  
 And thrills my inmost soul. It bids me smile  
 On the vain world, and all its bustling cares,  
 And gives a shadowy glimpse of future bliss.

Oh! what is man, when at ambition's height,  
 What even are kings, when balanced in the scale

Of these stupenduous worlds! Almighty God!  
 Thou, the dread author of these wond'rous works!  
 Say, canst thou cast on me, poor passing worm,  
 One look of kind benevolence?—Thou canst:  
 For thou art full of universal love,  
 And in thy boundless goodness wilt impart  
 Thy beams as well to me, as to the proud,  
 The pageant insects of a glittering hour.

Oh! when reflecting on these truths sublime,  
 How insignificant do all the joys,  
 The gaudes, and honours of the world appear!  
 How vain ambition!—Why has my wakeful lamp  
 Outwatch'd the slow-pac'd night?—Why on the page,  
 The schoolman's labour'd page, have I employ'd  
 The hours devoted by the world to rest,  
 And needful to recruit exhausted nature?  
 Say, can the voice of narrow Fame repay  
 The loss of health? or can the hope of glory,  
 Lend a new throb into my languid heart,  
 Cool, even now, my feverish aching brow,  
 Relume the fires of this deep-sunken eye,  
 Or paint new colours on this pallid cheek?

Say, foolish one—can that unbodied Fame,  
 For which thou barterest health and happiness,  
 Say, can it soothe the slumbers of the grave?  
 Give a new zest to bliss? or chase the pangs  
 Of everlasting punishment condign?  
 Alas! how vain are mortal man's desires!

How fruitless his pursuits ! Eternal God !  
 Guide thou my footsteps in the way of truth,  
 And oh ! assist me so to live on earth,  
 That I may die in peace, and claim a place  
 In thy high dwelling.—All but this is folly,  
 The vain illusions of deceitful life.

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LINES,

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY A LOVER AT THE GRAVE OF HIS  
 MISTRESS.

Occasioned by a Situation in a Romance.

MARY, the moon is sleeping on thy grave,  
 And on the turf thy lover sad is kneeling,  
 The big tear in his eye.—Mary, awake,  
 From thy dark house arise, and bless his sight  
 On the pale moonbeam gliding. Soft, and low,  
 Pour on the silver-ear of night thy tale,  
 Thy whisper'd tale, of comfort, and of love,  
 To soothe thy Edward's lorn, distracted soul,  
 And cheer his breaking heart.—Come, as thou didst,  
 When o'er the barren moors the night-wind howl'd,  
 And the deep thunders shook the ebony throne  
 Of the startled night.—O ! then, as lone reclining,  
 I listen'd sadly, to the dismal storm,  
 Thou on the lambent lightnings wild careering  
 Didst strike my moody eye ;—dead pale thou wert,

Yet passing lovely.—Thou didst smile upon me,  
 And oh! thy voice it rose so musical,  
 Betwixt the hollow pauses of the storm,  
 That at the sound the winds forgot to rave,  
 And the stern demon of the tempest, charm'd  
 Sunk on his rocking throne, to still repose,  
 Lock'd in the arms of silence.

Spirit of her!

My only love!—O! now again arise,  
 And let once more thine æry accents fall  
 Soft on my listening ear. The night is calm,  
 The gloomy willows wave in sinking cadence  
 With the stream that sweeps below. Divinely swelling  
 On the still air, the distant waterfall  
 Mingles its melody;—and high, above,  
 The pensive empress of the solemn night,  
 Fitful, emerging from the rapid clouds,  
 Shews her chaste face, in the meridian sky.  
 No wicked elves upon the *Warlock-knoll*  
 Dare now assemble at their mystic revels.  
 It is a night, when from their primrose beds,  
 The gentle ghosts of injur'd innocents,  
 Are known to rise, and wander on the breeze,  
 Or take their stand by the oppressor's couch,  
 And strike grim terror to his guilty soul.  
 The spirit of my love might now awake,  
 And hold its custom'd converse.

Mary, lo;

Thy Edward kneels upon thy verdant grave,  
 And calls upon thy name,—The breeze that blows

On his wan cheek, will soon sweep over him  
 In solemn music, a funereal dirge,  
 Wild and most sorrowful.—His cheek is pale,  
 The worm that prey'd upon thy youthful bloom,  
 It canker'd green on his.—Now lost he stands,  
 The ghost of what he was, and the cold dew  
 Which bathes his aching temples, gives sure omen  
 Of speedy dissolution.—Mary, soon,  
 Thy love will lay his pallid cheek to thine,  
 And sweetly will he sleep with thee in death.



### MY STUDY,

A Letter in Hudibrastic Verse.

YOU bid me, Ned, describe the place  
 Where I, one of the rhyming race,  
 Pursue my studies *con amore*,  
 And wanton with the muse in glory.

Well, figure to your senses straight,  
 Upon the house's topmost height,  
 A closet, just six feet by four,  
 With white-wash'd walls, and plaster floor,  
 So noble large, 'tis scarcely able  
 To admit a single chair and table :  
 And (lest the muse should die with cold)  
 A smoky grate my fire to hold :

So wondrous small, 'twould much it pose  
 To melt the ice-drop on one's nose ;  
 And yet so big, it covers o'er  
 Full half the spacious room and more.

A window vainly stuff'd about,  
 To keep November's breezes out,  
 So crazy, that the panes proclaim,  
 That soon they mean to leave the frame.

My furniture, I sure may crack—  
 A broken chair without a back ;  
 A table, wanting just two legs,  
 One end sustain'd by wooden pegs ;  
 A desk—of that I am not fervent,  
 The work of, Sir, your humble Servant ;  
 (Who, though I say't, am no such fumbler)  
 A glass decanter and a tumbler,  
 From which, my night-parch'd throat I lave,  
 Luxurious, with the limpid wave.  
 A chest of drawers, in antique sections,  
 And saw'd by me in all directions ;  
 So small, Sir, that whoever views 'em,  
 Swears nothing but a doll could use 'em.  
 To these, if you will add a store  
 Of oddities upon the floor,  
 A pair of globes, electric balls,  
 Scales, quadrants, prisms and cobbler's awls,  
 And crowds of books, on rotten shelves,  
 Octavos, folios, quartos, twelves ;



I think, dear Ned, you curious dog,  
 You'll have my earthly catalogue.  
 But stay,—I nearly had left out  
 My bellows destitute of snout ;  
 And on the walls,—Good Heavens ! why there  
 I've such a load of precious ware,  
 Of heads, and coins, and silver medals,  
 And organ works, and broken pedals,  
 (For I was once a building music,  
 Though soon of that employ I grew sick)  
 And skeletons of laws which shoot  
 All out of one primordial root ;  
 That you, at such a sight, would swear  
 Confusion's self had settled there.  
 There stands, just by a broken sphere,  
 A Cicero without an ear,  
 A neck, on which by logic good  
 I know for sure a head *once* stood ;  
 But who it was the able master,  
 Had moulded in the mimic plaster,  
 Whether 'twas Pope, or Coke, or Burn,  
 I never yet could justly learn :  
 But knowing well, that any head  
 Is made to answer for the dead,  
 (And sculptors first their faces frame,  
 And after pitch upon a name,  
 Nor think it ought of a misnomer  
 To christen Chaucer's busto, Homer,  
 Because they both have beards, which you know  
 Will mark them well from Joan, and Juno,)

For some great man, I could not tell  
 But NECK might answer just as well,  
 So perch'd it up, all in a row  
 With Chatham and with Cicero.

Then all around in just dègree,  
 A range of portraits you may see,  
 Of mighty men, and eke of women,  
 Who are no whit inferior to men.

With these fair dames, and heroes round,  
 I call my garret classic ground.  
 For though confin'd, 'twill well contain  
 The ideal flights of Madam Brain.  
 No dungeon's walls, no cell confin'd,  
 Can cramp the energies of mind!  
 Thus, though my heart may seem so small,  
 I've friends and 'twill contain them all;  
 And should it e'er become so cold  
 That these, it will no longer hold,  
 No more may heaven her blessings give,  
 I shall not then be fit to live.

## TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire !  
 Whose modest form, so delicately fine,  
     Was nurs'd in whirling storms,  
     And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young spring first question'd winter's away,  
 And dar'd the sturdy blusterer to the fight,  
     Thee on this bank he threw  
     To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,  
 Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,  
     Unnoticed, and alone,  
     Thy tender elegance.

So Virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms  
 Of chill adversity, in some lone walk  
     Of life, she rears her head  
     Obscure and unobserv'd ;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,  
 Chastens her spotless purity of breast,  
     And hardens her to bear  
     Serene the ills of life.

## SONNETS.

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### SONNET I.

To the River Trent. Written on Recovery from Sickness.

ONCE more, O TRENT! along thy pebbly marge  
A pensive invalid, reduced, and pale,  
From the close sick-room newly let at large,  
Wooes to his wan-worn cheek the pleasant gale.  
O! to his ear how musical the tale  
Which fills with joy the throstle's little throat!  
And all the sounds which on the fresh breeze sail,  
How wildly novel on his senses float!  
It was on this that many a sleepless night,  
As, lone, he watched the taper's sickly gleam,  
And at his casement heard, with wild affright,  
The owl's dull wing, and melancholy scream,  
On this he thought, this, this, his sole desire,  
Thus once again to hear the warbling woodland choir.

---

### SONNET II.

GIVE me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,  
Where far from cities, I may spend my days:  
And, by the beauties of the scene beguil'd,  
May pity man's pursuits, and shun his ways.

While on the rock I mark the browsing goat,  
 List to the mountain torrent's distant noise,  
 Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,  
 I shall not want the world's delusive joys;  
 But, with my little scrip, my book, my lyre,  
 Shall think my lot complete, nor covet more;  
 And when, with time, shall wane the vital fire,  
 I'll raise my pillow on the desert shore,  
 And lay me down to rest where the wild wave  
 Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely grave.

---

SONNET III.\*

Supposed to have been addressed by a Female Lunatic to a Lady.

LADY, thou weepest for the Maniac's woe,  
 And thou art fair, and thou, like me, art young,  
 Oh may thy bosom never, never know,  
 The pangs with which my wretched heart is wrung:  
 I had a mother once—a brother too—  
 (Beneath yon yew my father rests his head :)  
 I had a lover once,—and kind, and true,  
 But mother, brother, lover, all are fled !  
 Yet, whence the tear, which dims thy lovely eye ?  
 Oh ! gentle lady—not for me thus weep,

---

\* This Quatorzain had its rise from an elegant Sonnet, "occasioned by seeing a young Female Lunatic," written by Mrs. Lofft, and published in the Monthly Mirror.

The green sod soon upon my breast will lie,  
 And soft, and sound, will be my peaceful sleep.  
 Go thou, and pluck the roses while they bloom—  
 My hopes lie buried in the silent tomb.

---

SONNET IV.

Supposed to be written by the unhappy Poet Dermody, in a Storm,  
 while on board a Ship in his Majesty's service.

*i. e. White w  
 in character  
 of D.*

LO! o'er the welkin the tempestuous clouds  
 Successive fly, and the loud-piping wind  
 Rocks the poor sea-boy on the dripping shrouds,  
 While the pale pilot o'er the helm reclin'd,  
 Lists to the changeful storm: and as he plies  
 His wakeful task, he oft bethinks him, sad,  
 Of wife, and little home and chubby lad,  
 And the half-strangled tear bedews his eyes;  
 I, on the deck, musing on themes forlorn,  
 View the drear tempest, and the yawning deep,  
 Nought dreading in the green sea's caves to sleep,  
 For not for me, shall wife, or children mourn,  
 And the wild winds will ring my funeral knell,  
 Sweetly as solemn peal, of pious passing-bell.

## SONNET V.

## THE WINTER TRAVELLER.

GOD help thee, Traveller, on thy journey far;  
The wind is bitter keen,—the snow o'erlays  
The hidden pits, and dangerous hollow-ways,  
And darkness will involve thee.—No kind star  
To-night will guide thee, Traveller,—and the war  
Of winds and elements, on thy head will break,  
And in thy agonizing ear the shriek,  
Of spirits howling on their stormy car,  
Will often ring appalling—I portend  
A dismal night—and on my wakeful bed  
Thoughts, Traveller, of thee, will fill my head,  
And him, who rides where wind and waves contend,  
And strives, rude cradled on the seas, to guide  
His lonely bark through the tempestuous tide.

## SONNET VI.

BY CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

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This Sonnet was addressed to the Author of this Volume, and was occasioned by several little Quatorzains, misnomered Sonnets, which he published in the Monthly Mirror. He begs leave to return his thanks to the much respected Writer, for the permission so politely granted, to insert it here, and for the good opinion he has been pleased to express of his productions.

---

YE, whose aspirings court the muse of lays,  
 "Severest of those orders which belong,  
 "Distinct and separate, to Delphic song,"  
 Why shun the Sonnet's undulating maze?  
 And why its name boast of Petrarchian days,  
 Assume, its rules disown'd? whom from the throng  
 The muse selects, their ear the charm obeys  
 Of its full harmony:—they fear to wrong  
 The *Sonnet*, by adorning with a name  
 Of that distinguish'd import, lays, though sweet,  
 Yet not in magic texture taught to meet  
 Of that so varied and peculiar frame.  
 O think! to vindicate its genuine praise  
 Those it beseeems, whose *Lyre* a favouring impulse sways.



## SONNET VII.

Recantatory, in reply to the foregoing elegant Admonition.

LET the sublimer muse, who, wrapt in night,  
 Rides on the raven pennons of the storm,  
 Or e'er the field, with purple havoc warm,  
 Lashes her steeds, and sings along the fight ;  
 Let her, whom more ferocious strains delight,  
 Disdain the plaintive Sonnet's little form,  
 And scorn to its wild cadence to conform,  
 The impetuous tenor of her hardy flight.  
 But me, far lowest of the sylvan train,  
 Who wake the wood-nymphs from the forest-shade  
 With wildest song ;—Me, much behoves thy aid  
 Of mingled melody, to grace my strain,  
 And give it power to please, as soft it flows  
 Through the smooth murmurs of thy frequent close.

## SONNET VIII.

On hearing the Sounds of an Æolian Harp.

SO ravishingly soft upon the tide  
 Of the enfuriate gust, it did career,  
 It might have sooth'd its rugged charioteer  
 And sunk him to a zephyr ;—then it died,

Melting in melody ;—and I descried  
 Borne to some wizard stream, the form appear  
 Of Druid sage, who on the far-off ear  
 Pour'd his lone song, to which the surge replied :  
 Or thought I heard the hapless pilgrim's knell,  
 Lost in some wild enchanted forest's bounds,  
 By unseen beings sung ; or are these sounds,  
 Such, as 'tis said, at night are known to swell  
 By startled shepherd on the lonely heath,  
 Keeping his night-watch sad, portending death ?

---

## SONNET IX.

WHAT are thou, MIGHTY ONE ! and where thy seat ?  
 Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands.  
 And thou dost bear within thine awful hands,  
 The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet.  
 Stern on thy dark-wrought car of cloud, and wind,  
 Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dead noon,  
 Or on the red wing of the fierce Monsoon,  
 Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.  
 In the drear silence of the polar span  
 Dost thou repose ? or in the solitude  
 Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan  
 Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood ?  
 Vain thought ! the confines of his throne to trace,  
 Who glows through all the fields of boundless space.

## A BALLAD.

BE hush'd, be hush'd, ye bitter winds,  
 Ye pelting rains a little rest ;  
 Lie still, lie still, ye busy thoughts,  
 That wring with grief my aching breast.

Oh, cruel was my faithless love,  
 To triumph o'er an artless maid :  
 Oh, cruel was my faithless love,  
 To leave the breast by him betray'd.

When exil'd from my native home,  
 He should have wip'd the bitter tear :  
 Nor left me faint and lone to roam,  
 A heart-sick weary wand'rer here.

My child moans sadly in my arms,  
 The winds they will not let it sleep ;  
 Ah, little knows the hapless babe,  
 What makes its wretched mother weep !

Now lie thee still, my infant dear,  
 I cannot bear thy sobs to see,  
 Harsh is thy father, little one,  
 And never will he shelter thee.

Oh, that I were but in my grave,  
 And winds were piping o'er me loud,  
 And thou, my poor, my orphan babe,  
 Wert nestling in thy mother's shroud !

---

### THE LULLABY

OF A FEMALE CONVICT TO HER CHILD, THE NIGHT PREVIOUS TO  
 EXECUTION.

\* SLEEP Baby mine, enkerchieft on my bosom,  
 Thy cries they pierce again my bleeding breast ;  
 Sleep Baby mine, not long thou'lt have a mother,  
 To lull thee fondly in her arms to rest.

Baby, why dost thou keep this sad complaining,  
 Long from mine eyes have kindly slumbers fled ;  
 Hush, hush, my babe, the night is quickly waning,  
 And I would fain compose my aching head.

Poor wayward wretch ! and who will heed thy weeping,  
 When soon an outcast on the world thou'lt be :  
 Who then will soothe thee, when thy mother's sleeping,  
 In her low grave of shame and infamy !

---

\* Sir Philip Sidney has a Poem beginning " Sleep Baby mine."

Sleep Baby mine—To-morrow I must leave thee,  
And I would snatch an interval of rest;  
Sleep these last moments, ere the laws bereave thee,  
For never more thou'lt press a mother's breast.

**POEMS,**

**WRITTEN DURING, OR SHORTLY AFTER, THE PUBLICATION OF**

***CLIFTON GROVE.***



## ODE,

ADDRESSED TO H. FUSELI, ESQ. R. A.

On seeing Engravings from his Designs.

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**MIGHTY** Magician! who on Torneo's brow,  
When sullen tempests wrap the throne of night,  
Art wont to sit and catch the gleam of light  
That shoots athwart the gloom opaque below;  
And listen to the distant death-shriek long  
From lonely mariner foundering in the deep,  
Which rises slowly up the rocky steep,  
While the weird sisters weave the horrid song:  
Or when along the liquid sky  
Serenely chaunt the orbs on high,  
Dost love to sit in musing trance  
And mark the northern meteor's dance,  
(While far below the fitful oar  
Flings its faint pauses on the steepy shore,)  
And list the music of the breeze,  
That sweeps by fits the bending seas;  
And often bears with sudden swell  
The shipwreck'd sailor's funeral knell,  
By the spirits sung who keep  
Their night watch on the treacherous deep,



And guide the wakeful Helms-man's eye  
 To Helice in northern sky ;  
 And there upon the rock inclin'd  
 With mighty visions fill'st the mind,  
 Such as bound in magic spell  
 Him\* who grasp'd the gates of Hell,  
 And bursting Pluto's dark domain,  
 Held to the day the Terrors of his reign.

Genius of Horror and romantic awe,  
 Whose eye explores the secrets of the deep,  
 Whose power can bid the rebel fluids creep,  
 Can force the inmost soul to own its law ;  
 Who shall now, sublimest spirit,  
 Who shall now thy wand inherit,  
 From him† thy darling child who best  
 Thy shuddering images exprest ?  
 Sullen of soul and stern and proud,  
 His gloomy spirit spurn'd the croud,  
 And now he lays his aching head  
 In the dark mansion of the silent dead.

Mighty Magician ! long thy wand has lain  
 Buried beneath the unfathomable deep ;  
 And oh ! for ever must its efforts sleep,  
 May none the mystic sceptre e'er regain ?  
 Oh yes, 'tis his !—Thy other son !  
 He throws thy dark-wrought Tunic on,

---

\* Dante.

† Ibid.

Fuesslin waves thy wand,—again they rise,  
 Again thy wildering forms salute our ravish'd eyes.  
 Him didst thou cradle on the dizzy steep  
 Where round his head the volley'd lightnings flang,  
 And the loud winds that round his pillow rung  
 Wooed the stern infant to the arms of sleep.  
 Or on the highest top of Teneriffe,  
 Seated the fearless Boy, and bade him look  
 Where far below the weather-beaten skiff  
 On the gulph bottom of the ocean strook.  
 Thou mark'dst him drink with ruthless ear  
 The death-sob, and disdain'g rest,  
 Thou saw'st how danger fir'd his breast,  
 And in his young hand couch'd the visionary spear.

Then Superstition at thy call,  
 She bore the boy to Odin's Hall,  
 And set before his awe-struck sight  
 The savage feast and spectred fight;  
 And summon'd from his mountain tomb  
 The ghastly warrior son of gloom,  
 His fabled runic rhymes to sing  
 While fierce Hresvelger flapp'd his wing;  
 Thou shew'dst the trains the shepherd sees,  
 Laid on the stormy Hebrides,  
 Which on the mists of evening gleam  
 Or croud the foaming desert stream;  
 Lastly her storied hand she waves,  
 And lays him in Florentian caves;  
 There milder fables, lovelier themes,  
 Enwrap his soul in heavenly dreams,

There pity's lute arrests his ear,  
 And draws the half-reluctant tear;  
 And now at noon of night he roves  
 Along the embowering moonlight groves,  
 And as from many a cavern'd dell  
 The hollow wind is heard to swell,  
 He thinks some troubled spirit sighs,  
 And as upon the turf he lies,  
 Where sleeps the silent beam of night,  
 He sees below the gliding sprite,  
 And hears in Fancy's organs sound  
 Aërial music warbling round.

Taste lastly comes and smooths the whole,  
 And breathes her polish o'er his soul;  
 Glowing with wild, yet chasten'd heat,  
 The wonderous work is now complete.

The Poet dreams :—The shadow flies,  
 And fainting fast its image dies.  
 But lo! the Painter's magic force  
 Arrests the phantom's fleeting course;  
 It lives—It lives—the canvas glows,  
 And tenfold vigour o'er it flows.  
 The Bard beholds the work achiev'd,  
 And as he sees the shadow rise,  
 Sublime before his wandering eyes,  
 Starts at the image his own mind conceiv'd.

## O D E,

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE, K. G.

RETIRED, remote from human noise,  
 A humble Poet dwelt serene,  
 His lot was lowly, yet his joys  
 Were manifold, I ween.  
 He laid him by the brawling brook  
 At eventide to ruminate,  
 He watched the swallow swimming round,  
 And mused, in reverie profound,  
 On wayward man's unhappy state,  
 And pondered much, and paused on deeds of antient date.

## II. 1.

"Oh, 'twas not always thus," he cried,  
 "There was a time, when genius claimed  
 Respect from even towering pride,  
 Nor hung her head ashamed :  
 But now to wealth alone we bow,  
 The titled, and the rich alone,  
 Are honoured, while meek merit pines,  
 On penury's wretched couch reclines,  
 Unheeded in his dying moan,  
 As overwhelmed with want and woe, he sinks unknown.

## III. 1.

Yet was the muse not always seen  
 In poverty's dejected mien,

Not always did repining rue,  
 And misery her steps pursue,  
 Time was, when nobles thought their titles graced,  
 By the sweet honours of poetic bays,  
 When Sidney sung his melting song,  
 When Sheffield joined the harmonious throng,  
 And Lyttelton attuned to love his lays.  
 Those days are gone—alas, for ever gone!  
 No more our nobles love to grace  
 Their brows with anadems, by genius won,  
 But arrogantly deem the muse as base;  
 How different thought the sires of this degenerate race!"

## I. 2.

Thus sang the minstrel:—still at eve  
 The upland's woody shades among  
 In broken measures did he grieve,  
 With solitary song.  
 And still his shame was aye the same,  
 Neglect had stung him to the core;  
 And he, with pensive joy did love  
 To seek the still congenial grove,  
 And muse on all his sorrows o'er,  
 And vow that he would join the abjured world no more.

## II. 2.

But human vows, how frail they be!  
 Fame brought Carlisle unto his view,  
 And all amaz'd, he thought to see  
 The Augustan age anew.

Filled with wild rapture, up he rose,  
 No more he ponders on the woes,  
 Which erst he felt that forward goes,  
 Regrets he'd sunk in impotence,  
 And hails the ideal day of virtuous eminence.

## III. 2.

Ah! silly man, yet smarting sore,  
 With ills which in the world he bore,  
 Again on futile hope to rest,  
 An unsubstantial prop at best,  
 And not to know one swallow makes no summer!  
 Ah! soon he'll find the brilliant gleam,  
 Which flashed across the hemisphere,  
 Illumining the darkness there,  
 Was but a simple solitary beam,  
 While all around remained in custom'd night,  
 Still leaden ignorance reigns serene,  
 In the false court's delusive height,  
 And only one Carlisle is seen,  
 To illumine the heavy gloom with pure and steady light.

---

 DESCRIPTION OF A SUMMER'S EVE.

DOWN the sultry arc of day,  
 The burning wheels have urged their way,  
 And Eve along the western skies  
 Sheds her intermingling dyes.

Down the deep, the miry lane,  
 Creeking comes the empty wain,  
 And Driver on the shaft-horse sits,  
 Whistling now and then by fits;  
 And oft, with his accustom'd call,  
 Urging on the sluggish Ball.  
 The barn is still, the master's gone,  
 And Thresher puts his jacket on,  
 While Dick, upon the ladder tall,  
 Nails the dead kite to the wall.  
 Here comes shepherd Jack at last,  
 He has penned the sheep-cote fast,  
 For 'twas but two nights before,  
 A lamb was eaten on the moor:  
 His empty wallet *Rover* carries,  
 Nor for Jack, when near home, tarries.  
 With lolling tongue he runs to try,  
 If the horse-trough be not dry.  
 The milk is settled in the pans,  
 And supper messes in the cans;  
 In the hovel carts are wheeled,  
 And both the colts are drove a-field;  
 The horses are all bedded up,  
 And the ewe is with the tup.  
 The snare for Mister Fox is set,  
 The leaven laid, the thatching wet,  
 And Bess has slink'd away to talk  
 With Roger in the holly-walk.

Now on the settle all, but Bess,  
 Are set to eat their supper mess;

And little Tom, and roguish Kate,  
 Are swinging on the meadow gate.  
 Now they chat of various things,  
 Of taxes, ministers, and kings,  
 Or else tell all the village news,  
 How madam did the 'squire refuse;  
 How parson on his tythes was bent,  
 And landlord oft distrained for rent.  
 Thus do they talk, till in the sky  
 The pale ey'd moon is mounted high,  
 And from the alehouse drunken Ned  
 Had reel'd—then hasten all to bed.  
 The mistress sees that lazy Kate  
 The happing coal on kitchen grate  
 Has laid—while master goes throughout,  
 Sees shutters fast, the mastiff out,  
 The candles safe, the hearths all clear,  
 And nought from thieves or fire to fear;  
 Then both to bed together creep,  
 And join the general troop of sleep.

---

#### TO CONTEMPLATION.

COME, pensive sage, who lovest to dwell  
 In some retir'd Lapponian cell,  
 Where far from noise, and riot rude,  
 Resides sequestered solitude.



Come, and o'er my longing soul  
 Throw thy dark and russet stole,  
 And open to my duteous eyes,  
 The volume of thy mysteries.

I will meet thee on the hill,  
 Where, with printless footstep still  
 The morning in her buskin grey,  
 Springs upon her eastern way;  
 While the frolic zephyrs stir,  
 Playing with the gossamer,  
 And, on ruder pinions borne,  
 Shake the dew-drops from the thorn.  
 There, as o'er the fields we pass,  
 Brushing with hasty feet the grass,  
 We will startle from her nest,  
 The lively lark with speckled breast,  
 And hear the floating clouds among  
 Her gale-transported matin song,  
 Or on the upland stile embower'd,  
 With fragrant hawthorn snowy flowered,  
 Will sauntering sit, and listen still,  
 To the herdsman's oaten quill,  
 Wafted from the plain below;  
 Or the heifer's frequent low:  
 Or the milkmaid in the grove,  
 Singing of one that died for love.  
 Or when the noon-tide heats oppress,  
 We will seek the dark recess,

Where, in the embowered translucent stream,  
 The cattle shun the sultry beam,  
 And o'er us on the marge reclin'd,  
 The drowsy fly her horn shall wind,  
 While echo, from her ancient oak,  
 Shall answer to the woodman's stroke;  
 Or the little peasant's song,  
 Wandering lone the glens among,  
 His artless lip with berries died,  
 And feet through ragged shoes descried.

But oh, when evening's virgin queen  
 Sits on her fringed throne serene,  
 And mingling whispers rising near,  
 Steal on the still reposing ear;  
 While distant brooks decaying round,  
 Augment the mixed dissolving sound,  
 And the zephyr flitting by,  
 Whispers mystic harmony,  
 We will seek the woody lane,  
 By the hamlet, on the plain,  
 Where the weary rustic nigh,  
 Shall whistle his wild melody,  
 And the croaking wicket oft  
 Shall echo from the neighbouring croft;  
 And as we trace the green path lone,  
 With moss and rank weeds overgrown,  
 We will muse on pensive lore,  
 Till the full soul brimming o'er, •

Shall in our upturn'd eyes appear,  
 Embodied in a quivering tear.  
 Or else, serenely silent, set  
 By the brawling rivulet,  
 Which on its calm unruffled breast,  
 Rears the old mossy arch impress'd,  
 That clasps its secret stream of glass,  
 Half hid in shrubs and waving grass,  
 The wood-nymph's lone secure retreat,  
 Unpressed by fawn or sylvan's feet,  
 We'll watch in eve's ethereal braid,  
 The rich vermilion slowly fade ;  
 Or catch, faint twinkling from afar,  
 The first glimpse of the eastern star.  
 Fair vesper, mildest lamp of light,  
 That heralds in imperial night :  
 Meanwhile, upon our wondering ear,  
 Shall rise, though low, yet sweetly clear,  
 The distant sounds of pastoral lute,  
 Invoking soft the sober suit  
 Of dimmest darkness—fitting well  
 With love, or sorrow's pensive spell,  
 (So erst did music's silver tone,  
 Wake slumbering chaos on his throne.)  
 And haply then, with sudden swell,  
 Shall roar the distant curfew bell,  
 While in the castle's mouldering tower,  
 The hooting owl is heard to pour  
 Her melancholy song, and scare  
 Dull silence brooding in the air.

Meanwhile her dusk and slumbering car,  
 Black suited night drives on from far,  
 And Cynthia's 'merging from her rear,  
 Arrests the waxing darkness drear,  
 And summons to her silent call  
 Sweeping in their airy pall,  
 The unshrived ghosts, in fairy trance,  
 To join her moonshine morrice-dance;  
 While, around the mystic ring,  
 The shadowy shapes elastic spring,  
 Then with a passing shriek they fly,  
 Wrapt in mists along the sky,  
 And oft are by the shepherd seen,  
 In his lone night-watch on the green.

Then, hermit, let us turn our feet,  
 To the low Abbey's still retreat,  
 Embowered in the distant glen,  
 Far from the haunts of busy men,  
 Where, as we sit upon the tomb,  
 The glow-worm's light may gild the gloom,  
 And show to fancy's saddest eye,  
 Where some lost hero's ashes lie.  
 And oh, as through the mouldering arch,  
 With ivy-fill'd and weeping larch,  
 The night gale whispers sadly clear,  
 Speaking dear things to fancy's ear,  
 We'll hold communion with the shade,  
 Of some deep-wailing ruin'd maid—

Or call the ghost of Spenser down,  
 To tell of woe and fortune's frown ;  
 And bid us cast the eye of hope,  
 Beyond this bad world's narrow scope.  
 Or if these joys, to us denied,  
 To linger by the forest's side ;  
 Or in the meadow or the wood,  
 Or by the lone romantic flood ;  
 Let us in the busy town,  
 When sleep's dull streams the people drown,  
 Far from drowsy pillows flee,  
 And turn the church's massy key ;  
 Then, as through the painted glass,  
 The moon's faint beams obscurely pass ;  
 And darkly on the trophied wall,  
 Her faint ambiguous shadows fall ;  
 Let us, while the faint winds wail,  
 Through the long reluctant aisle,  
 As we pace with reverence meet,  
 Count the echoings of our feet ;  
 While from the tombs, with confess'd breath,  
 Distinct responds the voice of death.  
 If thou, mild sage, wilt condescend,  
 Thus on my footsteps to attend,  
 To thee my lonely lamp shall burn,  
 By fallen Genius' sainted urn !  
 As o'er the scroll of Time I pore,  
 And sagely spell of ancient lore,  
 Till I can rightly guess of all  
 That Plato could to memory call,

And scan the formless views of things;  
 Or with old Egypt's fetter'd kings,  
 Arrange the mystic trains that shine  
 In night's high philosophic mine;  
 And to thy name shall e'er belong  
 The honours of undying song.

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## ODE

TO THE GENIUS OF ROMANCE.

OH! thou who in my early youth,  
 When Fancy wore the garb of truth,  
 Wert wont to win my infant feet,  
 To some retir'd, deep-fabled seat,  
 Where by the brooklet's secret tide,  
 The midnight ghost was known to glide;  
 Or lay me in some lonely glade,  
 In native Sherwood's forest shade,  
 Where Robin Hood, the outlaw bold,  
 Was wont his sylvan courts to hold;  
 And there as musing deep I lay,  
 Would steal my little soul away,  
 And all thy pictures represent,  
 Of siege and solemn tournament;  
 Or bear me to the magic scene,  
 Where clad in greaves and gaberdine,  
 The warrior knight of chivalry,  
 Made many a fierce enchanter flee;

And bore the high-born dame away,  
 Long held the fell magician's prey.  
 Or oft would tell the shuddering tale  
 Of murders, and of goblins pale,  
 Haunting the guilty baron's side,  
 (Whose floors with secret blood were died,)  
 Which o'er the vaulted corridore,  
 On stormy nights was heard to roar,  
 By old domestic, waken'd wide  
 By the angry winds that chide.  
 Or else the mystic tale would tell,  
 Of Greensleeve, or of Blue-Beard fell.

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### THE SAVOYARD'S RETURN.

#### I.

OH! yonder is the well-known spot,  
 My dear, my long-lost native home!  
 Oh! welcome is yon little cot,  
 Where I shall rest, no more to roam!  
 Oh! I have travell'd far and wide,  
 O'er many a distant foreign land;  
 Each place, each province I have tried,  
 And sung and danc'd my saraband.  
 But all their charms could not prevail,  
 To steal my heart from yonder vale.

## II.

Of distant climes the false report  
 It lur'd me from my native land ;  
 It bade me rove—my sole support  
 My cymbals and my saraband.  
 The woody dell, the hanging rock,  
 The chamois skipping o'er the heights ;  
 The plain adorn'd with many a flock,  
 And, oh ! a thousand more delights,  
 That grace yon dear belov'd retreat,  
 Have backward won my weary feet.

## III.

Now safe return'd, with wandering tired,  
 No more my little home I'll leave ;  
 And many a tale of what I've seen  
 Shall whyle away the winter's eve.  
 Oh ! I have wander'd far and wide,  
 O'er many a distant foreign land ;  
 Each place, each province I have tried ;  
 And sung and danc'd my saraband ;  
 But all their charms could not prevail,  
 To steal my heart from yonder vale.



## LINES

Written Impromptu, on reading the following passage in Mr. Capel Loft's beautiful and interesting Preface to Nathaniel Bloomfield's Poems, just published.—“It has a mixture of the sportive, which deepens the impression of its melancholy close. I could have wished, as I have said in a short note, the conclusion had been otherwise. The sours of life less offend my taste than its sweets delight it.”

---

GO to the raging sea, and say, “be still,”  
 Bid the wild lawless winds obey thy will;  
 Preach to the storm, and reason with despair,  
 But tell not Misery's son *that life is fair!*

Thou, who in Plenty's lavish lap hast roll'd,  
 And every year with new delight hast told,  
 Thou, who recumbent on the lacquer'd barge,  
 Hast dropt down joy's gay stream of pleasant marge,  
 Thou may'st extol life's calm, untroubled sea,  
 The storms of misery never burst on *thee!*

Go to the mat, where squalid want reclines,  
 Go to the shade obscure, where Merit pines;  
 Abide with him whom penury's charms control,  
 And bind the rising yearnings of his soul,  
 Survey his sleepless couch, and standing there,  
 Tell the poor pallid wretch, *that life is fair!*

Press thou the lonely pillow of his head,  
 And ask why sleep his languid eyes has fled:

Mark his dew'd temples, and his half-shut eye,  
 His trembling nostrils, and his deep-drawn sigh,  
 His mutt'ring mouth, contorted with despair,  
 And ask if Genius could inhabit there.

Oh yes! that sunken eye with fire once gleam'd,  
 And rays of light from its full circlet stream'd;  
 But now Neglect has stung him to the core,  
 And Hope's wild raptures thrill his breast no more;  
 Domestic Anguish winds his vitals round,  
 And added Grief compels him to the ground.  
 Lo! o'er his manly form, decay'd, and wan,  
 The shades of death with gradual steps steals on;  
 And the pale mother pining to decay,  
 Weeps for her boy, her wretched life away.

Go, child of fortune! to his early grave,  
 Where o'er his head obscure the rank weeds wave;  
 Behold the heart-wrung parent lay her head  
 On the cold turf, and ask to share his bed.  
 Go, child of Fortune, take thy lesson there,  
 And tell us then that life is *wond'rous fair!*

Yet Lofft, in thee, whose hand is still stretch'd forth,  
 To encourage genius, and to foster worth;  
 On thee, th' unhappy's firm, unfailing friend,  
 'Tis just that every blessing should descend;  
 'Tis just that life to thee should only shew,  
 Her fairer side but little mix'd with woe.

## WRITTEN IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

SAD solitary *Thought*, who keep'st thy vigils,  
 Thy solema vigils, in the sick man's mind ;  
 Communing lonely with his sinking soul,  
 And musing on the dubious glooms that lie  
 In dim obscurity before him,—thee,  
 Wrapt in thy dark magnificence, I call  
 At this still midnight hour, this awful season,  
 When on my bed, in wakeful restlessness,  
 I turn me wearisome ; while all around,  
 All, all save me, sink in forgetfulness ;  
 I only wake to watch the sickly taper  
 Which lights me to my tomb.—Yes, 'tis the hand  
 Of death I feel press heavy on my vitals,  
 Slow sapping the warm current of existence.  
 My moments now are few—The sand of life  
 Ebbs fastly to its finish.—Yet a little,  
 And the last fleeting particle will fall  
 Silent, unseen, unnoticed, unlamented.  
 Come then, sad *Thought*, and let us meditate,  
 While meditate we may.—We have now  
 But a small portion of what men call time  
 To hold communion ; for even now the knife,  
 The separating knife, I feel divide  
 The tender bond that binds my soul to earth.  
 Yes, I must die—I feel that I must die ;  
 And though to me has life been dark and dreary,  
 Though hope for me has smil'd but to deceive,  
 And disappointment still pursued her blandishments ;

Yet do I feel my soul recoil within me  
 As I contemplate the dim gulph of death,  
 The shuddering void, the awful blank—futuraity.  
 Aye, I had plann'd full many a sanguine scheme  
 Of earthly happiness,—romantic schemes,  
 And fraught with loveliness; and it is hard  
 To feel the hand of death arrest one's steps,  
 Throw a chill blight o'er all one's budding hopes,  
 And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades,  
 Lost in the gaping gulph of blank oblivion.  
 Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry?  
 Oh! none;—another busy brood of beings  
 Will shoot up in the interim, and none  
 Will hold him in remembrance. I shall sink,  
 As sinks a stranger in the crowded streets  
 Of busy London;—Some short bustle's caus'd,  
 A few enquiries, and the crowds close in,  
 And all's forgotten.—On my grassy grave  
 The men of future times will careless tread,  
 And read my name upon the sculptured stone;  
 Nor will the sound, familiar to their ears,  
 Recall my vanish'd memory.—I did hope  
 For better things!—I hop'd I should not leave  
 The earth without a vestige;—Fate decrees  
 It shall be otherwise, and I submit.  
 Henceforth, oh world, no more of thy desires!  
 No more of hope! the wanton vagrant Hope!  
 I abjure all.—Now other cares engross me,  
 And my tir'd soul with emulative haste,  
 Looks to its God, and prunes its wings for Heaven.

## PASTORAL SONG.

COME, Anna ! come, the morning dawns,  
 Faint streaks of radiance tinge the skies ;  
 Come let us seek the dewy lawns,  
 And watch the early lark arise ;  
 While nature clad in vesture gay,  
 Hails the lov'd return of day.

Our flocks that nip the scanty blade  
 Upon the moor shall seek the vale ;  
 And then, secure beneath the shade,  
 We'll listen to the throstle's tale ;  
 And watch the silver clouds above,  
 As o'er the azure vault they rove.

Come, Anna ! come, and bring thy lute,  
 That with its tones, so softly sweet,  
 In cadence with my mellow flute,  
 We may beguile the noon-tide heat ;  
 While near the mellow bee shall join,  
 To raise a harmony divine.

And then at eve, when silence reigns,  
 Except when heard the beetle's hum ;  
 We'll leave the sober-tinted plains,  
 To these sweet heights again we'll come ;  
 And thou to thy soft lute shalt play  
 A solemn vesper to departing day.

## VERSES.

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WHEN pride and envy, and the scorn  
 Of wealth, my heart with gall embued,  
 I thought how pleasant were the morn  
 Of silence, in the solitude;  
 To hear the forest bee on wing,  
 Or by the stream, or woodland spring,  
 To lie and muse alone—alone,  
 While the tinkling waters moan,  
 Or such wild sounds arise, as say  
 Man and noise are far away.

Now, surely, thought I, there's enow  
 To fill life's dusty way;  
 And who will miss a poet's feet,  
 Or wonder where he stray:  
 So to the woods and waste I'll go,  
 And I will build an ozier bower;  
 And sweetly there to me shall flow,  
 The meditative hour.

And when the autumn's withering hand,  
 Shall strew with leaves the sylvan land,  
 I'll to the forest caverns hie;

And in the dark and stormy nights,  
 I'll listen to the shrieking sprites;  
 Who, in the wint'ry wolds and floods,  
 Keep jubilee, and shred the woods;  
 Or, as it drifted soft and slow,  
 Hurl in ten thousand shapes the snow.

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#### EPIGRAM

ON

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

*Bloomfield*, thy happy omen'd name  
 Ensures continuance to thy fame;  
 Both sense and truth this verdict give,  
 While *fields* shall *bloom*, thy name shall live!

## ODE

## TO MIDNIGHT.

SEASON of general rest, whose solemn still  
Strikes to the trembling heart a fearful chill,

But speaks to philosophic souls delight :  
Thee do I hail, as at my casement high,  
My candle waning melancholy by,  
I sit and taste the holy calm of night.

Yon pensive orb that through the ether sails,  
And gilds the misty shadows of the vales,  
Hanging in thy dull rear her vestal flame ;  
To her, while all around in sleep recline,  
Wakeful I raise my orisons divine,  
And sing the gentle honours of her name ;

While Fancy lone o'er me her votary bends,  
To lift my soul her fairy visions sends,  
And pours upon my ear her thrilling song ;  
And Superstition's gentle terrors come,  
See, see yon dim ghost gliding through the gloom !  
See round yon church-yard elm what spectres throng !



Meanwhile I tune, to some romantic lay,  
My flageolet—and as I pensive play,

The sweet notes echo o'er the mountain scene :  
The traveller late journeying o'er the moors,  
Hears them aghast,—(while still the dull owl pours  
Her hollow screams each dreary pause between.)

Till in the lonely tower he spies the light,  
Now faintly flashing on the glooms of night,  
Where I, poor muser, my lone vigils keep ;  
And 'mid the dreary solitude serene,  
Cast a much-meaning glance upon the scene,  
And raise my mournful eye to Heaven and weep.

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## ODE TO THOUGHT.

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WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

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### I.

HENCE away vindictive thought!  
Thy pictures are of pain ;  
The visions through thy dark eye caught,  
They with no gentle charms are fraught,  
So prithee back again.  
I would not weep,  
I wish to sleep,  
Then why, thou busy foe, with me thy vigils keep ?

## II.

Why dost o'er bed and couch recline?  
 Is this thy new delight?  
 Pale visitant.—It is not thine  
 To keep thy sentry through the mine,  
 The dark vault of the night:  
 'Tis thine to die,  
 While o'er the eye,  
 The dews of slumber press, and waking sorrows fly.

## III.

Go thou and bide with him who guides  
 His bark through lonely seas;  
 And as reclining on his helm,  
 Sadly he marks the starry realm,  
 To him thou mayst bring ease;  
 But thou to me  
 Art misery,  
 So prithee, prithee plume thy wings and from my pillow flee.

## IV.

And Memory, pray what art thou?  
 Art thou of pleasure born?  
 Does bliss untainted from thee flow?  
 The rose that gems thy pensive brow,  
 Is it without a thorn?  
 With all thy smiles,  
 And witching wiles,  
 Yet not unfrequent bitterness thy mournful sway defiles.

## V.

The drowsy night-watch has forgot  
 To call the solemn hour ;  
 Lull'd by the winds he slumbers deep,  
 While I in vain, capricious sleep,  
 Invoke thy tardy power ;  
 And restless lie,  
 With unclos'd eye,  
 And count the tedious hours as slow they minute by.

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## G E N I U S.

## AN ODE.

## I. 1.

MANY there be who, through the vale of life,  
 With velvet pace, unnoticed, softly go,  
 While jarring discord's inharmonious strife  
 Awakes them not to woe.  
 By them unheeded, carking care,  
 Green-ey'd grief, and dull despair ;  
 Smoothly they pursue their way,  
 With even tenor, and with equal breath ;  
 Alike through cloudy, and through sunny day,  
 Then sink in peace to death.

## II. 1.

But ah ! a few there be whom griefs devour,  
 And weeping woe, and disappointment keen,  
 Repining penury, and sorrow sour,  
 And self-consuming spleen.  
 And these are Genius' favourites : these  
 Know the thought-thron'd mind to please,  
 And from her fleshy seat to draw  
 To realms where Fancy's golden orbits roll,  
 Disdaining all but 'wilderer raptures law,  
 The captivated soul.

## III. 1.

Genius, from thy starry throne,  
 High above the burning zone,  
 In radiant robe of light array'd,  
 Oh hear the plaint by thy sad favourite made,  
 His melancholy moan.  
 He tells of scorn, he tells of broken vows,  
 Of sleepless nights, of anguish-ridden days,  
 Pangs that his sensibility uprouse  
 To curse his being, and his thirst for praise.  
 Thou gav'st to him, with treble force to feel,  
 The sting of keen neglect, the rich man's scorn,  
 And what o'er all does in his soul preside  
 Predominant, and tempers him to steel,  
 His high indignant pride.

## I. 2.

Lament not ye, who humbly steal through life,  
 That Genius visits not your lowly shed ;  
 For ah, what woes and sorrows ever rife,  
 Distract his hapless head !  
 For him awaits no balmy sleep,  
 He wakes all night, and wakes to weep ;  
 Or, by his lonely lamp he sits,  
 At solemn midnight, when the peasant sleeps,  
 In feverish study, and in moody fits  
 His mournful vigils keeps.

## II. 2.

And oh ! for what consumes his watchful oil ?  
 For what does thus he waste life's fleeting breath ?  
 'Tis for neglect and penury he doth toil,  
 'Tis for untimely death.  
 Lo ! where dejected pale he lies,  
 Despair depicted in his eyes,  
 He feels the vital flame decrease,  
 He sees the grave, wide-yawning for its prey,  
 Without a friend to soothe his soul to peace,  
 And cheer the expiring ray.

## III. 2.

By Sulmo's bard of mournful fame,  
 By gentle Otway's magic name,

By him, the youth, who smil'd at death,  
And rashly dar'd to stop his vital breath,

Will I thy pangs proclaim;  
For still to misery closely thou'rt allied,  
Though gaudy pageants glitter by thy side,  
And far resounding fame.

What though to thee the dazzled millions bow,  
And to thy posthumous merit bend them low;  
Though unto thee the monarch looks with awe,  
And thou, at thy flash'd car, dost nations draw,  
Yet ah! unseen behind thee fly

Corroding anguish, soul-subduing pain,  
And discontent that clouds the fairest sky :

A melancholy train.

Yes, Genius, thee a thousand cares await,  
Mocking thy derided state ;  
Thee, chill Adversity will still attend,  
Before whose face flies fast the summer's friend,  
And leaves thee all forlorn ;

While leaden Ignorance rears her head and laughs,  
And fat Stupidity shakes his jolly sides,  
And while the cup of affluence he quaffs  
With bee-eyed wisdom, Genius derides,  
Who toils, and every hardship doth outbrave,  
To gain the meed of praise, when he is mouldering in  
his grave.

## FRAGMENT OF AN ODE TO THE MOON.

## I.

MILD orb who floatest through the realm of night,  
 A pathless wanderer o'er a lonely wild ;  
 Welcome to me thy soft and pensive light,  
 Which oft in childhood my lone thoughts beguil'd.  
 Now doubly dear as o'er my silent seat,  
 Nocturnal study's still retreat,  
 It casts a mournful melancholy gleam,  
 And through my lofty casement weaves,  
 Dim through the vine's encircling leaves,  
 An intermingled beam.

## II.

These feverish dews that on my temples hang,  
 This quivering lip, these eyes of dying flame ;  
 These the dread signs of many a secret pang,  
 These are the meed of him who pants for fame !  
 Pale Moon, from thoughts like these divert my soul ;  
 Lowly I kneel before thy shrine on high ;  
 My lamp expires ;—beneath thy mild control,  
 These restless dreams are ever wont to fly.

Come, kindred mourner, in my breast  
 Soothe these discordant tones to rest,  
 And breathe the soul of peace ;  
 Mild visitor, I feel thee here,  
 It is not pain that brings this tear,  
 For thou hast bid it cease.

Oh ! many a year has pass'd away,  
 Since I beneath thy fairy ray,  
     Attun'd my infant reed ;  
 When wilt thou, Time, those days restore,  
 Those happy moments now no more,

•           •           •           •

When on the lake's damp marge I lay,  
 And mark'd the northern meteor's dance;  
 Bland Hope and Fancy ye were there,  
     To inspire my trance.  
 Twin sisters faintly now ye deign,  
 Your magic sweets on me to shed,  
 In vain your powers are now essay'd,  
     To chase superior pain.

And art thou fled, thou welcome orb ?  
     So swiftly pleasure flies ;  
 So to mankind in darkness lost,  
     The beam of ardour dies.  
 Wan Moon, thy nightly task is done,  
 And now encurtain'd in the main,  
     Thou sinkest into rest ;  
 But I, in vain, on thorny bed,  
 Shall woo the god of soft repose—

•           •           •           •



## FRAGMENT.

LOUD rage the winds without.—The wintry cloud  
 O'er the cold north star casts her flitting shroud ;  
 And Silence, pausing in some snow-clad dale,  
 Starts as she hears, by fits, the shrieking gale ;  
 Where now, shut out from every still retreat,  
 Her pine-clad summit, and her woodland seat,  
 Shall Meditation, in her saddest mood,  
 Retire o'er all her pensive stores to brood ?  
 Shivering and blue the peasant eyes askance,  
 The drifted fleeces that around him dance,  
 And hurries on his half-averted form,  
 Stemming the fury of the side-long storm.  
 Him soon shall greet his snow-topt [cot of thatch,]  
 Soon shall his 'numbed hand tremble on the latch,  
 Soon from his chimney's nook the cheerful flame  
 Diffuse a genial warmth throughout his frame ;  
 Round the light fire, while roars the north wind loud,  
 What merry groupes of vacant faces croud ;  
 These hail his coming—these his meal prepare,  
 And boast in all that cot no lurking care.

What, tho' the social circle be denied,  
 Ev'n Sadness brightens at her own fire-side,  
 Loves, with fixed eye, to watch the flutt'ring blaze,  
 While musing Memory, dwells on former days,  
 Or Hope, blest spirit, smiles—and still forgiv'n,  
 Forgets the passport, while she points to Heav'n.

Then heap the fire—shut out the biting air,  
 And from its station wheel the easy chair;  
 Thus fenced and warm, in silent fit, 'tis sweet  
 To hear without, the bitter tempest beat.  
 All, all alone—to sit and muse and sigh,  
 The pensive tenant of obscurity.

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FRAGMENT.

OH ! thou most fatal of Pandora's train,  
 Consumption ! silent cheater of the eye ;  
 Thou com'st not robed in agonizing pain,  
 Nor mark'st thy course with Death's delusive dye,  
 But silent and unnoticed thou dost lie ;  
 O'er life's soft springs thy venom dost diffuse,  
 And, while thou givest new lustre to the eye,  
 While o'er the cheek are spread health's ruddy hues,  
 E'en then life's little rest thy cruel power subdues.

Oft I've beheld thee in the glow of youth,  
 Hid 'neath the blushing roses which there bloom'd  
 And dropt a tear, for then thy cankering tooth  
 I knew would never stay, till all consum'd,  
 In the cold vault of death he were entomb'd.

But oh ! what sorrow did I feel, as swift,  
 Insidious ravager, I saw thee fly  
 Through fair Lucina's breast of whitest snow,  
 Preparing swift her passage to the sky.  
 Though still intelligence beam'd in the glance,  
 The liquid lustre of her fine blue eye ;  
 Yet soon did languid listlessness advance,  
 And soon she calmly sunk in death's repugnant trance.

Even when her end was swiftly drawing near,  
 And dissolution hover'd o'er her head ;  
 Even then so *beauteous* did her form appear,  
 That none who saw her but admiring said,  
 Sure so much beauty never could be dead.  
 Yet the dark lash of her expressive eye,  
 Bent lowly down upon the languid——

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## **SONNETS.**



## SONNETS.

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TO CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

**L**OFFT, unto thee, one tributary song,  
The simple Muse, admiring, fain would bring ;  
She longs to lisp thee to the listening throng,  
And with thy name to bid the woodlands ring.  
Fain would she blazon all thy virtues forth,  
Thy warm philanthropy, thy justice mild,  
Would say how thou didst foster kindred worth,  
And to thy bosom snatch'd misfortune's child :  
Firm she would paint thee, with becoming zeal,  
Upright, and learned, as the Pylian sire,  
Would say how sweetly thou could'st sweep the lyre,  
And shew thy labours for the public weal,  
Ten thousand virtues tell with joys supreme, :  
But ah ! she shrinks abash'd before the arduous theme.

## TO THE MOON.

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER.

SUBLIME, emerging from the misty verge  
 Of the horizon dim, thee, Moon, I hail,  
 As sweeping o'er the leafless grove, the gale  
 Seems to repeat the year's funereal dirge.  
 Now Autumn sickens on the languid sight,  
 And leaving leaves bestrew the wanderer's way,  
 Now unto thee, pale arbitress of night,  
 With double joy my homage do I pay.  
 When clouds disguise the glories of the day,  
 And stern November sheds her boisterous blight,  
 How doubly sweet to mark the moony ray  
 Shoot through the mist from the ethereal height,  
 And, *still unchang'd*, back to the memory bring  
 The smiles Favonian of life's earliest spring.

## WRITTEN AT THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

FAST from the West the fading day-streaks fly,  
 And ebon night assumes her solemn sway;  
 Yet here alone, unheeding time, I lie,  
 And o'er my friend still pour the plaintive lay.  
 Oh! 'tis not long since, George, with thee I woo'd;  
 The maid of musings by yon moaning wave;  
 And hail'd the moon's mild beam, which now renew'd:  
 Seems sweetly sleeping on thy silent grave!  
 The busy world pursues its boisterous way,  
 The noise of revelry still echoes round;  
 Yet I am sad while all beside is gay;  
 Yet still I weep o'er thy deserted mound.  
 Oh! that like thee I might bid sorrow cease,  
 And 'neath the green-sward sleep—the sleep of peace.



## TO MISFORTUNE.

MISFORTUNE, I am young,—my chin is bare,  
And I have wonder'd much when men have told,  
How youth was free from sorrow and from care,  
That thou should'st dwell with me, and leave the old.  
Sure dost not like me!—Shrivell'd hag of hate,  
My phiz, and thanks to thee, is sadly long;  
I am not either, Beldame, over strong;  
Nor do I wish at all to be thy mate,  
For thou, sweet Fury, art my utter hate.  
Nay, shake not thus thy miserable pate;  
I am yet young, and do not like thy face;  
And lest thou should'st resume the wild-goose chase,  
I'll tell thee something all thy heat to assuage,  
—Thou wilt not hit my fancy in my age.

AS thus oppress'd with many a heavy care,  
    (Though young yet sorrowful,) I turn my feet  
    To the dark woodland,—longing much to greet  
The form of peace, if chance she sojourn there;  
Deep thought and dismal, verging to despair,  
    Fills my sad breast; and tir'd with this vain coil,  
    I shrink dismay'd before life's upland toil.  
And as amid the leaves the evening air,  
Whispers still melody,—I think ere long,  
    When I no more can hear, these woods will speak;  
    And then a sad smile plays upon my cheek,  
And mournful phantasies upon me throng,  
And I do ponder with most strange delight,  
On the calm slumbers of the dead-man's night.

## TO APRIL.

**EMBLEM** of life! see changeful April sail  
 In varying vext along the shadowy skies,  
 Now; bidding Summer's softest zephyrs rise;  
 Anon, recalling Winter's stormy gale,  
 And pouring from the cloud her sudden hail;  
 Then, smiling through the tear that dims her eyes,  
 While Iris with her braid the welkin dyes,  
 Promise of sunshine, not so prone to fail.  
 So, to us sojourners in life's low vale,  
 The smiles of Fortune flatter to deceive,  
 While still the Fates the web of Misery weave.  
 So Hope exultant spreads her airy sail,  
 And from the present gloom, the soul conveys,  
 To distant summers, and far happier days.

YE unseen spirits, whose wild melodies,  
 At evening rising slow, yet sweetly clear,  
 Steal on the musing poet's pensive ear,  
 As by the wood-spring stretch'd supine he lies;  
 When he who now invokes you, low is laid,  
 His tir'd frame resting on the earth's cold bed;  
 Hold ye your nightly vigils o'er his head,  
 And chaunt a dirge to his reposing shade!  
 For he was wont to love your madrigals;  
 And often by the haunted stream that laves  
 The dark sequester'd woodland's inmost caves,  
 Would sit and listen to the dying falls,  
 Till the full tear would quiver in his eye,  
 And his big heart would heave with mournful extasy.

## TO A TAPER.

**TIS** midnight.—On the globe dead slumber sits,  
And all is silence—in the hour of sleep;  
Save when the hollow gust, that swells by fits,  
In the dark wood roars fearfully and deep.  
I wake alone to listen and to weep,  
To watch, my taper, thy pale beacon burn;  
And, as still memory does her vigils keep,  
To think of days that never can return.  
By thy pale ray I raise my languid head,  
My eye surveys the solitary gloom;  
And the sad meaning tear, unmixt with dread,  
Tells thou dost light me to the silent tomb.  
Like thee I wane;—like thine my life's last ray  
Will fade in loneliness, unwept, away.

## TO MY MOTHER.

AND can'st thou, *Mother*, for a moment think,  
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed  
Its blanching honours on thy weary head,  
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?  
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink  
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,  
To pine in solitude thy life away,  
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.  
Banish the thought—where'er our steps may roam,  
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,  
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,  
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;  
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,  
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

YES, 'twill be over soon.—This sickly dream  
 Of life will vanish from my feverish brain;  
 And death my wearied spirit will redeem  
 From this wild region of unvary'd pain.  
 Yon brook will glide as softly as before,—  
 Yon landscape smile,—yon golden harvest grow,—  
 Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will soar  
 When Henry's name is heard no more below.  
 I sigh when all my youthful friends caress,  
 They laugh in health, and future evils brave;  
 Them shall a wife and smiling children bless,  
 While I am mouldering in my silent grave.  
 God of the just,—Thou gavest the bitter cup;  
 I bow to thy behest, and drink it up.

## TO CONSUMPTION.

GENTLY, most gently, on thy victim's head,  
 Consumption, lay thine hand !—let me decay,  
 Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,  
 And softly go to slumber with the dead.  
 And if 'tis true what holy men have said,  
 That strains angelic oft foretell the day  
 Of death, to those good men who fall thy prey,  
 O let the ærial music round my bed,  
 Dissolving sad in dying symphony,  
 Whisper the solemn warning in mine ear ;  
 That I may bid my weeping friends good bye,  
 Ere I depart upon my journey drear :  
 And smiling faintly on the painful past,  
 Compose my decent head, and breathe my last.



## TRANSLATED

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DESBARREAU.

THY judgments, Lord, are just; thou lov'st to wear  
The face of pity, and of love divine;  
But mine is guilt—thou must not, can'st not, spare,  
While Heaven is true, and equity is thine.  
Yes, oh my God!—such crimes as mine, so dread,  
Leave but the choice of punishment to thee;  
Thy interest calls for judgment on my head,  
And even thy mercy dares not plead for me!  
Thy will be done—since 'tis thy glory's due,  
Did from mine eyes the endless torrents flow;  
Smite—it is time—though endless death ensue,  
I bless the avenging hand that lays me low.  
But on what spot shall fall thine anger's flood,  
That has not first been drench'd in Christ's atoning blood?

**POEMS**  
**OF A LATER DATE.**



TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS,

Who, when Henry reasoned with him calmly, asked,

*"If he did not feel for him."*

*"Do I not feel?"* The doubt is keen as steel.

Yea, I do feel—most exquisitely feel;

My heart can weep, when from my downcast eye

I chase the tear, and stem the rising sigh:

Deep buried there I close the rankling dart,

And smile the most when heaviest is my heart.

On this I act—whatever pangs surround,

*'Tis magnanimity to hide the wound,*

When all was new, and life was in its spring,

I liv'd an-unlov'd solitary thing;

Even then I learnt to bary deep from day,

The piercing cares that wore my youth away.

Even then I learnt for others' cares to feel,

Even then I wept I had not power to heal;

Even then, deep-sounding through the nightly gloom,

I heard the wretched's groan, and mourn'd the wretched's  
doom.

Who were my friends in youth?—The midnight fire—

The silent moon-beam, or the starry choir;

To these I 'plain'd, or turn'd from outer sight,

To bless my lonely taper's friendly light;

I never yet could ask, howe'er forlorn,  
 For vulgar pity mixt with vulgar scorn;  
 The sacred source of woe I never ope,  
 My breast's my coffer, and my God's my hope.  
 But that I *do* feel, time, my friend, will shew,  
 Though the cold croud the secret never know;  
 With them I laugh—yet when no eye can see,  
 I weep for nature, and I weep for thee.  
 Yes, thou did'st wrong me, \* \* \* ; I fondly thought,  
 In thee I'd found the friend my heart had sought;  
 I fondly thought that thou could'st pierce the guise,  
 And read the truth that in my bosom lies;  
 I fondly thought e'er Time's last days were gone,  
 Thy heart and mine had mingled into one!  
 Yes—and they yet will mingle. Days and years  
 Will fly, and leave us partners in our tears:  
 We then shall feel that friendship has a power,  
 To soothe affliction in her darkest hour;  
 Time's trial o'er, shall clasp each other's hand,  
 And wait the passport to a better land,

Thine,

H. K. WHITE.

Half past Eleven o'Clock at Night.

## CHRISTMAS-DAY.

1804.

**YET** once more, and once more, awake, my harp,  
 From silence and neglect—one lofty strain;  
 Lofty, yet wilder than the winds of Heaven,  
 And speaking mysteries more than words can tell,  
 I ask of thee, for I, with hymnings high,  
 Would join the dirge of the departing year.

Yet with no wintry garland from the woods,  
 Wrought of the leafless branch, or ivy sear,  
 Wreath I thy tresses, dark December! now;  
 Me higher quarrel calls, with loudest song,  
 And fearful joy, to celebrate the day  
 Of the Redeemer.—Near two thousand suns  
 Have set their seals upon the rolling lapse  
 Of generations, since the day-spring first  
 Beamed from on high!—Now to the mighty mass  
 Of that increasing aggregate, we add  
 One unit more. Space, in comparison,  
 How small, yet mark'd with how much misery;  
 Wars, famines, and the fury, Pestilence,  
 Over the nations hanging her dread scourge;  
 The oppressed, too, in silent bitterness,  
 Weeping their sufferance; and the arm of wrong  
 Forcing the scanty portion from the weak,  
 And steeping the lone widow's couch with tears.

So has the year been character'd with woe  
 In Christian land, and mark'd with wrongs and crimes ;  
 Yet 'twas not thus *He* taught—not thus *He* liv'd,  
 Whose birth we this day celebrate with prayer  
 And much thanksgiving.—He, a man of woes,  
 Went on the way appointed,—path, though rude,  
 Yet borne with patience still :—He came to cheer  
 The broken-hearted, to raise up the sick,  
 And on the wandering and benighted mind  
 To pour the light of truth.—O task divine !  
 O more than angel teacher ! He had words  
 To soothe the barking waves, and hush the winds ;  
 And when the soul was toss'd in troubled seas,  
 Wrapt in thick darkness and the howling storm,  
 He, pointing to the star of peace on high,  
 Arm'd it with holy fortitude, and bade it smile  
 At the surrounding wreck.—  
 When with deep agony his heart was rack'd,  
 Not for himself the tear-drop dew'd his cheek,  
 For *them* He wept, for *them* to Heaven He pray'd,  
 His persecutors—" Father, pardon them,  
 They know not what they do."

Angels of Heaven,  
 Ye who beheld him fainting on the cross  
 And did him homage, say, may mortal join  
 The hallelujahs of the risen God ?  
 Will the faint voice and grovelling song be heard  
 Amid the seraphim in light divine ?  
 Yes, he will deign, the Prince of Peace will deign,  
 For mercy, to accept the hymn of faith,

Low though it be and humble.—Lord of life,  
 The Christ, the Comforter, thine advent now,  
 Fills my uprising soul.—I mount, I fly  
 Far o'er the skies, beyond the rolling orbs;  
 The bonds of flesh dissolve, and earth recedes,  
 And care, and pain, and sorrow, are no more.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

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### NELSONI MORS.

YET once again, my harp, yet once again,  
 One ditty more, and on the mountain ash  
 I will again suspend thee. I have felt  
 The warm tear frequent on my cheek, since last,  
 At even-tide, when all the winds were hush'd,  
 I woke to thee the melancholy song.  
 Since then with *Thoughtfulness*, a maid severe,  
 I've journey'd, and have learn'd to shape the freaks  
 Of frolic fancy to the line of truth;  
 Not unrepining, for my froward heart  
 Still turns to thee, mine harp, and to the flow  
 Of spring-gales past—the woods and storied haunts  
 Of my not songless boyhood.—Yet once more,  
 Not fearless, I will wake thy tremulous tones,  
 My long-neglected harp.—He must not sink;  
 The good, the brave—he must not, shall not sink  
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.



Though from the Muse's chalice I may pour  
 No precious dew of Aganippe's well,  
 Or Castaly,—though from the morning cloud  
 I fetch no hues to scatter on his hearse :  
 Yet will I wreath a garland for his brows,  
 Of simple flowers, such as the hedge-rows scent  
 Of Britain, my lov'd country ; and with tears  
 Most eloquent, yet silent, I will bathe  
 Thy honour'd corse, my *Nelson*, tears as warm  
 And *honest* as the ebbing blood that flow'd  
 Fast from thy *honest* heart.—Thou Pity too,  
 If ever I have lov'd, with faltering step,  
 To follow thee in the cold and starless night,  
 To the top-crag of some rain-beaten cliff;  
 And as I heard the deep gun bursting loud  
 Amid the pauses of the storm, have pour'd  
 Wild strains, and mournful, to the hurrying winds,  
 Thy dying souls viaticum ; if oft  
 Amid the carnage of the field I've sate  
 With thee upon the moonlight throne, and sung  
 To cheer the fainting soldier's dying soul,  
 With mercy and forgiveness—visitant  
 Of Heaven—sit thou upon my harp,  
 And give it feeling, which were else too cold  
 For argument so great, for theme so high.

How dimly on that morn the sun arose,  
 'Kerchieft in mists, and tearful, when——

• • • • •

## HYMN.

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In Heaven we shall be purified, so as to be able to endure the splendors of the Deity.

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## I.

AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake,  
Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake ;  
We sing the Saviour of our race,  
The Lamb, our shield, and hiding place.

## II.

When God's right arm is bar'd for war,  
And thunders clothe his cloudy car,  
Where, where, oh where, shall man retire,  
To escape the horrors of his ire ?

## III.

'Tis he, the Lamb, to him we fly,  
While the dread tempest passes by ;  
God sees his Well-beloved's face,  
And spares us in our hiding place.

## IV.

Thus while we dwell in this low scene,  
The Lamb is our unfailing screen ;  
To him, though guilty, still we run,  
And God still spares us for his Son.

## V.

While yet we sojourn here below,  
 Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow ;  
 Fallen, abject, mean, a sentenced race,  
 We deeply need a hiding place.

## VI.

Yet courage—days and years will glide,  
 And we shall lay these clouds aside ;  
 Shall be baptiz'd in Jordan's flood,  
 And wash'd in Jesus' cleansing blood.

## VII.

Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,  
 We through the Lamb shall be decreed ;  
 Shall meet the Father face to face,  
 And need no more a hiding place.

The last stanza of this hymn was added extemporaneously, by Henry, one summer evening, when he was with a few friends on the Trent, and singing it, as he was used to do on such occasions.

## A HYMN

FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

## I.

O LORD, another day is flown,  
And we a lonely band,  
Are met once more before thy throne,  
To bless thy fostering hand.

## II.

And wilt thou bend a listening ear,  
To praises low as ours?  
Thou wilt! for Thou dost love to hear  
The song which meekness pours.

## III.

And Jesus thou thy smiles will deign,  
As we before thee pray;  
For thou didst bless the infant train,  
And we are less than they.

## IV.

O let thy grace perform its part,  
And let contention cease;  
And shed abroad in every heart  
Thine everlasting peace!

## V.

Thus chasten'd, cleans'd, entirely thine,  
 A flock by Jesus led ;  
 The Sun of Holiness shall shine,  
 In glory on our head.

## VI.

And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,  
 And thou wilt bless our way ;  
 'Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet  
 The dawn of lasting day.

---

## THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

## I.

WHEN marshal'd on the nightly plain,  
 The glittering host bestud the sky ;  
 One star alone, of all the train,  
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

## II.

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,  
 From every host, from every gem ;  
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,  
 It is the star of Bethlehem.

## III.

Once on the raging seas I rode,  
 The storm was loud,—the night was dark,  
 The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd  
 The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

## IV.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
 Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem ;  
 When suddenly a star arose,  
 It was the star of Bethlehem.

## V.

It was my guide, my light, my all,  
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;  
 And through the storm and dangers' thrall,  
 It led me to the port of peace.

## VI.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,  
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
 For ever and for evermore,  
 The star!—The star of Bethlehem !

## A HYMN.

O LORD, my God, in mercy turn,  
In mercy hear a sinner mourn !  
To thee I call, to thee I cry,  
O leave me, leave me not to die !

I strove against thee, Lord, I know,  
I spurn'd thy grace, I mock'd thy *law* ;  
The hour is past—the day's gone by,  
And I am left alone to die.

O pleasures past, what are ye now  
But thorns about my bleeding brow ?  
Spectres that hover round my brain,  
And aggravate and mock my pain.

For pleasure I have given my soul ;  
Now, justice, let thy thunders roll !  
Now vengeance smile—and with a blow,  
Lay the rebellious ingrate low.

Yet Jesus, Jesus ! there I'll cling,  
I'll croud beneath his sheltering wing ;  
I'll clasp the cross, and holding there,  
Even me, oh bliss !—his wrath may spare.

**MELODY.**

Inserted in a collection of selected and original Songs, published  
by the Rev. J. Plumptre, of Clare Hall, Cambridge.

**I.**

**YES**, once more that dying strain,  
Anna touch thy lute for me ;  
Sweet, when pity's tones complain,  
Doubly sweet is melody.

**II.**

While the Virtues thus inweave  
Mildly soft the thrilling song ;  
Winter's long and lonesome eve,  
Glides unfelt, unseen along.

**III.**

Thus when life hath stolen away ;  
And the wintry night is near ;  
Thus shall virtue's friendly ray,  
Age's closing evening cheer.



## SONG.—BY WALLER.

A lady of Cambridge lent Waller's Poems to Henry, and when he returned them to her, she discovered an additional stanza written by him at the bottom of the song here copied.

GO, lovely rose !  
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
     That now she knows,  
 When I resemble her to thee,  
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
 And shuns to have her graces spied ;  
     That had'st thou sprung  
 In deserts, where no men abide,  
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
 Of beauty from the light retired ;  
     Bid her come forth,  
 Suffer herself to be desired,  
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she  
 The common fate of all things rare  
     May read in thee ;  
 How small a part of time they share,  
 That are so wonderful sweet, and fair.

---

[Yet, though thou fade,  
 From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;  
 And teach the maid,  
 That goodness Time's rude hand defies,  
 That virtue lives when beauty dies.]

H. K. WHITE.

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" I AM PLEAS'D, AND YET I'M SAD."

I.

WHEN twilight steals along the ground,  
 And all the bells are ringing round,  
     One, two, three, four, and five;  
 I at my study window sit,  
 And wrapt in many a musing fit,  
     To bliss am all alive.

II.

But though impressions calm and sweet,  
 Thrill round my heart a holy heat,  
     And I am inly glad;  
 The tear-drop stands in either eye,  
 And yet I cannot tell thee why,  
     I am pleas'd, and yet I'm sad.

## III.

The silvery rack that flies away,  
 Like mortal life or pleasure's ray,  
     Does that disturb my breast?  
 Nay what have I, a studious man,  
 To do with life's unstable plan,  
     Or pleasure's fading vest?

## IV.

Is it that here I must not stop,  
 But o'er yon blue hills woody top,  
     Must bend my lonely way?  
 Now surely no, for give but me  
 My own fire-side, and I shall be  
     At home where'er I stray.

## V.

Then is it that yon steeple there,  
 With music sweet shall fill the air,  
     When thou no more canst hear?  
 Oh no! oh no! for then forgiven,  
 I shall be with my God in Heaven,  
     Releas'd from every fear.

## VI.

Then whence it is I cannot tell,  
 But there is some mysterious spell  
     That holds me when I'm glad;  
 And so the tear-drop fills my eye,  
 When yet in truth I know not why,  
     Or wherefore I am sad.

## SOLITUDE.

IT is not that my lot is low,  
 That bids this silent tear to flow ;  
 It is not grief that bids me moan,  
 It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,  
 When the tir'd hedger hies him home ;  
 Or by the woodland pool to rest,  
 When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs,  
 With hallow'd airs and symphonies,  
 My spirit takes another tone,  
 And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead,  
 It floats upon the water's bed ;  
 I would not be a leaf, to die  
 Without recording sorrow's sigh !

The woods and winds, with sudden wail,  
 Tell all the same unvaried tale ;  
 I've none to smile when I am free,  
 And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,  
 That thinks on me and loves me too ;  
 I start, and when the vision's flown,  
 I weep that I am all alone.

---

IF far from me the Fates remove  
Domestic peace, connubial love ;  
The prattling ring, the social cheer,  
Affection's voice, affection's tear ;  
Ye sterner powers that bind the heart,  
To me your iron aid impart !  
O teach me, when the nights are chill,  
And my fire-side is lone and still ;  
When to the blaze that crackles near,  
I turn a tir'd and pensive ear,  
And nature conquering bids me sigh,  
For love's soft accents whispering nigh :  
O teach me, on that heavenly road,  
That leads to Truth's occult abode,  
To wrap my soul in dreams sublime,  
Till earth and care no more be mine.  
Let blest philosophy impart,  
Her soothing measures to my heart ;  
And while with Plato's ravish'd ears,  
I list the music of the spheres ;  
Or on the mystic symbols pore,  
That hide the Chald's sublimer lore ;  
I shall not brood on summers gone,  
Nor think that I am all alone.

FANNY ! upon thy breast I may not lie !

Fanny ! thou dost not hear me when I speak !

Where art thou, love ?—Around I turn my eye,

And as I turn, the tear is on my cheek.

Was it a dream ? or did my love behold

Indeed my lonely couch ?—Methought the breath

Fann'd not her bloodless lip ; her eye was cold

And hollow, and the livery of death

Invested her pale forehead.—Sainted maid,

My thoughts oft rest with thee in thy cold grave,

Through the long wintry night, when wind and wave,

Rock the dark house where thy poor head is laid.

Yet hush ! my fond heart, hush ! there is a shore

Of better promise ; and I know at last,

When the long sabbath of the tomb is past,

We two shall meet in Christ to part no more.



## **FRAGMENTS.**



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These fragments are Henry's latest compositions; and were, for the most part, written upon the back of his mathematical papers, during the few moments of the last year of his life, in which he suffered himself to follow the impulse of his genius.

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## FRAGMENTS.

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### I.

SAW'ST thou that light! exclaim'd the youth, and paus'd:  
Through yon dark firs it glanced, and on the stream  
That skirts the woods, it for a moment play'd.  
Again, more light it gleam'd,—or does some sprite  
Delude mine eyes with shapes of wood and streams,  
And lamp far beaming through the thickets gloom,  
As from some bosom'd cabin, where the voice  
Of revelry, or thrifty watchfulness,  
Keeps in the lights at this unwonted hour?  
No sprite deludes mine eyes,—the beam now glows  
With steady lustre.—Can it be the moon,  
Who hidden long by the invidious veil  
That blots the Heavens, now *sets* behinds the woods?—  
No moon to-night has look'd upon the sea  
Of clouds beneath her, answered Rudiger,  
She has been sleeping with Endymion.

•   •   •   •

## II.

THE pious man,  
 In this bad world, when mists and couchant storms,  
 Hide Heaven's fine circlet, springs aloft in faith  
 Above the clouds that threat him, to the fields  
 Of ether, where the day is never veil'd  
 With intervening vapours ; and looks down  
 Serene upon the troublous sea, that hides  
 The earth's fair breast, that sea whose nether face  
 To grovelling mortals frowns and darkens all ;  
 But on whose billowy back, from man conceal'd  
 The glaring sunbeam plays.

---

## III.

LO ! on the eastern summit, clad in grey,  
 Morn, like a horseman girt for travel, comes ;  
 And from his tower of mist,  
 Night's watchman hurries down.

## IV.

THERE was a little bird upon that pile;  
 It perch'd upon a ruined pinnacle,  
 And made sweet melody.  
 The song was soft, yet cheerful, and most clear,  
 For other note none swell'd the air but his.  
 It seem'd as if the little chorister,  
 Sole tenant of the melancholy pile,  
 Were a lone hermit, outcast from his kind,  
 Yet withal cheerful.—I have heard the note  
 Echoing so lonely o'er the aisle forlorn,  
 ——— Much musing—

---

## V.

O PALE art thou, my lamp, and faint  
 Thy melancholy ray :  
 When the still night's unclouded saint  
 Is walking on her way.  
 Through my lattice leaf embower'd,  
 Fair she sheds her shadowy beam ;  
 And o'er my silent sacred room,  
 Casts a chequer'd twilight gloom ;  
 I throw aside the learned sheet,  
 I cannot chuse but gaze, she looks so mildly sweet.

Sad vestal, why art thou so fair,  
Or why am I so frail?

Methinks thou lookest kindly on me, Moon,  
And cheerest my lone hours with sweet regards!  
Surely like me thou'rt sad, but dost not speak  
Thy sadness to the cold unheeding croud;  
So mournfully compos'd, o'er yonder cloud  
Thou shinest, like a cresset, beaming far  
From the rude watch-tower, o'er the Atlantic wave.

---

## VI.

O GIVE me music—for my soul doth faint;  
I am sick of noise and care, and now mine ear  
Longs for some air of peace, some dying plaint,  
That may the spirit from its cell unsphere.

Hark how it falls! and now it steals along,  
Like distant bells upon the lake at eve,  
When all is still; and now it grows more strong,  
As when the choral train their dirges weave,  
Mellow and many voiced; where every close,  
O'er the old minster roof, in echoing waves reflows.

Oh! I am wrapt aloft. My spirit soars  
 Beyond the skies, and leaves the stars behind.  
 Lo! angels lead me to the happy shores,  
 And floating pæans fill the buoyant wind.  
 Farewell! base earth, farewell! my soul is freed,  
 Far from its clayey cell it springs,—

\* \* \* \*

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VII.

AH! who can say, however fair his view,  
 Through what sad scenes his path may lie?  
 Ah! who can give to others' woes his sigh,  
 Secure his own will never need it too!

Let thoughtless youth its seeming joys pursue,  
 Soon will they learn to scan with thoughtful eye,  
 The illusive past and dark futurity;  
 Soon will they know—

\* \* \* \*

## VIII.

AND must thou go, and must we part !  
 Yes, Fate decrees, and I submit ;  
 The pang that rends in twain my heart,  
 Oh, Fanny, dost thou share in it !

Thy sex is fickle,—when away,  
 Some happier youth may win thy—

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## IX.

## SONNET.

WHEN I sit musing on the chequer'd past,  
 (A term much darken'd with untimely woes,)  
 My thoughts revert to her, for whom still flows  
 The tear, though half disown'd ;—and binding fast  
 Pride's stubborn cheat to my too yielding heart,  
 I say to her she robb'd me of my rest,  
 When that was all my wealth.—'Tis true my breast  
 Receiv'd from her this wearying lingering smart ;  
 Yet ah ! I cannot bid her form depart ;  
 Though wrong'd, I love her—yet in anger love,  
 For she was most unworthy.—Then I prove  
 Vindictive joy ; and on my stern front gleams,  
 Thron'd in dark clouds, inflexible \* \* \*  
 The native pride of my much-injured heart.

## X.

WHEN high romance o'er every wood and stream,  
 Dark lustre shed, my infant mind to fire;  
 Spell-struck, and filled with many a wondering dream,  
 First in the groves I woke the pensive lyre.  
 All there was mystery then, the gust that woke  
 The midnight echo was a spirit's dirge;  
 And unseen fairies would the moon invoke,  
 To their light morrice by the restless surge.  
 Now to my sober'd thought with life's false smiles,  
 Too much \* \*  
 The vagrant Fancy spreads no more her wiles,  
 And dark forebodings now my bosom fill.

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## XI.

HUSH'D is the lyre—the hand that swept  
 The low and pensive wires,  
 Robb'd of its cunning, from the task retires.  
  
 Yes—it is still—the lyre is still;  
 The spirit which its slumbers broke,  
 Hath pass'd away,—and that weak hand that woke  
 Its forest melodies, hath lost its skill.



Yet I would press you to my lips once more,  
 Ye wild, yet withering flowers of poësy ;  
 Yet would I drink the fragrance which ye pour,  
 Mix'd with decaying odours ; for to me  
 Ye have beguil'd the hours of infancy,  
 As in the wood-paths of my native—

•       •       •       •

## XII.

ONCE more, and yet once more,  
     I give unto my harp a dark-woven lay ;  
 I heard the waters roar,  
     I heard the flood of ages pass away.  
 O thou, stern spirit, who dost dwell  
     In thine eternal cell,  
 Noting, grey chronicler! the silent years ;  
     I saw thee rise,—I saw the scroll complete,  
     Thou spakest, and at thy feet  
         The universe gave way.

# **T I M E.**

**A POEM.**

**This poem was begun either during the publication of Clifton Grove or shortly afterwards. Henry never laid aside the intention of completing it, and some of the detached parts were among his latest productions.**

# TIME.

A POEM.

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**G**ENIUS of musings, who, the midnight hour  
Wasting in woods or haunted forests wild,  
Dost watch Orion in his arctic tower,  
Thy dark eye fix'd as in some holy trance;  
Or, when the volley'd lightnings cleave the air,  
And Ruin gaunt bestrides the winged storm,  
Sitt'st in some lonely watch-tower—where thy lamp,  
Faint-blazing, strikes the fisher's eye from far,  
And 'mid the howl of elements, unmov'd  
Dost ponder on the awful scene, and trace  
The vast *effect* to its superior source,—  
Spirit attend my lowly benison!  
For now I strike to themes of import high  
The solitary lyre; and borne by thee  
Above this narrow cell, I celebrate  
The mysteries of Time!

*Him who, august,*

*Was* ere these worlds were fashioned,—ere the sun  
 Sprang from the east, or Lucifer display'd  
 His glowing cresset in the arch of morn,  
 Or Vesper gilded the serener eve.  
 Yea, He *had been* for an eternity!  
 Had swept unvarying from eternity  
 The harp of desolation,—ere his tones  
 At God's command, assum'd a milder strain,  
 And startled on his watch, in the vast deep,  
 Chaos's sluggish sentry, and evok'd  
 From the dark void the smiling universe.

Chain'd to the grovelling frailties of the flesh,  
 Mere mortal man, unpurged from earthly dross,  
 Cannot survey, with fix'd and steady eye,  
 The dim uncertain gulph, which now the muse  
 Adventurous, would explore;—but dizzy grown,  
 He topples down the abyss.—If he would scan  
 The fearful chasm, and catch a transient glimpse  
 Of its unfathomable depths, that so  
 His mind may turn with double joy to God,  
 His only certainty and resting place;  
 He must put off a while this mortal vest,  
 And learn to follow, without giddiness,  
 To heights where all is vision, and surprise,  
 And vague conjecture.—He must waste by night  
 The studious taper, far from all resort  
 Of crouds and folly, in some still retreat;  
 High on the beetling promontory's crest,

Or in the caves of the vast wilderness,  
 Where compass'd round with nature's wildest shapes,  
 He may be driven to centre all his thoughts  
 In the great architect, who lives confest  
 In rocks, and seas, and solitary wastes.

So has divine philosophy, with voice  
 Mild as the murmurs of the moonlight wave,  
 Tutor'd the heart of him, who now awakes,  
 Touching the chords of solemn minstrelsy,  
 His faint, neglected song—intent to snatch  
 Some vagrant blossom from the dangerous steep  
 Of poësy, a bloom of such an hue,  
 So sober, as may not unseemly suit  
 With Truth's severer brow : and one withal  
 So hardy as shall brave the passing wind  
 Of many winters,—rearing its meek head  
 In loveliness, when he who gather'd it  
 Is number'd with the generations gone.  
 Yet not to me hath God's good providence  
 Given studious leisure \*, or unbroken thought,  
 Such as he owns,—a meditative man,  
 Who from the blush of morn to quiet eve  
 Ponders, or turns the page of wisdom o'er,  
 Far from the busy croud's tumultuous din;  
 From noise and wrangling far, and undisturb'd  
 With Mirth's unholy shouts. For me the day

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\* The author was then in an attorney's office.

Hath duties which require the vigorous hand  
 Of stedfast application, but which leave  
 No deep improving trace upon the mind.  
 But be the day another's ;—let it pass !  
 The night's my own !—They cannot steal my night !  
 When Evening lights her folding-star on high,  
 I live and breathe, and in the sacred hours  
 Of quiet and repose my spirit flies,  
 Free as the morning, o'er the realms of space,  
 And mounts the skies, and imp's her wing for heaven.

Hence do I love the sober-suited maid ;  
 Hence Night's my friend, my mistress, and my theme,  
 And she shall aid me *now* to magnify  
 The night of ages,—*now* when the pale ray  
 Of star-light penetrates the studious gloom,  
 And at my window seated,—while mankind  
 Are lock'd in sleep, I feel the freshening breeze  
 Of stillness blow, while, in her saddest stole,  
*Thought*, like a wakeful vestal at her shrine,  
 Assumes her wonted sway.

Behold the world

Rests, and her tir'd inhabitants have paus'd  
 From trouble and turmoil. The widow now  
 Has ceas'd to weep, and her twin orphans lie  
 Lock'd in each arm, partakers of her rest.  
 The man of-sorrow has forgot his woes ;  
 The outcast that his head is shelterless,  
 His griefs unshar'd.—The mother tends no more  
 Her daughter's dying slumbers, but, surprised

With heaviness, and sunk upon her couch,  
 Dreams of her bridals. Even the hectic, lull'd  
 On Death's lean arm to rest, in visions wrapt,  
 Crowning with hope's bland wreath his shuddering nurse,  
 Poor victim ! smiles.—Silence and deep repose  
 Reign o'er the nations ; and the warning voice  
 Of nature utters audibly within  
 The general moral :—tells us that repose,  
 Deathlike as this, but of far longer span,  
 Is coming on us—that the weary crouds,  
 Who now enjoy a temporary calm,  
 Shall soon taste lasting quiet, wrapt around  
 With grave-clothes ; and their aching, restless heads  
 Mouldering in holes and corners unobserv'd,  
 Till the last trump shall break their sullen sleep.

Who needs a teacher to admonish him  
 That flesh is grass ?—That earthly things are mist !  
 What are our joys but dreams ? and what our hopes  
 But goodly shadows in the summer cloud ?  
 There's not a wind that blows but bears with it  
 Some rainbow promise :—Not a moment flies  
 But puts its sickle in the fields of life,  
 And mows its thousands, with their joys and cares.  
 'Tis but as yesterday since on yon stars,  
 Which now I view, the Chaldee shepherd \* gaz'd,  
 In his mid-watch observant, and dispos'd

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\* Alluding to the first astronomical observations, made by the Chaldean shepherds.



The twinkling hosts as fancy gave them shape.  
 Yet in the interim what mighty shocks  
 Have buffeted mankind,—whole nations raz'd,—  
 Cities made desolate,—the polish'd sunk  
 To barbarism, and once barbaric states  
 Swaying the wand of science and of arts ;  
 Illustrious deeds and memorable names  
 Blotted from record, and upon the tongue  
 Of grey tradition voluble no more.

Where are the heroes of the ages past ?  
 Where the brave chieftains, where the mighty ones  
 Who flourish'd in the infancy of days ?  
 All to the grave gone down. On their fallen fame  
 Exultant, mocking at the pride of man,  
 Sits grim *Forgetfulness*.—The warrior's arm  
 Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame ;  
 Hush'd is his stormy voice, and quench'd the blaze  
 Of his red eye-ball.—Yesterday his name  
 Was mighty on the earth—To day—'tis what ?  
 The meteor of the night of distant years,  
 That flash'd unnoticed, save by wrinkled eld,  
 Musing at midnight upon prophecies,  
 Who at her lonely lattice saw the gleam  
 Point to the mist-pois'd shroud, then quietly  
 Clos'd her pale lips, and lock'd the secret up  
 Safe in the charnel's treasures.

O how weak  
 Is mortal man ! how trifling—how confin'd  
 His scope of vision. Puff'd with confidence,

His phrase grows big with immortality,  
 And he, poor insect of a summer's day,  
 Dreams of eternal honours to his name;  
 Of endless glory and perennial bays.  
 He idly reasons of eternity,  
 As of the train of ages,—when, alas!  
 Ten thousand thousand of his centuries  
 Are, in comparison, a little point,  
 Too trivial for accompt.—O, it is strange,  
 'Tis passing strange, to mark his fallacies;  
 Behold him proudly view some pompous pile,  
 Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,  
 And smile, and say my name shall live with this  
 'Till Time shall be no more; while at his feet,  
 Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust  
 Of the fallen fabric of the other day,  
 Preaches the solemn lesson.—He *should* know,  
 That time must conquer. That the loudest blast  
 That ever fill'd Renown's obstreperous trump,  
 Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires.  
 Who lies inhum'd in the terrific gloom  
 Of the gigantic pyramid? or who  
 Rear'd its huge walls! Oblivion laughs and says,  
 The prey is mine.—They sleep, and never more  
 Their names shall strike upon the ear of man,  
 Their memory burst its fetters.

Where is *Rome*?

She lives but in the tale of other times;  
 Her proud pavillions are the hermit's home.  
 And her long colonnades, her public walks,

Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet  
 Who comes to muse in solitude, and trace,  
 Through the rank moss reveal'd, her honour'd dust.  
 But not to Rome alone has fate confin'd  
 The doom of ruin; cities numberless,  
 Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Babylon, and Troy,  
 And rich Phœnicia—they are blotted out,  
 Half-razed from memory, and their very name  
 And *being* in dispute.—Has Athens fallen?  
 Is polish'd Greece become the savage seat  
 Of ignorance and sloth? and shall *we* dare

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And empire seeks another hemisphere.  
 Where now is Britain?—Where her laurell'd names,  
 Her palaces and halls. Dash'd in the dust.  
 Some second Vandal hath reduc'd her pride,  
 And with one big recoil hath thrown her back  
 To primitive barbarity.—Again,  
 Through her depopulated vales, the scream  
 Of bloody superstition hollow rings,  
 And the scarr'd native to the tempest howls  
 The yell of deprecation. O'er her marts  
 Her crouded ports, broods Silence; and the cry  
 Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash  
 Of distant billows, breaks alone the void.  
 Even as the savage sits upon the stone  
 That marks where stood her capitols, and hears  
 The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks

From the dismaying solitude.—Her bards  
Sing in a language that hath perished ;  
And their wild harps, suspended o'er their graves,  
Sigh to the desert winds a dying strain.

Meanwhile the arts, in second infancy,  
Rise in some distant clime, and then perchance  
Some bold adventurer, fill'd with golden dreams,  
Steering his bark through trackless solitudes,  
Where, to his wandering thoughts, no daring prow  
Hath ever plough'd before,—espies the cliffs  
Of fallen Albion.—To the land unknown  
He journeys joyful ; and perhaps descries  
Some vestige of her ancient stateliness ;  
Then he, with vain conjecture, fills his mind  
Of the unheard-of race, which had arriv'd  
At science in that solitary nook,  
Far from the civil world ; and sagely sighs  
And moralizes on the state of man.

Still on its march, unnoticed and unfelt,  
Moves on our being. We do live and breathe,  
And we are gone. The spoiler heeds us not.  
We have our spring-time and our rottenness ;  
And as we fall, another race succeeds  
To perish likewise.—Meanwhile nature smiles—  
The seasons run their round—the sun fulfils  
His annual course—and heaven and earth remain  
Still changing, yet unchanged—still doom'd to feel

Endless mutation in perpetual rest.  
 Where are conceal'd the days which have elaps'd?  
 Hid in the mighty cavern of *the past*,  
 They rise upon us only to appal,  
 By indistinct and half-glimps'd images,  
 Misty, gigantic, huge, obscure, remote.

Oh it is fearful, on the midnight couch,  
 When the rude rushing winds forget to rave,  
 And the pale moon, that through the casement high  
 Surveys the sleepless muser, stamps the hour  
 Of utter silence, it is fearful then  
 To steer the mind, in deadly solitude,  
 Up the vague stream of probability;  
 To wind the mighty secrets of *the past*,  
 And turn the key of time!—Oh who can strive  
 To comprehend the vast, the awful truth,  
 Of the *eternity that hath gone by*,  
 And not recoil from the dismaying sense  
 Of human impotence? The life of man  
 Is summ'd in birth-days and in sepulchres;  
 But the Eternal God had no beginning;  
 He hath no end. Time had been with him  
 For *everlasting*, ere the dædal world  
 Rose from the gulph in loveliness.—Like him  
 It knew no source, like him 'twas uncreate.  
 What is it then? The *past* Eternity!  
 We comprehend a *future* without end;  
 We feel it possible that even yon sun

May roll for ever; but we shrink amaz'd—  
 We stand aghast, when we reflect that Time  
 Knew no commencement,—That heap age on age,  
 And million upon million, without end,  
 And we shall never span the void of days  
 That were, and are not but in retrospect.  
 The Past is an unfathomable depth,  
 Beyond the span of thought; 'tis an elapse  
 Which hath no mensuration, but hath been  
 For ever and for ever.

Change of days

To us is sensible; and each revolve  
 Of the recording sun conducts us on  
 Further in life, and nearer to our goal.  
 Not so with time,—mysterious chronicler,  
 He knoweth not mutation;—centuries  
 Are to his being as a day, and days  
 As centuries.—Time past, and Time to come,  
 Are always equal; when the world began  
 God had existed from eternity.

• • • • •

Now look on man

Myriads of ages hence.—Hath time elapsed!  
 Is he not standing in the self-same place  
 Where once we stood!—The same Eternity  
 Hath gone before him, and is yet to come:  
 His *past* is not of longer span than ours,  
 Though myriads of ages intervened;  
 For who can add to what has neither sum,  
 Nor bound, nor source, nor estimate, nor end!

Oh, who can compass the Almighty mind ?  
 Who can unlock the secrets of the High ?  
 In speculations of an altitude,  
 Sublime as this, our reason stands confest  
 Foolish, and insignificant, and mean.  
 Who can apply the futile argument  
 Of finite beings to infinity ?  
 He might as well compress the universe  
 Into the hollow compass of a gourd,  
 Scoop'd out by human art ; or bid the whale  
 Drink up the sea it swims in.—Can the less  
 Contain the greater ? or the dark obscure  
 Infold the glories of meridian day ?  
 What does philosophy impart to man  
 But undiscover'd wonders ?—Let her soar  
 Even to her proudest heights,—to where she caught  
 The soul of Newton and of Socrates,  
 She but extends the scope of wild amaze  
 And admiration. All her lessons end  
 In wider views of God's unfathom'd depths.

Lo ! the unletter'd hind who never knew  
 To raise his mind excursive, to the heights  
 Of abstract contemplation ; as he sits  
 On the green hillock by the hedge-row-side,  
 What time the insect swarms are murmuring,  
 And marks, in silent thought, the broken clouds  
 That fringe, with loveliest hues, the evening sky,  
 Feels in his soul the hand of nature rouse  
 The thrill of gratitude, to him who form'd

The goodly prospect ; he beholds the God  
 Thron'd in the west ; and his reposing ear  
 Hears sounds angelic in the fitful breeze,  
 That floats through neighbouring copse or fairy brake,  
 Or lingers playful on the haunted stream.  
 Go with the cottier to his winter fire,  
 Where o'er the moors the loud blasts whistles shrill  
 And the hoarse ban-dog bays the icy moon ;  
 Mark with what awe he lists the wild uproar,  
 Silent, and big with thought ; and hear him bless  
 The God that rides on the tempestuous clouds  
 For his snug hearth, and all his little joys.  
 Hear him compare his happier lot with his  
 Who bends his way across the wintry wolds,  
 A poor night-traveller, while the dismal snow  
 Beats in his face, and, dubious of his path,  
 He stops, and thinks, in every lengthening blast,  
 He hears some village mastiff's distant howl,  
 And sees, far streaming some lone cottage light ;  
 Then, undeceiv'd, upturns his streaming eyes,  
 And clasps his shivering hands ; or, overpowered,  
 Sinks on the frozen ground, weigh'd down with sleep,  
 From which the hapless wretch shall never wake.  
 Thus the poor rustic warms his heart with praise  
 And glowing gratitude,—He turns to bless,  
 With honest warmth, his Maker and his God.  
 And shall it e'er be said, that a poor hind,  
 Nurs'd in the lap of Ignorance, and bred,  
 In want and labour, glows with nobler zeal  
 To laud his Maker's attributes, while he



Whom starry science in her cradle rock'd,  
 And Castaly enchasten'd with its dews,  
 Closes his eyes upon the holy word ;  
 And, blind to all but arrogance and pride,  
 Dares to declare his infidelity,  
 And openly condemn the Lord of Hosts !  
 What is philosophy, if it impart  
 Irreverence for the Deity—or teach  
 A mortal man to set his judgment up  
 Against his Maker's will ?—The Polygar,  
 Who kneels to sun or moon, compar'd with him  
 Who thus perverts the talents he enjoys,  
 Is the most bless'd of men !—Oh ! I would walk  
 A weary journey to the furthest verge  
 Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand,  
 Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,  
 Preserves a lowly mind ; and to his God,  
 Feeling the sense of his own littleness,  
 Is as a child in meek simplicity !  
 What is the pomp of learning ? the parade  
 Of letters and of tongues ? E'en as the mists  
 Or the grey morn before the rising sun,  
 That pass away and perish.

Earthly things  
 Are but the transient pageants of an hour ;  
 And earthly pride is like the passing flower,  
 That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.  
 'Tis as the tower erected on a cloud,  
 Baseless and silly as the school-boy's dream ;

Ages and epochs that destroy our pride,  
 And then record its downfall, what are they  
 But the poor creatures of man's teeming brain?  
 Hath Heaven its ages; or doth Heaven preserve  
 Its stated æras? Doth the Omnipotent  
 Hear of to-morrows or of yesterdays?  
 There is to God nor future nor a past:  
 Thron'd in his might, all times to him are present;  
 He hath no lapse, no past, no time to come;  
 He sees before him one eternal *now*.  
 Time moveth not!—our being 'tis that moves:  
 And we, swift gliding down life's rapid stream,  
 Dream of swift ages and revolving years,  
 Ordain'd to chronicle our passing days:  
 So the young sailor in the gallant bark,  
 Scudding before the wind, beholds the coast  
 Receding from his eyes, and thinks the while,  
 Struck with amaze, that he is motionless,  
 And that the land is sailing.

Such, alas!

Are the illusions of this proteus life!  
 All, all is false.—Through every phasis still  
 'Tis shadowy and deceitful.—It assumes  
 The semblances of things, and specious shapes;  
 But the lost traveller might as soon rely  
 On the evasive spirit of the marsh,  
 Whose lantern beams, and vanishes, and flits,  
 O'er bog, and rock, and pit, and hollow-way,  
 As we on its appearances.

On earth

There is nor certainty, nor stable hope.  
 As well the weary mariner, whose bark  
 Is toss'd beyond Cimmerian Bosphorus,  
 Where storm and darkness hold their drear domain,  
 And sunbeams never penetrate, might trust  
 To expectation of serener skies,  
 And linger in the very jaws of death,  
 Because some peevish cloud were opening,  
 Or the loud storm had bated in its rage;  
 As we look forward in this vale of tears  
 To permanent delight—from some slight glimpse  
 Of shadowy unsubstantial happiness.

The good man's hope is laid far, far beyond  
 The sway of tempests, or the furious sweep  
 Of mortal desolation.—He beholds,  
 Unapprehensive, the gigantic stride  
 Of rampant ruin, or the unstable waves  
 Of dark vicissitude.—Even in death,  
 In that dread hour, when with a giant pang,  
 Tearing the tender fibres of the heart,  
 The immortal spirit struggles to be free,  
 Then, even then, that hope forsakes him not,  
 For it exists beyond the narrow verge  
 Of the cold sepulchre.—The petty joys  
 Of fleeting life indignantly it spurn'd,  
 And rested on the bosom of its God.  
 This is man's only reasonable hope;  
 And 'tis a hope which, cherish'd in the breast,  
 Shall not be disappointed.—Even He,

The Holy One—Almighty—who elanced  
 The rolling world along its airy way :  
 Even he will deign to smile upon the good,  
 And welcome him to these celestial seats,  
 Where joy and gladness hold their changeless reign.

Thou proud man look upon yon starry vault,  
 Survey the countless gems which richly stud  
 The night's imperial chariot;—Telescopes  
 Will shew thee myriads more, innumerable  
 As the sea-sand;—Each of those little lamps  
 Is the great source of light, the central sun  
 Round which some other mighty sisterhood  
 Of planets travel,—Every planet stock'd  
 With living beings impotent as thee.  
 Now, proud man—now, where is thy greatness fled ?  
 What art thou in the scale of universe ?  
 Less, less than nothing !—Yet of thee the God  
 Who built this wondrous frame of worlds is careful,  
 As well as of the mendicant who begs  
 The leavings of thy table. And shalt thou  
 Lift up thy thankless spirit, and contemn  
 His heavenly providence ! Deluded fool,  
 Even now the thunderbolt is wing'd with death,  
 Even now thou totterest on the brink of Hell.

How insignificant is mortal man,  
 Bound to the hasty pinions of an hour !  
 How poor, how trivial in the vast conceit  
 Of infinite duration, boundless space !

God of the universe—Almighty One—  
 Thou who dost walk upon the winged winds,  
 Or with the storm, thy rugged charioteer,  
 Swift and impetuous as the northern blast,  
 Rides from pole to pole ;—Thou who dost hold  
 The forked lightnings in thine awful grasp,  
 And reimest in the earthquake, when thy wrath  
 Goes down towards erring man,—I would address  
 To thee my parting pæan ; for of thee,  
 Great beyond comprehension, who thyself  
 Art time and space, sublime infinitude,  
 Of thee has been my song !—With awe I kneel  
 Trembling before the footstool of thy state,  
 My God, my Father !—I will sing to thee  
 A hymn of laud, a solemn canticle,  
 Ere on the cypress wreath, which overshades  
 The throne of Death, I hang my mournful lyre,  
 And give its wild strings to the desert gale.  
 Rise, son of Salem, rise, and join the strain,  
 Sweep to accordant tones thy tuneful harp,  
 And, leaving vain laments, arouse thy soul  
 To exultation. Sing hosanna, sing,  
 And halleluiah, for the Lord is great,  
 And full of mercy ! He has thought of man ;  
 Yea, compass'd round with countless worlds, has thought  
 Of we poor worms, that batten in the dews  
 Of morn, and perish ere the noonday sun.  
 Sing to the Lord, for he is merciful ;  
 He gave the Nubian lion but to live,  
 To rage its hour, and perish : but on man

He lavish'd immortality, and Heaven.  
 The eagle falls from her ærial tower,  
 And mingles with irrevocable dust ;  
 But man from death springs joyful,  
 Springs up to life and to eternity.  
 Oh that, insensate of the favouring boon,  
 The great exclusive privilege bestow'd  
 On us unworthy trifles, men should dare  
 To treat with slight regard the proffer'd Heaven,  
 And urge the lenient, but All-Just, to swear  
 In wrath, " They shall not enter in my rest."  
 Might I address the supplicative strain  
 To thy high footstool, I would pray that thou  
 Would'st pity the deluded wanderers,  
 And fold them, ere they perish, in thy flock.  
 Yea, I would bid thee pity them, through him,  
 Thy well-beloved, who, upon the cross,  
 Bled a dread sacrifice for human sin,  
 And paid, with bitter agony, the debt  
 Of primitive transgression.

Oh ! I shrink,  
 My very soul doth shrink, when I reflect  
 That the time hastens, when, in vengeance cloth'd,  
 Thou shalt come down to stamp the seal of fate  
 On erring mortal man. Thy chariot wheels  
 Then shall rebound to earth's remotest caves,  
 And stormy Ocean from his bed shall start  
 At the appalling summons. Oh ! how dread,  
 On the dark eye of miserable man,  
 Chasing his sins in secrecy and gloom,

Will burst the effulgence of the opening Heaven ;  
 When to the brazen trumpet's deafening roar,  
 Thou and thy dazzling cohorts shall descend,  
 Proclaiming the fulfilment of the word !  
 The dead shall start astonish'd from their sleep !  
 The sepulchres shall groan and yield their prey,  
 The bellowing floods shall disembody their charge  
 Of human victims.—From the farthest nook  
 Of the wide world shall troop the risen souls,  
 From him whose bones are bleaching in the waste  
 Of polar solitudes, or him whose corpse,  
 Whelm'd in the loud Atlantic's vexed tides,  
 Is washed on some Carribean prominence,  
 To the lone tenant of some secret cell  
 In the Pacific's vast \* \* \* realm,  
 Where never plummet's sound was heard to part  
 The wilderness of water ; they shall come  
 To greet the solemn advent of the Judge.

Thou first shalt summon the elected saints  
 To their apportion'd Heaven ; and thy Son,  
 At thy right hand, shall smile with conscious joy  
 On all his past distresses, when for them  
 He bore humanity's severest pangs.  
 Then shalt thou seize the avenging scymiter,  
 And, with a roar as loud and horrible  
 As the stern earthquake's monitory voice,  
 The wicked shall be driven to their abode,  
 Down the immitigable gulph, to wail  
 And gnash their teeth in endless agony.

Rear thou aloft thy standard.—Spirit rear  
 Thy flag on high!—Invincible, and throw'd  
 In unparticipated might. Behold  
 Earth's proudest boasts, beneath thy silent sway,  
 Sweep headlong to destruction, thou the while,  
 Unmov'd and heedless, thou dost hear the rush  
 Of mighty generations, as they pass  
 To the broad gulph of ruin, and dost stamp  
 Thy signet on them, and they rise no more.  
 Who shall contend with Time—unvanquish'd Time,  
 The conqueror of conquerors, and lord  
 Of desolation?—Lo! the shadows fly,  
 The hours and days, and years and centuries,  
 They fly, they fly, and nations rise and fall.  
 The young are old, the old are in their graves.  
 Heardst thou that shout? It rent the vaulted skies;  
 It was the voice of people,—mighty crouds,—  
 Again! 'tis hush'd—Time speaks, and all is hush'd;  
 In the vast multitude now reigns alone  
 Unruffled solitude. They all are still;  
 All—yea, the whole—the incalculable mass,  
 Still as the ground that clasps their cold remains.

Rear thou aloft thy standard.—Spirit rear  
 Thy flag on high! and glory in thy strength.  
 But do thou know, the season yet shall come,  
 When from its base thine adamant throne  
 Shall tumble; when thine arm shall cease to strike,  
 Thy voice forget its petrifying power;



When saints shall shout, and *Time shall be no more*.  
 Yea, he doth come—the mighty champion comes,  
 Whose potent spear shall give thee thy death-wound,  
 Shall crush the conqueror of conquerors,  
 And desolate stern desolation's lord.  
 Lo! where he cometh! the Messiah comes!  
 The King! the Comforter! the Christ!—He comes  
 To burst the bonds of death, and overturn  
 The power of Time.—Hark! the trumpet's blast  
 Rings o'er the Heavens!—They rise, the myriads rise—  
 Even from their graves they spring, and burst the chains  
 Of torpor,—He has ransom'd them, \* \* \*

Forgotten generations live again,  
 Assume the bodily shapes they own'd of old,  
 Beyond the flood :—the righteous of their times  
 Embrace and weep, they weep the tears of joy.  
 The sainted mother wakes, and, in her lap,  
 Clasps her dear babe, the partner of her grave,  
 And heritor with her of Heaven,—a flower  
 Wash'd by the blood of Jesus from the stain  
 Of native guilt, even in its early bud.  
 And hark! those strains, how solemnly serene  
 They fall, as from the skies—at distance fall—  
 Again more loud—The halleluiahs swell;  
 The newly-risen catch the joyful sound;  
 They glow, they burn: and now, with one accord,  
 Bursts forth sublime from every mouth the song  
 Of praise to God on high, and to the Lamb  
 Who bled for mortals.

\* \* \* \*

Yet there is peace for man.—Yea, there is peace,  
 Even in this noisy, this unsettled scene;  
 When from the croud, and from the city far,  
 Haply he may be set (in his late walk  
 O'ertaken with deep thought) beneath the boughs  
 Of honeysuckle, when the sun is gone,  
 And with fixt eye, and wistful, he surveys  
 The solemn shadows of the Heavens sail,  
 And thinks the season yet shall come, when Time  
 Will waft him to repose, to deep repose,  
 Far from the unquietness of life—from noise  
 And tumult far—beyond the flying clouds,  
 Beyond the stars, and all this passing scene,  
 Where change shall cease, and Time shall be no more.

• • • •



# **THE CHRISTIAD.**

**A DIVINE POEM.**

This was the work which Henry had most at heart. His riper judgment would probably have perceived that the subject was ill chosen. What is said so well in the *Censura Literaria* of all scriptural subjects for narrative poetry, applies peculiarly to this. "Any thing taken from it leaves the story imperfect; any thing added to it disgusts, and almost shocks us as impious. As Omar said of the Alexandrian Library, we may say of such writings, if they contain only what is in the scriptures they are superfluous; if what is not in them they are false."—It may be added, that the mixture of mythology makes truth itself appear fabulous.

There is great power in the execution of this fragment.—In editing these remains, I have, with that decorum which it is to be wished all editors would observe, abstained from informing the reader what he is to admire and what he is not; but I cannot refrain from saying, that the two last stanzas greatly affected me, when I discovered them written on the leaf of a different book, and apparently long after the first canto; and greatly shall I be mistaken if they do not affect the reader also.

# THE CHRISTIAD.

A DIVINE POEM.

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## BOOK I.

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### I.

**I** SING the Cross!—Ye white rob'd angel choirs,  
Who know the chords of harmony to sweep,  
Ye who o'er holy David's varying wires,  
Were wont of old your hovering watch to keep,  
Oh, now descend! and with your harpings deep,  
Pouring sublime the full symphonious stream  
Of music, such as soothes the saint's last sleep,  
Awake my slumbering spirit from its dream,  
And teach me how to exalt the high mysterious theme.

## II.

Mourn ! Salem, mourn ! low lies thine humbled state,  
 Thy glittering fanes are levell'd with the ground !  
 Fallen is thy pride !—Thine halls are desolate !  
 Where erst was heard the timbrels sprightly sound,  
 And frolic pleasures tripp'd the nightly round,  
 There breeds the wild fox lonely,—and aghast  
 Stands the mute pilgrim at the void profound,  
 Unbroke by noise, save when the hurrying blast  
 Sighs, like a spirit, deep along the cheerless waste.

## III.

It is for this, proud Solyma ! thy towers  
 Lie crumbling in the dust ; for this forlorn  
 Thy genius wails along thy desert bowers,  
 While stern destruction laughs, as if in scorn,  
 That thou didst dare insult God's eldest-born ;  
 And, with most bitter persecuting ire,  
 Pursued his footsteps till the last day-dawn  
 Rose on his fortunes—and thou saw'st the fire  
 That came to light the world in one great flash expire.

## IV.

Oh ! for a pencil dipt in living light,  
 To paint the agonies that Jesus bore !  
 Oh ! for the long-lost harp of Jesse's might,  
 To hymn the Saviour's praise from shore to shore ;  
 While seraph hosts the lofty pæan pour,  
 And heaven enraptur'd lists the loud acclaim !  
 May a frail mortal dare the theme explore ?  
 May he to human ears his weak song frame ?  
 Oh ! may he dare to sing Messiah's glorious name ?

## V.

Spirits of pity ! mild Crusaders come !  
 Buoyant on clouds around your minstrel float ;  
 And give him eloquence who else were dumb,  
 And raise to feeling and to fire his note !  
 And thou, Urania ! who dost still devote  
 Thy nights and days to God's eternal shrine,  
 Whose mild eyes 'lumin'd what Isaiah wrote,  
 Throw o'er thy bard that solemn stole of thine,  
 And clothe him for the fight with energy divine.



## VI.

When from the temple's lofty summit prone,  
 Satan o'ercome, fell down ; and 'throned there,  
 The Son of God confest, in splendor shone ;  
 Swift as the glancing sunbeam cuts the air,  
 Mad with defeat, and yelling his despair,

\* \* \*

Fled the stern king of Hell—and with the glare  
 Of gliding meteors, ominous and red,  
 Shot athwart the clouds that gathered round his head.

## VII.

Right o'er the Euxine, and that gulph which late  
 The rude Massagetæ ador'd—he bent  
 His northering course,—while round, in dusky state,  
 The assembling fiends their summon'd troops augment ;  
 Cloth'd in dark mists, upon their way they went,  
 While as they pass'd to regions more severe,  
 The Lapland sorcerer swell'd, with loud lament,  
 The solitary gale, and, fill'd with fear,  
 The howling dogs bespoke unholy spirits near.

## VIII.

Where the North Pole, in moody solitude,  
 Spreads her huge tracks and frozen wastes around;  
 There ice-rocks pil'd aloft, in order rude,  
 Form a gigantic hall; where never sound  
 Startled dull Silence' ear, save when profound,  
 The smother'd frost mutter'd: there drear Cold for aye  
 Thrones him,—and fix'd on his primæval mound,  
 Ruin, the giant, sits; while stern Dismay  
 Stalks like some woe-struck man along the desert way.

## IX.

In that drear spot, grim Desolation's lair,  
 No sweet remain of life encheers the sight;  
 The dancing heart's blood in an instant there  
 Would freeze to marble.—Mingling day and night,  
 (Sweet interchange which makes our labours light,)  
 Are there unknown; while in the summer skies  
 The sun rolls ceaseless round his heavenly height,  
 Nor ever sets till from the scene he flies,  
 And leaves the long bleak night of half the year to rise.

## X.

'Twas there yet shuddering from the burning lake,  
 Satan had fix'd their next consistory ;  
 When parting last he fondly hop'd to shake  
 Messiah's constancy,—And thus to free  
 The powers of darkness from the dread decree  
 Of bondage, brought by him, and circumvent  
 The unerring ways of him whose eye can see  
 The womb of Time, and in its embryo pent,  
 Discern the colours clear of every dark event.

## XI.

Here the stern monarch stay'd his rapid flight,  
 And his thick hosts, as with a jetty pall,  
 Hovering obscur'd the north star's peaceful light,  
 Waiting on wing their haughty chieftain's call.  
 He, meanwhile, downward, with a sullen fall,  
 Dropt on the echoing ice. Instant the sound  
 Of their broad vans was hush'd, and o'er the hall,  
 Vast and obscure, the gloomy cohorts bound,  
 Till, wedg'd in ranks, the seat of Satan they surround.

## XII.

High on a solium of the solid wave,  
 Prankt with rude shapes by the fantastic frost,  
 He stood in silence ;—now keen thoughts engrave  
 Dark figures on his front ; and tempest-tost,  
 He fears to say that every hope is lost.  
 Meanwhile the multitude as death are mute :  
 So ere the tempest on Malacca's coast,  
 Sweet Quiet gently touching her soft lute,  
 Sings to the whispering waves the prelude to dispute.

## XIII.

At length collected, o'er the dark Divan,  
 The arch-fiend glanced, as by the Boreal blaze  
 Their downcast brows were seen,—and thus began  
 His fierce harangue.—“ Spirits ! our better days  
 Are now elaps'd ; Moloch and Belial's praise  
 Shall sound no more in groves by myriads trod.  
 Lo ! the light breaks !—The astonished nations gaze !  
 For us is lifted high the avenging rod !  
 For, spirits, this is He,—this is the Son of God !

## XIV.

What then!—shall Satan's spirit crouch to fear?  
 Shall he who shook the pillars of God's reign,  
 Drop from his unnerv'd arm the hostile spear?  
 Madness! The very thought would make me fain  
 To tear the spanglets from yon gaudy plain,  
 And hurl them at their Maker!—Fix'd as fate  
 I am his Foe?—Yea, though his pride should deign  
 To soothe mine ire with half his regal state,  
 Still would I burn with fixt unalterable hate.

## XV.

Now hear the issue of my curst emprise,  
 When from our last sad synod I took flight,  
 Buoy'd with false hopes, in some deep-laid disguise,  
 To tempt this vaunted Holy One to write  
 His own self-condemnation;—in the plight  
 Of aged man in the lone wilderness,  
 Gathering a few stray sticks, I met his sight;  
 And leaning on my staff seem'd much to guess  
 What cause could mortal bring to that forlorn recess.

## XVI.

Then thus in homely guise I featly fram'd  
 My lowly speech—" Good Sir, what leads this way  
 " Your wandering steps? must hapless chance be blam'd  
 " That you so far from haunt of mortals stray?  
 " Here have I dwelt for many a lingering day,  
 " Nor trace of man have seen.—But how! methought  
 " Thou wert the youth on whom God's holy ray  
 " I saw descend in Jordan, when John taught  
 " That he to fallen man the saving promise brought."

## XVII.

" I am that man," said Jesus; " I am he.  
 " But truce to questions—Can'st thou point my feet  
 " To some low hut, if haply such there be  
 " In this wild labyrinth, where I may meet  
 " With homely greeting, and may sit and eat;  
 " For forty days I have tarried fasting here,  
 " Hid in the dark glens of this lone retreat,  
 " And now I hunger; and my fainting ear  
 " Longs much to greet the sound of fountains gushing near."

## XVIII.

Then thus I answer'd wily.—“ If, indeed,  
 “ Son of our God thou be'st, what need to seek  
 “ For food from men?—Lo! on these flint stones feed,  
 “ Bid them be bread ! Open thy lips and speak,  
 “ And living rills from yon parch'd rock will break.”  
 Instant as I had spoke, his piercing eye  
 Fix'd on my face;—the blood forsook my cheek,  
 I could not bear his gaze ; my mask slipped by ;  
 I would have shunn'd his look, but had not power to fly.

## XIX.

Then he rebuked me with the holy word—  
 Accursed sounds! but now my native pride  
 Return'd, and by no foolish qualm deterr'd,  
 I bore him from the mountain's woody side,  
 Up to the summit, where extending wide  
 Kingdoms and cities, palaces and fanes,  
 Bright sparkling in the sunbeams, were descried,  
 And in gay dance, amid luxuriant plains,  
 Tripp'd to the jocund reed the emasculated swains.

## XX.

"Behold," I cried, "these glories! scenes divine!  
 "Thou whose sad prime in pining want decays,  
 "And these, O rapture! these shall all be thine,  
 "If thou wilt give to me, not God, the praise.  
 "Hath he not given to indigence thy days?  
 "Is not thy portion peril here and pain?  
 "Oh! leave his temples, shun his wounding ways!  
 "Seize the tiara! these mean weeds disdain,  
 "Kneel, kneel, thou man of woe, and peace and splendour  
 gain."

## XXI.

"Is it not written," sternly he replied,  
 "Tempt not the Lord thy God?" Frowning he spake,  
 And instant sounds, as of the ocean tide,  
 Rose, and the whirlwind from its prison brake,  
 And caught me up aloft, till in one flake,  
 The sidelong volley met my swift career,  
 And smote me earthward.—Jove himself might quake  
 At such a fall; my sinews crack'd, and near,  
 Obscure, and dizzy sounds seem'd ringing in mine ear.



## XXII.

Senseless and stunn'd I lay ; till casting round  
 My half unconscious gaze, I saw the foe  
 Borne on a car of Roses to the ground,  
 By volant angels ; and as sailing slow  
 He sunk, the hoary battlement below,  
 While on the tall spire slept the slant sun-beam,  
 Sweet on the enamour'd zephyr was the flow  
 Of heavenly instruments. Such strains oft seem,  
 On star-light hill, to soothe the Syrian shepherd's dream.

## XXIII.

I saw blaspheming. Hate renew'd my strength ;  
 I smote the ether with my iron wing,  
 And left the accursed scene,—Arriv'd at length  
 In these drear halls, to ye, my peers ! I bring  
 The tidings of defeat. Hell's haughty king  
 Thrice vanquish'd, baffled, smitten, and dismay'd !  
 O shame ! Is this the hero who could fling  
 Defiance at his Maker, while array'd,  
 High o'er the walls of light rebellion's banners play'd !

## XXIV.

Yet shall not Heaven's bland minions triumph long ;  
 Hell yet shall have revenge.—O glorious sight,  
 Prophetic visions on my fancy throng,  
 I see wild agony's lean finger write  
 Sad figures on his forehead !—Keenly bright  
 Revenge's flambeau burns ! Now in his eyes  
 Stand the hot tears,—immantled in the night,  
 Lo ! he retires to mourn !—I hear his cries,—  
 He faints—he falls—and lo !—'tis true, ye powers, he dies."

## XXV.

Thus spake the chieftain,—and as if he view'd  
 The scene he pictur'd, with his foot advanced,  
 And chest inflated, motionless he stood,  
 While under his uplifted shield he glanced,  
 With straining eye-ball fix'd, like one entranced,  
 On viewless air ;—thither the dark platoon  
 Gaz'd wondering, nothing seen, save when there danced  
 The northern flash, or fiend late fled from noon,  
 Darken'd the disk of the descending moon.

## XXVI.

Silence crept stilly through the ranks.—The breeze  
 Spake most distinctly. As the sailor stands,  
 When all the midnight gasping from the seas  
 Break boding sobs, and to his sight expands  
 High on the shrouds the spirit that commands  
 The ocean-farer's life; so stiff—so sear  
 Stood each dark power;—while through their nume-  
 rous bands  
 Beat not one heart, and mingling hope and fear  
 Now told them all was lost, now bade revenge appear.

## XXVII.

One there was there, whose loud defying tongue  
 Nor hope nor fear had silenced, but the swell  
 Of over-boiling malice. Utterance long  
 His passion mock'd, and long he strove to tell.  
 His labouring ire; still syllable none fell  
 From his pale quivering lip, but died away  
 For very fury; from each hollow cell  
 Half sprang his eyes, that cast a flamy ray,  
 And \* \* \* \* \*

XXVIII.

"This comes," at length burst from the furious chief,  
 "This comes of distant counsels! Here behold  
 "The fruits of wily cunning! the relief  
 "Which coward policy would fain unfold,  
 "To soothe the powers that warr'd with Heaven of  
 old!  
 "O wise! O potent! O sagacious snare!  
 "And lo! our prince—the mighty and the bold,  
 "There stands he, spell struck, gaping at the air,  
 "While Heaven subverts his reign, and plants her stan-  
 dard there."

XXIX.

Here, as recover'd, Satan fix'd his eye  
 Full on the speaker; dark it was and stern;  
 He wrapt his black vest round him gloomily,  
 And stood like one whom weightiest thoughts concern.  
 Him Moloch mark'd, and strove again to turn  
 His soul to rage. Behold, behold, he cried  
 The lord of Hell, who bade these legions spurn  
 Almighty rule—behold he lays aside  
 The spear of just revenge, and shrinks, by man defied.

## XXX.

Thus ended Moloch, and his [burning] tongue  
 Hung quivering, as if [mad] to quench its heat  
 In slaughter. So, his native wilds among,  
 The famish'd tiger pants, when near his seat,  
 Press'd on the sands, he marks the traveller's feet.  
 Instant low murmurs rose, and many a sword  
 Had from its scabbard sprung ; but toward the seat  
 Of the arch fiend all turn'd with one accord,  
 As loud he thus harangued the sanguinary horde.

•   •   •   •

Ye powers of Hell, I am no coward. I proved this of old ; who led your forces against the armies of Jehovah ? Who coped with Ithuriel, and the thunders of the Almighty ? Who, when stunned and confused ye lay on the burning lake, who first awoke, and collected your scattered powers ? Lastly, who led you across the unfathomable abyss to this delightful world, and established that reign here which now totters to its base. How, therefore, dares yon treacherous fiend to cast a stain on Satan's bravery ? he who preys only on the defenceless—who sucks the blood of infants, and delights only in acts

of ignoble cruelty and unequal contention. Away with the boaster who never joins in action, but, like a cormorant, hovers over the field, to feed upon the wounded, and overwhelm the dying. True bravery is as remote from rashness as from hesitation; let us counsel coolly, but let us execute our counselled purposes determinately. In power we have learnt, by that experiment which lost us Heaven, that we are inferior to the Thunder-bearer; In subtlety—in subtlety alone we are his equals. Open war is impossible.

\* \* \* \*

Thus we shall pierce our Conqueror, through the race  
 Which as himself he loves; thus if we fall,  
 We fall not with the anguish, the disgrace  
 Of falling unrevenged. The stirring call  
 Of vengeance rings within me! Warriors all,  
 The word is vengeance, and the spur despair.  
 Away with coward wiles!—Death's coal-black pall  
 Be now our standard!—Be our torch, the glare  
 Of cities fir'd! our fifes, the shrieks that fill the air!

Him answering rose Mecashpim, who of old,  
 Far in the silence of Chaldea's groves,  
 Was worshipp'd, God of Fire, with charms untold  
 And mystery. His wandering spirit roves,  
 Now vainly searching for the flame it loves,  
 And sits and mourns like some white robed sire,  
 Where stood his temple, and where fragrant cloves  
 And cinnamon upheap'd the sacred pyre,  
 And nightly magi watch'd the everlasting fire.

He wav'd his robe of flame, he cross'd his breast,  
 And sighing—his papyrus scarf survey'd,  
 Woven with dark characters; then thus address'd  
 The troubled counsel.

\* \* \* \*

## I.

Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme  
 With self-rewarding toil;—thus far have sung  
 Of godlike deeds, far loftier than beseem  
 The lyre, which I in early days have strung;  
 And now my spirits faint, and I have hung  
 The shell, that solaced me in saddest hour,  
 On the dark cypress! and the strings which rung  
 With Jesus' praise, their harpings now are o'er,  
 Or when the breeze comes by moan and are heard no  
 more.

And must the harp of Judah sleep again,  
 Shall I no more re-animate the lay!  
 Oh! thou who visitest the sons of men,  
 Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,  
 One little space prolong my mournful day!  
 One little lapse suspend thy last decree!  
 I am a youthful traveller in the way,  
 And this slight boon would consecrate to thee,  
 Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I am free.

\* \* \* \*





## **PROSE COMPOSITIONS.**



## REMARKS ON THE ENGLISH POETS.

### IMITATIONS.

THE sublimity and unaffected beauty of the sacred writings are in no instance more conspicuous, than in the following verses of the xviii<sup>th</sup> Psalm.

“He bowed the heavens also and came down : and darkness was under his feet.

“And he rode upon a cherub and did fly : yea he did fly upon the wings of the wind.”

None of our better versions have been able to preserve the original graces of these verses. That wretched one of Thomas Sternhold, however, (which, to the disgrace and manifest detriment of religious worship, is generally used) has, in this solitary instance, and then perhaps by accident, given us the true spirit of the Psalmist, and has surpassed not only Merrick, but even the classic Buchanan \*. This version is as follows :—

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\* That the reader may judge for himself, Buchanan's translation is subjoined.

Utque suum dominum terræ demittat in orbem  
Leniter inclinat jussum fastigia cælum ;

" The Lord descended from above,  
 " And bowed the heavens high,  
 " And underneath his feet he cast  
 " The darkness of the sky.

" On cherubs and on cherubims  
 " Full royally he rode,  
 " And on the wings of mighty winds  
 " Came flying all abroad."

Dryden honoured these verses with very high commendation, and, in the following lines of his *Annus Mirabilis*, has apparently imitated them, in preference to the original.

" The duke less numerous, but in courage more,  
 " On wings of all the winds to combat flies."

And in his *Ceyx* and *Alcyone*, from *Ovid*, he has—

" And now sublime she rides upon the wind."

*Succedunt pedibus fuscæ caliginis umbræ;  
 Ille vehens curru volucris, cui flammeus ales  
 Lora tenens levibus ventorum adremigat alis  
 Se circum fulvo nebularum involvit amictu,  
 Præteriditque cavis piceas in nubibus undas.*

This is somewhat too harsh and prosaic, and there is an unpleasant cacophony in the terminations of the 5th and 6th lines.

which is probably imitated, as well as most of the following, not from Sternhold, but the original. Thus Pope,

“ Not God alone in the still calm we find,  
“ He mounts the storm and rides upon the wind.”

And Addison—

“ Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.”

The unfortunate Chatterton has—

“ And rides upon the pinions of the wind.”

And Gray—

“ With arms sublime that float upon the air.”

Few poets of eminence have less incurred the charge of plagiarism than Milton ; yet many instances might be adduced of similarity of idea and language with the scripture, which are certainly more than coincidences, and some of these I shall, in a future number, present to your readers. Thus the present passage in the Psalmist was in all probability in his mind when he wrote—

———“ And with mighty wings outspread,  
“ Dove-like sat’st brooding on the vast abyss.”

*Psr. Lott, L. 20, B. 1.*

The third verse of the civth Psalm—

“ He maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind,”—

is evidently taken from the before-mentioned verses in the xviiiith Psalm, on which it is perhaps an improvement. It has also been imitated by two of our first poets, Shakespeare and Thomson. The former in *Romeo and Juliet*—

“ Bestrides the lazy paced clouds,

“ And sails upon the bosom of the air.”

The latter in *Winter*, l. 199—

—————“ Till Nature’s King who oft

“ Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,

“ And on the wings of the careering winds

“ Walks dreadfully serene.”

As these imitations have not before, I believe, been noticed, they cannot fail to interest the lovers of polite letters; and they are such as at least will amuse your readers in general. If the sacred writings were attentively perused, we should find innumerable passages from which our best modern poets have drawn their most admired ideas; and the enumerations of these instances, would perhaps attract the attention of many persons to

those volumes, which they now perhaps think to contain every thing tedious and disgusting, but which, on the contrary, they would find replete with interest, beauty, and true sublimity.



## STERNHOLD AND HOPKINS.

MR. EDITOR,

IN your Mirror for July, a Mr. William Toone has offered a few observations on a paper of mine, in a preceding number, containing remarks on the versions and imitations of the 9th and 10th verses of the xviii<sup>th</sup> psalm, to which I think it necessary to offer a few words by way of reply; as they not only put an erroneous construction on certain passages of that paper, but are otherwise open to material objection.

The object of Mr. Toone, in some parts of his observations, appears to have been to refute something which he *fancied* I had advanced, tending to establish the general merit of Sternhold and Hopkins's translation of the Psalms: but he might have saved himself this unnecessary trouble, as I have decidedly condemned it as meer doggrel, still preserved in our churches, to the detriment of religion: And the version of the passage in question is adduced as a brilliant, though probably accidental, exception to the general character of the work. What necessity, therefore, your correspondent could see for "*hoping that I should think with him, that the sooner the old version of the psalms was consigned to oblivion, the better it would be for rational devotion,*" I am perfectly at a loss to imagine.

This concluding sentence of Mr. Toone's paper, which I consider as introduced merely by way of rounding the period, and making a graceful exit, needs no further animadversion. I shall therefore proceed to examine the objections of the "worthy clergyman of the church of England," to these verses cited by your correspondent, by which he hopes to prove, that Dryden, Knox, and the numerous other eminent men who have expressed their admiration thereof, to be little better than ideota.

—The first is this:

"*Cherubim* is the plural for *Cherub*; but our versioner, by adding an *s* to *it*, has rendered them both plurals." By adding an *s* to what? If the pronoun *it* refer to cherubim, as according to the construction of the sentence it really does, the whole objection is nonsense.—But the worthy gentleman, no doubt, *meant* to say, that Sternhold had rendered them both plurals, by the addition of an *s*, to *cherub*. Even in this sense, however, I conceive the charge to be easily obviated; for, though cherubim is doubtless usually considered as the plural of cherub, yet the two words are frequently so used in the Old Testament as to prove, that they were often applied to separate ranks of beings. One of these, which I shall cite, will dispel all doubt on the subject.

"And within the oracle he made *two cherubims* of olive tree, *each* ten cubits high."

1 *Kings*, v. 23, chap. vii.

The other objection turns upon a word with which it is not necessary for me to interfere; for I did not quote these verses as instances of the merit of Sternhold, or his version; I only asserted, that the lines which I then copied, viz.

“The Lord descended from above,” &c.

were truly noble and sublime. Whether, therefore, Sternhold wrote *all the winds* (as asserted by your correspondent, in order to furnish room for objection) or *mighty winds*, is of no import. But if this really be a subsequent alteration, I think at least there is no improvement; for when we conceive the winds as assembling from all quarters, at the omnipotent command of the Deity, and bearing him with their united forces from the heavens, we have a more sublime image, than when we see him as flying merely on *mighty winds*, or as driving his team (or troop) of angels on a *strong tempest's rapid wing*, with *most amazing swiftness*, as *elegantly* represented by *Brady and Tate*\*.

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\* How any man, enjoying the use of his senses, could prefer the contemptible version of Brady and Tate of this verse to Sternhold's, is to me inexplicable. The epithets which are introduced would have disgraced a school-boy, and the majestic imagery of the original is sacrificed to make room for tinsel and fustian.

The chariot of the king of kings,  
Which active troops of angels drew;  
On a strong tempest's rapid wings,  
With most amazing swiftness flew.

I differ from your correspondent's opinion, that these verses, so far from possessing sublimity, attract the reader merely by their *rumbling sound*: And here it may not be amiss to observe, that the true sublime does not consist of high sounding words, or pompous magnificence; on the contrary, it most frequently appears clad in native dignity and simplicity, without art, and without ornament.

The most elegant critic of antiquity, Longinus, in his treatise on the sublime, adduces the following passage from the book of Genesis, as possessing that quality in an eminent degree.

*"God said let there be light, and there was light:—Let the earth be, and earth was \*."*

From what I have advanced on this subject, I would not have it inferred, that I conceive the version of Sternhold and Hopkins, generally speaking, to be superior to that of Brady and Tate; for, on the contrary, in almost every instance, except that abovementioned, the latter possesses an indubitable right to pre-eminence. Our language, however, cannot yet boast one version possessing the true spirit of the original; some are beneath contempt, and the best has scarcely attained mediocrity. Your correspondent has quoted some verses from Tate,

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\* The critic apparently quoted from memory, for we may search in vain for the latter part of this sentence.

in triumph, as comparatively excellent; but, in my opinion, they are also instances of our general failure in sacred poetry: they abound in those *ambitiosa ornamenta* which do well to please women and children, but which disgust the man of taste.

To the imitations already noticed of this passage, permit me to add the following:—

“ But various Iris Jove’s commands to bear,  
Speeds on the wings of winds through liquid air.”

*Pope’s Iliad, B. 2.*

“ Miguel cruzando os pelagos do vento.”

*Carlos Reduzido, Canto I.* by Pedro de Azevedo Tojal, an ancient Portuguese poet of some merit.

## REMARKS ON THE ENGLISH POETS.

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 WARTON.

THE poems of Thomas Warton are replete with a sublimity, and richness of imagery, which seldom fail to enchant: every line presents new beauties of idea, aided by all the magic of animated diction. From the inexhaustible stores of figurative language, majesty, and sublimity, which the ancient English poets afford, he has culled some of the richest and the sweetest flowers. But, unfortunately, in thus making use of the beauties of other writers, he has been too unsparing; for the greater number of his ideas, and nervous epithets, cannot, strictly speaking, be called his own; therefore, however we may be charmed by the grandeur of his images, or the felicity of his expression, we must still bear in our recollection, that we cannot with justice bestow upon him the highest eulogium of genius—that of originality.

It has, with much justice, been observed, that Pope, and his imitators, have introduced a species of refinement into our language, which has banished that nerve and pathos, for which Milton had rendered it eminent. Harmonious modulations, and unvarying exactness of measure, totally precluding sublimity and fire, have reduced our fashionable poetry to mere sing-song. But

Thomas Warton, whose taste was unvitiated by the frivolities of the day, immediately saw the intrinsic worth of what the world then slighted. He saw, that the ancient poets contained a fund of strength, and beauty of imagery, as well as diction, which, in the hands of genius, would shine forth with redoubled lustre. Entirely rejecting, therefore, modern niceties, he extracted the honied sweets from these beautiful, though neglected flowers. Every grace of sentiment, every poetical term, which a false taste had rendered obsolete, was by him revived and made to grace his own ideas; and though many will condemn him, as guilty of plagiarism, yet few will be able to withhold the tribute of their praise.

The peculiar forte of Warton seems to have been in the sombre-descriptive. The wild airy flights of a Spenser; the "chivalrous feats of barons bold;" or the "cloister'd solitude," were the favourites of his mind. Of this his bent he informs us in the following lines:—

Through Pope's soft song though all the graces breathe,  
And happiest art adorns his attic page,  
Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,  
As at the root of mossy trunk reclin'd,  
In magic Spenser's wildly warbled song  
I see deserted Una wander wide  
Through wasteful solitudes and lurid heaths,  
Weary, forlorn; than where the fated \*fair

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Belinda. Vide Pope's Rape of the Lock.

Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames,  
 Launches in all the lustre of brocade,  
 Amid the splendors of the laughing sun;  
 The *gay description* palls upon the sense  
 And coldly strikes the mind with feeble bliss.

*Pleasures of Melancholy.*

Warton's mind was formed for the grand and the sublime. Were his imitations less verbal, and less numerous, I should be led to imagine, that the peculiar beauties of his favourite authors had sunk so impressively into his mind, that he had unwittingly appropriated them as his own; but they are in general such as to preclude the idea.

To the metrical, and other intrinsic ornaments of style, he appears to have paid due attention. If we meet with an uncouth expression, we immediately perceive that it is peculiarly appropriate, and that no other term could have been made use of with so happy an effect. His poems abound with alliterative lines. Indeed, this figure seems to have been his favourite; and he studiously seeks every opportunity to introduce it: however, it must be acknowledged, that his "daisy-dappled dales," &c. occur too frequently.

The poem on which Warton's fame (*as a poet*) principally rests, is the "Pleasures of Melancholy," and (notwithstanding the perpetual recurrence of ideas which are borrowed from other poets) there are few pieces



which I have perused with more exquisite gratification. The gloomy tints with which he overcasts his descriptions; his highly figurative language; and, above all, the antique air which the poem wears, convey the most sublime ideas to the mind.

Of the other pieces of this poet, some are excellent, and they all rise above mediocrity. In his sonnets he has succeeded wonderfully; that written at Winslade, and the one to the river Lodon, are peculiarly beautiful, and that to Mr. Gray is most elegantly turned. The "Ode on the approach of Summer," is replete with genius and poetic fire; and even over the Birth-day odes, which he wrote as poet laureat, his genius has cast energy and beauty. His humourous pieces, and satires, abound in wit; and, in short, taking him altogether, he is an ornament to our country and our language, and it is to be regretted, that the profusion with which he has made use of the beauties of other poets, should have given room for censure.

I should have closed my short, and I fear jejune essay on Warton, but that I wished to hint to your truly elegant and acute Stamford correspondent, Octavius Gilchrist, (whose future remarks on Warton's imitations I await with considerable impatience) that the passage in the Pleasures of Melancholy—

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or ghostly shape,  
*At distance seen, invites, with beck'ning hand,*  
*Thy lonesome steps,*

which he supposes to be taken from the following in Comus,

Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,  
And airy tongues that syllable men's names,

is more probably taken from the commencement of Pope's elegy on an unfortunate lady—

What beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade  
*Invites my steps*, and points to yonder glade?

The original idea was possibly taken from Comus by Pope, from whom Warton, to all appearance, again borrowed it.

Were the similarity of the passage in Gray, to that in Warton, less striking and verbal, I should be inclined to think it only a remarkable coincidence; for Gray's biographers inform us, that he commenced his elegy in 1742, and that it was completed in 1744, being the year which he particularly devoted to the muses, though he did not "*put the finishing stroke to it*," until 1750. The Pleasures of Melancholy were published in 4to. in 1747. Therefore Gray *might* take his third stanza from Warton; but it is rather extraordinary that the *third stanza* of a poem should be taken for another, published *five* years after that poem was begun, and *three* after it was understood to be completed; one cir-

cumstance, however, seems to render the supposition of its being a plagiarism somewhat more probable, which is, that the stanza in question is not essential to the connexion of the preceding and antecedent verses; therefore it might have been added by Gray, when he put the "*finishing stroke*" to his piece in 1750.

## CURSORY REMARKS ON TRAGEDY.

THE pleasure which is derived from the representation of an affecting tragedy, has often been the subject of enquiry among philosophical critics, as a singular phenomenon.—That the mind should receive gratification from the excitement of those passions which are in themselves painful, is really an extraordinary paradox, and is the more inexplicable since, when the same means are employed to rouse the more pleasing affections, no adequate effect is produced.

In order to solve this problem, many ingenious hypotheses have been invented. The Abbe Du Bos tells us that the mind has such a natural antipathy to a state of listlessness and languor, as to render the transition from it to a state of exertion, even though by rousing passions in themselves painful, as in the instance of tragedy, a positive pleasure. Monsieur Fontenelle has given us a more satisfactory account. He tells us that pleasure and pain, two sentiments so different in themselves, do not differ so much in their cause;—that pleasure, carried too far, becomes pain, and pain, a little moderated, becomes pleasure. Hence that the pleasure we derive from tragedy is a pleasing sorrow, a modulated pain. David Hume, who has also written upon this subject, unites the two systems, with this addition, that the painful emotions ex-

cited by the representation of melancholy scenes, are further tempered, and the pleasure is proportionably heightened by the eloquence displayed in the relation—the art shewn in collecting the pathetic circumstances, and the judgment evinced in their happy disposition.

But even now I do not conceive the difficulty to be satisfactorily done away. Admitting the postulatam which the Abbe Du Bos assumes, that languor is so disagreeable to the mind as to render its removal positive pleasure, to be true; yet, when we recollect, as Mr. Hume has before observed, that were the same objects of distress which give us pleasure in tragedy, set before our eyes in reality, though they would effectually remove listlessness, they would excite the most unfeigned uneasiness, we shall hesitate in applying this solution in its full extent to the present subject. M. Fontenelle's reasoning is much more conclusive; yet I think he errs egregiously in his premises, if he means to imply that any modulation of pain is pleasing, because, in whatever degree it may be, it is still pain, and remote from either ease or positive pleasure: and if by moderated pain he means any uneasy sensation abated, though not totally banished, he is no less mistaken in the application of them to the subject before us.—Pleasure may very well be conceived to be painful, when carried to excess, because it there becomes exertion, and is inconvenient. We may also form some idea of a pleasure arising from moderated pain, or the transition from the disagreeable to the less disagreeable: but this cannot in any wise be applied to

the gratification we derive from a tragedy, for there no superior degree of pain is left for an inferior. As to Mr. Hume's addition of the pleasure we derive from the art of the poet, for the introduction of which he has written his whole dissertation on tragedy, it merits little consideration. The self-recollection necessary to render this art a source of gratification, must weaken the illusion; and whatever weakens the illusion, diminishes the effect.

In these systems it is taken for granted that all those passions are excited which are represented in the drama. This I conceive to have been the primary cause of error, for to me it seems very probable that the only passion or affection which is excited, is that of sympathy, which partakes of the pleasing nature of pity and compassion, and includes in it so much as is pleasing of hope and apprehension, joy and grief.

The pleasure we derive from the afflictions of a friend is proverbial—every person has felt, and wondered why he felt, something soothing in the participation of the sorrows of those dear to his heart; and he might, with as much reason, have questioned why he was delighted with the melancholy scenes of tragedy. Both pleasures are equally singular; they both arise from the same source. Both originate in sympathy.

It would seem natural that an accidental spectator of a cause in a court of justice, with which he is perfectly unacquainted, would remain an uninterested auditor of

what was going forward. Experience tells us, however, the exact contrary. He immediately, even before he is well acquainted with the merits of the case, espouses one side of the question, to which he uniformly adheres, participates in all its advantages, and sympathises in its success. There is no denying that the interest this man takes in the business is a source of pleasure to him ; but we cannot suppose one of the parties in the cause, though his interest must be infinitely more lively, to feel an equal pleasure, because the painful passions are in him really roused, while in the other sympathy alone is excited, which is in itself pleasing. It is pretty much the same with the spectator of a tragedy. And, if the sympathy is the more pleasing, it is because the actions are so much the more calculated to entrap the attention, and the object so much the more worthy. The pleasure is heightened also in both instances by a kind of intuitive recollection, which never forsakes the spectator ; that no bad consequences will result to him from the action he is surveying. This recollection is the more predominant in the spectator of a tragedy, as it is impossible in any case totally to banish from his memory that the scenes are fictitious and illusive. In real life we always advert to futurity, and endeavour to draw inferences of the probable consequences : but the moment we take off our minds from what is passing on the stage to reasonings thereupon, the illusion is dispelled, and it again recurs that it is all fiction.

If we compare the degrees of pleasure we derive from

the perusal of a novel and the representation of a tragedy, we shall observe a wonderful disparity. In both we feel an interest, in both sympathy is excited. But in the one, things are merely *related* to us as *having passed*, which it is not attempted to persuade us ever did *in reality* happen, and from which, therefore, we never can deceive ourselves into the idea that any consequences whatever will result; in the other, on the contrary, the actions themselves pass before our eyes; we are not tempted to ask ourselves whether they did ever happen; we see them happen, we are the witnesses of them, and were it not for the meliorating circumstances before-mentioned, the sympathy would become so powerful as to be in the highest degree painful.

In tragedy, therefore, every thing which can strengthen the illusion should be introduced, for there are a thousand draw-backs on the effect, which it is impossible to remove, and which have always so great a force, as to put it out of the power of the poet to excite sympathy in a too painful degree. Every thing that is improbable, every thing which is out of the common course of nature should, for this reason, be avoided, as nothing will so forcibly remind the spectator of the unsealness of the illusion.

It is a mistaken idea, that we sympathize sooner with the distresses of kings, and illustrious personages, than with those of common life. Men are, in fact, more inclined to commiserate the sufferings of their equals, than of those whom they cannot but regard rather with awe



than pity, as superior beings, and to take an interest in incidents which might have happened to themselves sooner than in those remote from their own rank and habits. It is for this reason that Æschylus censures Euripides, for introducing his kings in rags, as if they were more to be compassionated than other men.

Πρῶτον μὲν τὸς βασιλευσῆας ῥακίαιμπιπτοι, ὡς ἱλαστοὶ  
Τοῖς ἀδελφοῖς φαίνουσι εἶναι.

Some will, perhaps, imagine that it is in the power of the poet to excite our sympathy in too powerful a degree, because, at the representation of certain scenes, the spectators are frequently affected so as to make them shriek out with terror. But this is not sympathy; it is horror, it is disgust, and is only witnessed when some act is committed on the stage so cruel and bloody, as to make it impossible to contemplate it even in idea without horror.

Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet,  
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus.

*Hor. Ars Poet. l. 185.*

It is for this reason, also, that many fine German dramas cannot be brought on the English stage, such as the Robbers of Schiller, and the Adelaide of Wulfgin, by Kotzebue; they are too horrible to be *read* without violent emotions, and Horace will tell you what an immense difference there is in point of effect between a relation and a representation.

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,  
 Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ  
 Ipse sibi tradit spectator.

*Ars Poet. l. 180.*

I shall conclude these desultory remarks, strung together at random, without order or connection, by observing what little foundation there is for the general outcry in the literary world, against the prevalence of German dramas on our stage. Did they not possess uncommon merit, they would not meet with such general approbation. Fashion has but a partial influence, but they have drawn tears from an audience in a barn as well as in a theatre royal; they have been welcomed with plaudits in every little market town in the three kingdoms, as well as in the metropolis. Nature speaks but one language; she is alike intelligible to the peasant and the man of letters; the tradesman, and the man of fashion. While the Muse of Germany shall continue to produce such plays as the *Stranger* and *Lovers' Vows*\*, who will not rejoice that translation is able to naturalize her efforts in our language?

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\* I speak of these plays only, as adapted to our stage by the elegant pens of Mr. Thompson and Mrs. Inchbald.

## MELANCHOLY HOURS.

[No. I.]

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There is a mood  
 (I sing not to the vacant and the young)  
 There is a kindly mood of Melancholy,  
 That wings the soul and points her to the skies.

DYER.

PHILOSOPHERS have divested themselves of their natural apathy, and poets have risen above themselves, in descanting on the pleasures of Melancholy. There is no mind so gross, no understanding so uncultivated, as to be incapable, at certain moments, and amid certain combinations, of feeling that sublime influence upon the spirits, which steals the soul from the petty anxieties of the world,

“ And fits it to hold converse with the gods.”

I must confess, if such there be who never felt the divine abstraction, I envy them not their insensibility. For my own part, it is from the indulgence of this soothing power, that I derive the most exquisite of gratifications. At the calm hour of moonlight, amid all the sublime serenity, the dead stillness of the night; or when the howling storm rages in the heavens, the rain pelts on my roof, and the winds whistle through the

crannies of my apartment, I feel the divine mood of melancholy upon me; I imagine myself placed upon an eminence, above the crowds who pant below in the dusty tracks of wealth and honour. The black catalogue of crimes and of vice; the sad tissue of wretchedness and woe, passes in review before me, and I look down upon man with an eye of pity and commiseration. Though the scenes which I survey be mournful, and the ideas they excite equally sombre; though the tears gush as I contemplate them, and my heart feels heavy with the sorrowful emotions they inspire, yet are they not unaccompanied with sensations of the purest and most ecstatic bliss.

It is to the spectator alone that melancholy is forbidding; in herself she is soft and interesting, and capable of affording pure and unalloyed delight. Ask the lover why he muses by the side of the purling brook, or plunges into the deep gloom of the forest? Ask the unfortunate, why he seeks the still shades of solitude? or the man who feels the pangs of disappointed ambition, why he retires into the silent walks of seclusion? and he will tell you, that he derives a pleasure therefrom, which nothing else can impart. It is the delight of melancholy; but the melancholy of these beings is as far removed from that of the philosopher, as are the narrow and contracted complaints of selfishness, from the mournful regrets of expansive philanthropy; as are the desponding intervals of insanity, from the occasional depressions of benevolent sensibility.

The man who has attained that calm equanimity which qualifies him to look down upon the petty evils of life with indifference; who can so far conquer the weakness of nature, as to consider the sufferings of the individual of little moment, when put in competition with the welfare of the community, is alone the true philosopher. His melancholy is not excited by the retrospect of his own misfortunes; it has its rise from the contemplation of the miseries incident to life, and the evils which obtrude themselves upon society, and interrupt the harmony of nature. It would be arrogating too much merit to myself, to assert that I have a just claim to the title of a philosopher, as it is here defined; or to say that the speculations of my melancholy hours are equally disinterested: be this as it may, I have determined to present my solitary effusions to the public; they will at least have the merit of novelty to recommend them, and may possibly, in some measure, be instrumental in the melioration of the human heart, or the correction of false prepossessions. This is the height of my ambition: this once attained, and my end will be fully accomplished. One thing I can safely promise, though far from being the coinages of a heart at ease, they will contain neither the querulous captiousness of misfortune, nor the bitter taunts of misanthropy. Society is a chain of which I am merely a link; all men are my associates in error, and though some may have gone farther in the ways of guilt than myself, yet it is not in me to sit in judgment upon them: it is mine to treat them rather in pity than in anger, to lament their

crimes and to weep over their sufferings. As these papers will be the amusement of those hours of relaxation, when the mind recedes from the vexations of business, and sinks into itself, for a moment of solitary ease, rather than the efforts of literary leisure; the reader will not expect to find in them unusual elegance of language, or studied propriety of style. In the short and necessary intervals of cessation from the anxieties of an irksome employment, one finds little time to be solicitous about expression. If, therefore, the fervour of a glowing mind expresses itself in too warm and luxuriant a manner, for the cold ear of dull propriety; let the fastidious critic find a selfish pleasure in descrying it. To criticism melancholy is indifferent. If learning cannot be better employed, than in declaiming against the defects, while it is insensible to the beauties of a performance, well may we exclaim with the poet:—

Ω ἱμέρης ἀγνοία ὡς ἀμώβης τις ἴε  
Ὅταν εἰ σὺ ἔχῃς ὅπως δ' ἔκ ἀγνοίῃ.

W.

## MELANCHOLY HOURS.

[No. II.]

But (wel-a-day) who loves the Muses now?  
 Or helps the climber of the sacred hyll?  
 None leane to them; but strive to disalow  
 All heavenly dewes the goddesses distill.

*Wm. Browne's Shepheard's Pipe. Eg. 5.*

IT is a melancholy reflection, and a reflection which often sinks heavily on my soul, that the sons of Genius generally seem predestined to encounter the rudest storms of adversity, to struggle, unnoticed, with poverty and misfortune. The annals of the world present us with many corroborations of this remark; and, alas! who can tell how many unhappy beings, who might have shone with distinguished lustre among the stars which illumine our hemisphere, may have sunk unknown beneath the pressure of untoward circumstances; who knows how many may have shrunk, with all the exquisite sensibility of genius, from the rude and riotous discord of the world, into the peaceful slumbers of death. Among the number of those whose talents might have elevated them to the first rank of eminence, but who have been overwhelmed with the accumulated ills of poverty and misfortune, I do not hesitate to rank a young man whom I once accounted it my greatest happiness to be able to call my friend.

CHARLES WANELY was the only son of an humble village rector, who just lived to give him a liberal education, and then left him, unprovided for, and unprotected, to struggle through the world as well as he could. With a heart glowing with the enthusiasm of poetry and romance, with a sensibility the most exquisite, and with an indignant pride which swelled in his veins, and told him he was a man—my friend found himself cast upon the wide world, at the age of sixteen, an adventurer, without fortune and without connection. As his independent spirit could not brook the idea of being a burthen to those whom his father had taught him to consider only as allied by blood, and not by affection, he looked about him for a situation, which could ensure to him, by his own exertions, an honourable competence. It was not long before such a situation offered, and Charles precipitately articulated himself to an attorney, without giving himself time to consult his own inclinations, or the disposition of his master. The transition from Sophocles and Euripides, Theocritus and Ovid, to Finche and Wood, Coke and Wynne, was striking and difficult; but Charles applied himself with his wonted ardour to his new study, as considering it not only his interest, but his duty so to do. It was not long however, before he discovered that he disliked the law, that he disliked his situation, and that he despised his master. The fact was, my friend had many mortifications to endure, which his haughty soul could ill brook. The attorney to whom he was articulated, was one of those narrow-minded beings, who consider wealth as alone entitled to



respect. He had discovered that his clerk was *very* poor and *very* destitute of friends, and thence he *very* naturally concluded, that he might insult him with impunity. It appears, however, that he was mistaken in his calculations. I one night remarked that my friend was unusually thoughtful. I ventured to ask him, whether he had met with any thing particular to ruffle his spirits. He looked at me for some moments significantly, then, as if roused to fury by the recollection—"I have," said he, vehemently, "I have, I have. He has insulted me grossly, and I will bear it no longer." He now walked up and down the room with visible emotion.—Presently he sat down.—He seemed more composed. "My friend," said he, "I have endured much from this man. I conceived it my duty to forbear, but I have forborne until forbearance is blameable, and, by the Almighty, I will never again endure what I have endured this day. But not only this man; every one thinks he may treat me with contumely, because I am poor and friendless. But I am a man, and will no longer tamely submit to be the sport of fools and the foot-ball of caprice. In this spot of earth, though it gave me birth, I can never taste of ease. Here I must be miserable. The principal end of man is to arrive at happiness. Here I can never attain it; and here therefore I will no longer remain. My obligations to the rascal who calls himself my master are cancelled by his abuse of the authority I rashly placed in his hands. I have no relations to bind me to this particular place." The tears started in his eyes as he spoke, "I have no tender ties to bid me stay, and

why *do* I stay? The world is all before me. My inclination leads me to travel; I will pursue that inclination; and, perhaps, in a strange land I may find that repose which is denied to me in the place of my birth. My finances, it is true, are ill able to support the expenses of travelling: but what then—Goldsmith, my friend,” with rising enthusiasm, “Goldsmith traversed Europe on foot, and I am as hardy as Goldsmith. Yes, I will go, and, perhaps, ere long I may sit me down on some towering mountain, and exclaim, with him, while a hundred realms lie in perspective before me,

“Creation’s heir, the world, the world is mine.”

It was in vain I entreated him to reflect maturely, ere he took so bold a step; he was deaf to my importunities, and the next morning I received a letter informing me of his departure. He was observed about sun-rise, sitting on the stile, at the top of an eminence, which commanded a prospect of the surrounding country, pensively looking towards the village. I could divine his emotions, on thus casting probably a last look on his native place. The neat white parsonage house, with the honeysuckle mantling on its wall, I knew would receive his last glance; and the image of his father would present itself to his mind, with a melancholy pleasure, as he was thus hastening, a solitary individual, to plunge himself into the crowds of the world, deprived of that fostering hand which would otherwise have been his support and guide.

From this period Charles Wanely was never heard of at L——, and, as his few relations cared little about him, in a short time it was almost forgotten that such a being had ever been in existence.

About five years had elapsed from this period, when my occasions led me to the continent. I will confess, I was not without a romantic hope, that I might again meet with my lost friend; and that often, with that idea, I scrutinized the features of the passengers. One fine moonlight night, as I was strolling down the grand Italian Strada di Toledo, at Naples, I observed a crowd assembled round a man, who, with impassioned gestures, seemed to be vehemently declaiming to the multitude. It was one of the Improvisatori, who recite extempore verses in the streets of Naples, for what money they can collect from the hearers. I stopped to listen to the man's metrical romance, and had remained in the attitude of attention some time, when, happening to turn round, I beheld a person very shabbily dressed, steadfastly gazing at me. The moon shone full in his face. I thought his features were familiar to me. He was pale and emaciated, and his countenance bore marks of the deepest dejection. Yet amidst all these changes, I thought I recognized Charles Wanely. I stood stupified with surprise. My senses nearly failed me. On recovering myself, I looked again, but he had left the spot the moment he found himself observed. I darted through the crowd, and ran every way which I thought he could have gone, but it was all to no purpose. Nobody knew

him. Nobody had even seen such a person. The two following days I renewed my enquiries, and at last discovered the lodgings where a man of his description had resided. But he had left Naples the morning after his form had struck my eyes. I found he gained a subsistence by drawing rude figures in chalks, and vending them among the peasantry. I could no longer doubt it was my friend, and immediately perceived that his haughty spirit could not bear to be recognized in such degrading circumstances, by one who had known him in better days. Lamenting the misguided notions which had thus again thrown him from me, I left Naples, now grown hateful to my sight, and embarked for England. It is now nearly twenty years since this rencounter, during which period he has not been heard of; and there can be little doubt that this unfortunate young man has found in some remote corner of the continent an obscure and an unlamented grave.

Thus, those talents which were formed to do honour to human nature, and to the country which gave them birth, have been nipped in the bud by the frosts of poverty and scorn, and their unhappy possessor lies in an unknown and nameless tomb, who might, under happier circumstances, have risen to the highest pinnacle of ambition and renown.

W,

## MELANCHOLY HOURS.

[No. III.]

Few know that elegance of soul refin'd  
 Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy  
 From melancholy's scenes, than the dull pride  
 Of tasteless splendor and magnificence  
 Can e'er afford.

*Warton's Melancholy.*

IN one of my midnight rambles down the side of the Trent, the river which waters the place of my nativity, as I was musing on the various evils which darken the life of man, and which have their rise in the malevolence and ill-nature of his fellows, the sound of a flute from an adjoining copse attracted my attention. The tune it played was mournful, yet soothing. It was suited to the solemnity of the hour. As the distant notes came wafted at intervals on my ear, now with gradual swell, then dying away on the silence of the night, I felt the tide of indignation subside within me, and give place to the solemn calm of repose. I listened for some time in breathless ravishment. The strain ceased, yet the sounds still vibrated on my heart, and the visions of bliss which they excited, still glowed on my imagination. I was then standing in one of my favourite retreats. It was a little alcove, overshadowed with willows, and a mossy seat at the back invited to

rest. I laid myself listlessly on the bank. The Trent murmured softly at my feet, and the willows sighed as they waved over my head. It was the holy moment of repose, and I soon sunk into a deep sleep. The operations of fancy in a slumber, induced by a combination of circumstances so powerful and uncommon, could not fail to be wild and romantic in the extreme. Methought I found myself in an extensive area, filled with an immense concourse of people. At one end was a throne of adamant, on which sat a female, in whose aspect I immediately recognized a divinity. She was clad in a garb of azure, on her forehead she bore a sun, whose splendor the eyes of many were unable to bear, and whose rays illumined the whole space, and penetrated into the deepest recesses of darkness. The aspect of the goddess at a distance was forbidding, but on a nearer approach it was mild and engaging. Her eyes were blue and piercing, and there was a fascination in her smile which charmed as if by enchantment. The air of intelligence which beamed in her look, made the beholder shrink into himself with the consciousness of inferiority; yet the affability of her deportment, and the simplicity and gentleness of her manners soon re-assured him, while the bewitching softness which she could at times assume, won his permanent esteem. On enquiry of a by-stander who it was that sat on the throne, and what was the occasion of so uncommon an assembly, he informed me that it was the goddess of wisdom, who had at last succeeded in regaining the dominion of the earth, which folly had so long usurped. That she sat there in her ju-

dicial capacity, in order to try the merits of many who were supposed to be the secret emissaries of Folly. In this way I understood Envy and Malevolence had been sentenced to perpetual banishment, though several of their adherents yet remained among men, whose minds were too gross to be irradiated with the light of wisdom. One trial I understood was just ended, and another supposed delinquent was about to be put to the bar. With much curiosity I hurried forwards to survey the figure which now approached. She was habited in black, and veiled to the waist. Her pace was solemn and majestic, yet in every movement was a winning gracefulness. As she approached to the bar, I got a nearer view of her, when what was my astonishment to recognize in her the person of my favourite goddess Melancholy. Amazed that she whom I had always looked upon as the sister and companion of Wisdom, should be brought to trial as an emissary and an adherent of Folly, I waited in mute impatience for the accusation which could be framed against her.—On looking towards the centre of the area, I was much surprised to see a bustling little *Cit* of my acquaintance, who, by his hemming and clearing, I concluded was going to make the charge. As he was a self-important little fellow, full of consequence and business, and totally incapable of all the finer emotions of the soul, I could not conceive what ground of complaint *he* could have against Melancholy, who, I was persuaded, would never have designed to take up her residence for a moment in *his* breast. When I recollected, however, that

he had some sparks of ambition in his composition, and that he was an envious carping little mortal, who had formed the design of shouldering himself into notice by decrying the defects of others, while he was insensible to his own, my amazement and my apprehensions vanished as I perceived he only wanted to make a display of his own talent, in doing which I did not fear his making himself sufficiently ridiculous.

After a good deal of irrelevant circumlocution, he boldly began the accusation of Melancholy. I shall not dwell upon many absurd and many invidious parts of his speech, nor upon the many blunders in the misapplication of words, such as "*deduce*" for "*detract*," and others of a similar nature, which my poor friend committed in the course of his harangue, but shall only dwell upon the material parts of the charge.

He represented the prisoner as the offspring of *Idleness* and *Discontent*, who was at all times a sulky, sullen, and "*eminently useless*" member of the community, and not unfrequently a very dangerous one. He declared it to be his opinion, that in case she were to be suffered to prevail, mankind would soon become "*too idle to go*," and would all lie down and perish through indolence, or through forgetting that sustenance was necessary for the preservation of existence; and concluded with painting the horrors which would attend such a depopulation of the earth, in such colours as made many



weak minds regard the goddess with fear and abhorrence.

Having concluded, the accused was called upon for her defence. She immediately, with a graceful gesture, lifted up the veil which concealed her face, and discovered a countenance so soft, so lovely, and so sweetly expressive, as to strike the beholders with involuntary admiration, and which, at one glance, overturned all the flimsy sophistry of my poor friend the citizen; and when the silver tones of her voice were heard, the murmurs which until then had continually arisen from the crowd were hush'd to a dead still, and the whole multitude stood transfixed in breathless attention. As near as I can recollect, these were the words in which she addressed herself to the throne of wisdom.

*I shall not deign to give a DIRECT answer to the various insinuations which have been thrown out against me by my accuser. Let it suffice that I declare my true history, in opposition to that which has been so artfully fabricated to my disadvantage. In that early age of the world, when mankind followed the peaceful avocations of a pastoral life only, and contentment and harmony reigned in every vale, I was not known among men; but when, in process of time, Ambition and Vice, with their attendant evils, were sent down as a scourge to the human race, I made my appearance. I am the offspring of Misfortune and Virtue, and was sent by Hea-*

ven to teach my parents how to support their afflictions with maguanimity. As I grew up, I became the intimate friend of the wisest among men. I was the bosom friend of Plato, and other illustrious sages of antiquity, and was then often known by the name of Philosophy, though, in present times, when that title is usurped by mere makers of experiments, and inventors of blacking-cakes, I am only known by the appellation of Melancholy. So far from being of a discontented disposition, my very essence is pious and resigned contentment. I teach my votaries to support every vicissitude of fortune with calmness and fortitude. It is mine to subdue the stormy propensities of passion and vice, to foster and encourage the principles of benevolence and philanthropy, and to cherish and bring to perfection the seeds of virtue and wisdom. Though feared and hated by those who, like my accuser, are ignorant of my nature, I am courted and cherished by all the truly wise, the good, and the great; the poet woos me as the goddess of inspiration; the true philosopher acknowledges himself indebted to me for his most expansive views of human nature; the good man owes to me that hatred of the wrong and love of the right, and that disdain for the consequences which may result from the performance of his duties, which keeps him good; and the religious flies to me for the only clear and unencumbered view of the attributes and perfections of the Deity. So far from being idle, my mind is ever on the wing in the regions of fancy, or that true philosophy which opens the book of human nature, and raises the soul above the evils in-

cident to life. If I am useless, in the same degree were Plato and Socrates, Locke and Paley useless ; it is true that my immediate influence is confined, but its effects are disseminated by means of literature over every age and nation, and mankind, in every generation, and in every clime, may look to me as their remote illuminator, the original spring of the principal intellectual benefits they possess. But as there is no good without its attendant evil, so I have an elder sister, called Phrenzy, for whom I have often been mistaken, who sometimes follows close on my steps, and to her I owe much of the obloquy which is attached to my name, though the puerile accusation which has just been brought against me, turns on points which apply more exclusively to myself.

She ceased, and a dead pause ensued. The multitude seemed struck with the fascination of her utterance and gesture, and the sounds of her voice still seemed to vibrate on every ear. The attention of the assembly however, was soon recalled to the accuser, and their indignation at his baseness rose to such a height, as to threaten general tumult, when the goddess of wisdom arose, and waving her hand for silence, beckoned the prisoner to her, placed her on her right hand, and with a sweet smile acknowledged her for her old companion and friend. She then turned to the accuser, with a frown of severity, so terrible, that I involuntarily started with terror from my poor misguided friend, and with the violence of the start I awoke, and instead of the throne

of the goddess of wisdom, and the vast assembly of people, beheld the first rays of the morning peeping over the eastern cloud, and instead of the loud murmurs of the incensed multitude, heard nothing but the soft gurgling of the river at my feet, and the rustling wing of the sky-lark, who was now beginning his first matin song.

W.

## MELANCHOLY HOURS.

[No. IV.]

*Σκοπηταίματος εύρισκον υδάμωσ αν άλλωσ ή τοσ διαπραξαίματος.**Isocr.*

THE world has often heard of fortune-hunters, legacy-hunters, popularity-hunters, and hunters of various descriptions—one diversity, however, of this very extensive species has hitherto eluded public animadversion; I allude to the class of friend-hunters,—men who make it the business of their lives to acquire friends, in the hope, through their influence, to arrive at some desirable point of ambitious eminence. Of all the mortifications and anxieties to which mankind voluntarily subject themselves, from the expectation of future benefit, there are, perhaps, none more galling, none more insupportable than those attendant on friend-making.—Shew a man that you court his society, and it is a signal for him to treat you with neglect and contumely. Humour his passions, and he despises you as a sycophant. Pay implicit deference to his opinions, and he laughs at you for your folly. In all he views you with contempt, as the creature of his will, and the slave of his caprice. I remember I once solicited the acquaintance, and coveted the friendship of one man, and, thank God, I can yet say, (and I hope on my death-bed I shall be able to say the same,) of ONLY one man.

Germanicus was a character of considerable eminence in the literary world. He had the reputation not only of an enlightened understanding and refined taste, but of openness of heart and goodness of disposition. His name always carried with it that weight and authority which are due to learning and genius in every situation. His manners were polished, and his conversation elegant. In short, he possessed every qualification which could render him an enviable addition to the circle of every man's friends. With such a character, as I was then very young, I could not fail to feel an ambition of becoming acquainted, when the opportunity offered, and in a short time we were upon terms of familiarity. To ripen this familiarity into friendship, as far as the most awkward diffidence would permit, was my strenuous endeavour. If his opinions contradicted mine, I immediately, without reasoning on the subject, conceded the point to him, as a matter of course that he must be right, and by consequence that I must be wrong. Did he utter a witticism, I was sure to laugh; and if he looked grave, though nobody could tell why, it was mine to groan. By thus conforming myself to his humour, I flattered myself I was making some progress in his good graces, but I was soon undeceived. A man seldom cares much for that which cost him no pains to procure. Whether Germanicus found me a troublesome visitor, or whether he was really displeased with something I had unwittingly said or done, certain it is, that when I met him one day, in company with persons of apparent figure, he had lost all recollection of my features. I called upon

him, but Germanicus was not at home. Again and again I gave a hesitating knock at the great man's door—all was to no purpose. He was still not at home. The sly meaning, however, which was couched in the sneer of the servant the last time, that, half ashamed of my errand, I made my enquiries at his house, convinced me of what I ought to have known before—that Germanicus was at home to all the world save me. I believe, with all my seeming humility, I am a confounded proud fellow at bottom; my rage at this discovery, therefore, may be better conceived than described. Ten thousand curses did I imprecate on the foolish vanity which led me to solicit the friendship of my superior, and again and again did I vow down eternal vengeance on my head, if I ever more condescended *thus* to *court* the acquaintance of man. To this resolution I believe I shall ever adhere. If I am destined to make any progress in the world, it will be by my own individual exertions. As I elbow my way through the crowded vale of life, I will never, in any emergency, call on my selfish neighbour for assistance. If my strength give way beneath the pressure of calamity, I shall sink without *his* whine of hypocritical condolence: and if I do sink, let him kick me into a ditch, and go about his business. I asked not his assistance while living—it will be of no service to me when dead.

Believe me, reader, whoever thou mayest be, there are few among mortals whose friendship, when acquired, will repay thee for the meanness of solicitation. If a

than voluntarily holds out his hand to thee, take it with caution. If thou find him honest, be not backward to receive his proffered assistance, and be anxious, when occasion shall require, to yield to him thine own. A real friend is the most valuable blessing a man can possess, and, mark me, it is by far the most rare. It is a black swan. But, whatever thou mayest do, *solicit* not friendship. If thou art young, and would make thy way in the world, bind thyself a seven year's apprentice to a city tallow-chandler, and thou mayest in time come to be lord Mayor. Many people have made their fortunes at a taylor's board. Perriwig-makers have been known to buy their country seats, and bellows menders have started their curricles; but seldom, very seldom, has the man who placed his dependance on the friendship of his fellow men, arrived at even the shadow of the honours to which, through that medium, he aspired. Nay, even if thou shouldst find a friend ready to lend thee a helping hand, the moment, by his assistance, thou hast gained some little eminence, he will be the first to hurl thee down to thy primitive, and now, perhaps, irremediable obscurity.

Yet I see no more reason for complaint on the ground of the fallacy of human friendship, than I do for any other ordonnance of nature, which may *appear* to run counter to our happiness. Man is naturally a selfish creature, and it is only by the aid of philosophy that he can so far conquer the defects of his being, as to be capable of disinterested friendship. *Who*, then, can ex-



pect to find that benign disposition which manifests itself in acts of disinterested benevolence and spontaneous affection, a common visitor? Who can preach philosophy to the mob\*?

The recluse, who does not easily assimilate with the herd of mankind, and whose manners with difficulty bend to the peculiarities of others, is not likely to have many *real friends*. His enjoyments, therefore, must be solitary, lone, and melancholy. His only friend is himself. As he sits immersed in reverie by his midnight fire, and hears without the wild gusts of wind fitfully careering over the plain, he listens sadly attentive; and as the varied intonations of the howling blast articulate to his enthusiastic ear, he converses with the spirits of the departed, while, between each dreary pause of the storm, he holds solitary communion with himself. Such is the social intercourse of the recluse; yet he frequently feels the soft consolations of friendship. A heart formed for the gentler emotions of the soul, often feels as strong an interest for what are called *brutes*, as most bipeds affect to feel for each other. Montaigne had his cat; I have read of a man whose only friend was a large spider; and Trenck, in his dun-

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\* By the word mob here, the author does not mean to include merely the lower classes. In the present acceptation, it takes in a great part of the mob of quality: men who are either too ignorant, or too much taken up with base and groveling pursuits, to have room for any of the more amiable affections.

geon, would sooner have lost his right hand, than the poor little mouse, which, grown confident with indulgence, used to beguile the tedious hours of imprisonment with its gambols. For my own part, I believe my dog; who, at this moment, seated on his hinder legs, is wistfully surveying me, as if he was conscious of all that is passing in my mind:—my dog, I say, is as sincere, and, whatever, the world may say, nearly as *dear* a friend as any I possess; and, when I shall receive that summons which may not now be far distant, he will whine a funeral requiem over my grave, more piteously than all the hired mourners in Christendom. Well, well; poor Bob has had a kind master of me, and, for my own part, I verily believe there are few things on this earth I shall leave with more regret than this faithful companion of the happy hours of my infancy.

W.

## MELANCHOLY HOURS.

[No. V.]

*Un Sonnet sans défaut vaut seul un long poëme.  
 Mais en vain mille auteurs y pensent arriver ;  
 A peine.....  
 .....peut-on admirer deux ou trois entre mille.*

Boileau.

THERE is no species of poetry which is better adapted to the taste of a melancholy man than the sonnet. While its brevity precludes the possibility of its becoming tiresome, and its full and expected close accords well with his dejected and perhaps somewhat languid tone of mind, its elegiac delicacy and querimonious plaintiveness come in pleasing consonance with his feelings.

This elegant little poem has met with a peculiar fate in this country : half a century ago it was regarded as utterly repugnant to the nature of our language, while at present it is the popular vehicle of the most admired sentiments of our best living poets. This remarkable mutation in the opinions of our countrymen may, however, be accounted for on plain and common principles. The earlier English sonnetteers confined themselves in general, too strictly to the Italian model, as well as in the disposition of the rhymes, as in the cast of the ideas. A

sonnet with them, was only another word for some metaphysical conceit, or clumsy antithesis contained in fourteen harsh lines, full of obscure inversions and ill-managed expletives. They bound themselves down to a pattern, which was in itself faulty, and they met with the common fate of servile imitators, in retaining all the defects of their original, while they suffered the beauties to escape in the process. Their sonnets are like copies of a bad picture: however accurately copied, they are still bad. Our contemporaries, on the contrary, have given scope to their genius in the sonnet without restraint, sometimes even growing licentious in their liberty, setting at defiance those rules which form its distinguishing peculiarity, and, under the name of sonnet, soaring or falling into ode or elegy. Their compositions, of course, are impressed with all those excellencies which would have marked their respective productions in any similar walk of poetry.

It has never been disputed that the sonnet first arrived at celebrity in the Italian; a language which, as it abounds in a musical similarity of terminations, is more eminently qualified to give ease and elegance to the legitimate sonnet, restricted as it is to stated and frequently-recurring rhymes of the same class. As to the inventors of this little structure of verse, they are involved in impenetrable obscurity. Some authors have ascribed it singly to Guitone D'Arezzo, an Italian poet of the thirteenth century, but they have no sort of authority to adduce in support of their assertions. Arguing upon probabilities, with some slight co-incidental corroborations,

I should be inclined to maintain that its origin may be referred to an earlier period; that it may be looked for amongst the Provençals, who left scarcely any combination of metrical sounds unattempted; and who, delighting as they did in sound and jingle, might very possibly strike out this harmonious stanza of fourteen lines. Be this as it may, Dante and Petrarch were the first poets who rendered it popular, and to Dante and Petrarch therefore we must resort for its required rules.

In an ingenious paper of Dr. Drake's "Literary Hours," a book which I have read again and again with undiminished pleasure, the merits of the various English writers in this delicate mode of composition are appreciated with much justice and discrimination. His veneration for Milton however has, if I may venture to oppose my judgment to his, carried him too far in praise of his sonnets. Those to the Nightingale and to Mr. Lawrence are, I think, alone entitled to the praise of *mediocrity*, and, if my memory fail me not, my opinion is sanctioned by the testimony of our late illustrious biographer of the poets.

The sonnets of Drummond are characterised as exquisite. It is somewhat strange, if this description be just, that they should so long have sunk into utter oblivion, to be revived only by a species of black-letter *mania*, which prevailed during the latter half of the eighteenth century, and of which some vestiges yet remain; the more especially as Dr. Johnson, to whom they could scarcely be

unknown, tells us, that "The fabric of the sonnet has *never* succeeded in our language." For my own part, I can say nothing of them. I have long sought a copy of Drummond's works, and I have sought it in vain; but from specimens which I have casually met with, in quotations, I am forcibly inclined to favour the idea, that, as they possess natural and pathetic sentiments, clothed in tolerably harmonious language, they are entitled to the praise which has been so liberally bestowed on them.

Sir Philip Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* consists of a number of sonnets, which have been unaccountably passed over by Dr. Drake, and all our other critics who have written on this subject. Many of them are eminently beautiful. The works of this neglected poet may occupy a future number of my lucubrations.

Excepting these two poets, I believe there is scarcely a writer who has arrived at any degree of excellence in the sonnet, until of late years, when our vernacular bards have raised it to a degree of eminence and dignity, among the various kinds of poetical composition, which seems almost incompatible with its very circumscribed limits.

Passing over the classical compositions of Warton, which are formed more on the model of the Greek epigram, or epitaph, than the Italian sonnet, Mr. Bowles and Charlotte Smith are the first modern writers who

have met with distinguished success in the sonnet. Those of the former, in particular, are standards of excellence in this department. To much natural and accurate description, they unite a strain of the most exquisitely tender and delicate sentiment ; and, with a nervous strength of diction, and a wild freedom of versification, they combine an euphonious melody, and consonant cadence, unequalled in the English language. While they possess, however, the superior merit of an original style, they are not unfrequently deformed by instances of that ambitious singularity which is but too frequently its concomitant. Of these the introduction of rhymes long since obsolete is not the least striking. Though, in some cases, these revivals of antiquated phrase have a pleasing effect, yet they are oftentimes uncouth and repulsive. Mr. Bowles has almost always thrown aside the common rules of the sonnet ; his pieces have no more claim to that specific denomination than that they are confined to fourteen lines. How far this deviation from established principle is justifiable, may be disputed ; for if, on the one hand, it be alleged that the confinement to the stated repetition of rhymes, so distant and frequent, is a restraint which is not compensated by an adequate effect ; on the other, it must be conceded, that these little poems are no longer *sonnets* than while they conform to the rules of the sonnet, and that the moment they forsake them, they ought to resign the appellation.

- The name bears evident affinity to the Italian *sonaire*, "to resound"—"sing around," which originated in the

Latin *sonans*,—*sounding, jingling, ringing*: or, indeed, it may come immediately from the French *sonner*, to sound, or ring, in which language, it is observable, we first meet with the word *sonnette*, where it signifies a *little bell*, and *sonnettier* a maker of little bells; and this derivation affords a presumption, almost amounting to certainty, that the conjecture before advanced, that the sonnet originated with the Provençals, is well founded. It is somewhat strange that these contending derivations have not been before observed, as they tend to settle a question which, however intrinsically unimportant, is curious, and has been much agitated.

But, wherever the name originated, it evidently bears relation only to the peculiarity of a set of chiming and jingly terminations, and of course can no longer be applied with propriety where that peculiarity is not preserved.

The single stanza of fourteen lines, property varied in their correspondent closes, is, notwithstanding, so well adapted for the expression of any pathetic sentiment, and is so pleasing and satisfactory to the ear, when once accustomed to it, that our poetry would suffer a material loss were it to be disused through a rigid adherence to mere propriety of name: At the same time, our language does not supply a sufficiency of similar terminations, to render the strict observance of its rules at all easy or compatible with ease or elegance. The only question, there-



fore, is, whether the musical effect produced by the adherence to this difficult structure of verse overbalance the restraint it imposes on the poet, and in case we decide in the negative, whether we ought to preserve the denomination of *sonnet*, when we utterly renounce the very peculiarities which procured it that cognomen.

In the present enlightened age, I think it will not be disputed that mere jingle and sound ought invariably to be sacrificed to sentiment and expression. Musical effect is a very subordinate consideration; it is the gilding to the cornices of a Vitruvian edifice; the colouring to a shaded design of Michael Angelo. In its place it adds to the effect of the whole, but when rendered a principal object of attention, it is ridiculous and disgusting. Rhyme is no necessary adjunct of true poetry. Southey's *Thalaba* is a fine poem, with no rhyme, and very little measure or metre; and the production which is reduced to mere prose, by being deprived of its jingle, could never possess, in any state, the marks of inspiration.

So far, therefore, I am of opinion that it is advisable to renounce the Italian fabric altogether. We have already sufficient restrictions laid upon us by the metrical laws of our native tongue, and I do not see any reason, out of a blind regard for precedent, to tie ourselves to a difficult structure of verse, which probably originated with the *Troubadours*, or wandering bards, of France and Normandy, or with a yet ruder race; one which is not

productive of any rational effect, and which only pleases the ear by frequent repetition, as men who have once had the greatest aversion to strong wines and spirituous liquors, are, by habit, at last brought to regard them as delicacies.

In advancing this opinion, I am aware that I am opposing myself to the declared sentiments of many individuals whom I greatly respect and admire. Miss Seward (and Miss Seward is in herself a host) has, both theoretically and practically, defended the Italian structure. Mr. Capel Lofft has likewise favoured the world with many sonnets, in which he shews his approval of the legitimate model, by his adherence to its rules, and many of the beautiful poems of Mrs. Lofft, published in the *Monthly Mirror*, are likewise successfully formed by those rules. Much, however, as I admire these writers, and ample as is the credence I give to their critical discrimination, I cannot, on mature reflection, subscribe to their position of the expediency of adopting this structure in our poetry, and I attribute their success in it more to their individual powers, which would have surmounted much greater difficulties, than to the adaptibility of this foreign fabric to our stubborn and intractable language.

If the question, however, turn only on the propriety of giving to a poem a name which must be acknowledged to be entirely inappropriate, and to which it can have no sort of claim, I must confess that it is manifestly

indefensible; and we must then either pitch upon another appellation for our quatorzain, or banish it from our language; a measure which every lover of true poetry must sincerely lament.

## MELANCHOLY HOURS.

[No. VI.]

Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

*Gray.*

POETRY is a blossom of very delicate growth; it requires the maturing influence of vernal suns, and every encouragement of culture and attention, to bring it to its natural perfection. The pursuits of the mathematician, or the mechanical genius, are such as require rather strength and insensibility of mind, than that exquisite and finely-wrought susceptibility, which invariably marks the temperament of the true poet; and, it is for this reason, that while men of science have, not unfrequently, arisen from the abodes of poverty and labour, very few legitimate children of the Muse have ever emerged from the shades of hereditary obscurity.

It is painful to reflect how many a bard now lies, nameless and forgotten, in the narrow house, who, had he been born to competence and leisure, might have usurped the laurels from the most distinguished personages in the temple of Fame. The very consciousness of merit itself often acts in direct opposition to a stimulus to exertion, by exciting that mournful indignation at

suppositious neglect, which urges a sullen concealment of talents, and drives its possessor to that misanthropic discontent which preys on the vitals, and soon produces untimely mortality. A sentiment like this has, no doubt, often actuated beings, who attracted notice, perhaps, while they lived, only by their singularity, and who were forgotten almost ere their parent earth had closed over their heads:—beings who lived but to mourn and to languish for what they were never destined to enjoy, and whose exalted endowments were buried with them in their graves, by the want of a little of that superfluity which serves to pamper the debased appetites of the enervated sons of luxury and sloth.

The present age, however, has furnished us with two illustrious instances of poverty bursting through the cloud of surrounding impediments, into the full blaze of notoriety and eminence. I allude to the two Bloomfields—bards who may challenge a comparison with the most distinguished favourites of the Muse, and who both passed the day-spring of life in labour, indigence, and obscurity.

The author of the *Farmer's Boy* hath already received the applause he justly deserved. It yet remains for the *Essay on War* to enjoy all the distinction it so richly merits; as well from its sterling worth, as from the circumstance of its author. Whether the present age will be inclined to do it full justice, may indeed be feared. Had Mr. Nathaniel Bloomfield made his appearance in

the horizon of letters prior to his brother, he would undoubtedly have been considered as a meteor of uncommon attraction; the critics would have admired, because it would have been the fashion to admire. But it is to be apprehended that our countrymen become enured to phenomena:—it is to be apprehended, that the frivolity of the age cannot endure a repetition of the uncommon—that it will no longer be the rage to patronize indigent merit: that the *beau monde* will therefore neglect, and that, by a necessary consequence, the critics will sneer!!

Nevertheless, sooner or later, merit will meet with its reward; and though the popularity of Mr. Bloomfield may be delayed, he *must*, at one time or other, receive the meed due to his deserts. Posterity will judge impartially; and if bold and vivid images, and original conceptions, luminously displayed, and judiciously apposed, have any claim to the regard of mankind, the name of Nathaniel Bloomfield will not be without its high and appropriate honours.

Rousseau very truly observes, that with whatever talent a man may be born, the art of writing is not easily obtained. If this be applicable to men enjoying every advantage of scholastic initiation, how much more forcibly must it apply to the offspring of a poor village tailor, untaught, and destitute both of the means and the time necessary for the cultivation of the mind! If the art of writing be of difficult attainment to those who

make it the study of their lives, what must it be to him, who, perhaps, for the first forty years of his life, never entertained a thought that any thing he could write would be deemed worthy of the attention of the public ! —whose only time for rumination was such as a sedentary and sickly employment would allow ; on the tailor's board, surrounded with men, perhaps, of depraved and rude habits, and impure conversation !

And yet, that Mr. N. Bloomfield's poems display acuteness of remark, and delicacy of sentiment, combined with much strength, and considerable *selection* of diction, few will deny. The Pæan to Gunpowder would alone prove both his power of language, and the fertility of his imagination ; and the following extract presents him to us in the still higher character of a bold and vivid *painter*. Describing the field after a battle, he says,

Now here and there, about the horrid field,  
Striding across the dying and the dead,  
Stalks up a man, by strength superior,  
Or skill and prowess in the arduous fight,  
Preserv'd alive :—fainting he looks around ;  
Fearing pursuit—not caring to pursue.  
The supplicating voice of bitterest moans,  
Contortions of excruciating pain,  
The shriek of torture, and the groan of death ;  
Surround him ;—and as Night her mantle spreads,  
To veil the horrors of the mourning field,

With cautious step shaping his devious way,  
 He seeks a covert where to hide and rest :  
 At every leaf that rustles in the breeze  
 Starting, he grasps his sword ; and ev'ry nerve  
 Is ready strain'd, for combat or for flight.

P. 12, *Essay on War.*

If Mr. Bloomfield had written nothing besides the Elegy on the Enclosure of Honington Green, he would have had a right to be considered as a poet of no mean excellence. The heart which can read passages like the following, without a sympathetic emotion, must be dead to every feeling of sensibility.

#### STANZA VI.

The proud city's gay wealthy train,  
 Who nought but refinement adore,  
 May wonder to hear me complain  
 That Honington Green is no more ;  
 But if to the church you ere went,  
 If you knew what the village has been,  
 You will sympathize while I lament  
 The enclosure of Honington Green.

#### VII.

That no more upon Honington Green  
 Dwells the matron whom most I revere,  
 If by pert observation unseen,  
 I e'en now could indulge a fond tear.



Ere her bright morn of life was o'ercast,  
 When my senses first woke to the scene,  
 Some short happy hours she had past  
 On the margin of Honington Green.

## VIII.

Her parents with plenty were blest,  
 And num'rous her children, and young,  
 Youth's blossoms her cheek yet possess,  
 And melody woke when she sung:  
 A widow so youthful to leave,  
 (Early clos'd the blest days he had seen)  
 My father was laid in his grave,  
 In the church-yard on Honington Green.

\* \* \* \*

## XXI.

Dear to me was the wild thorny hill,  
 And dear the brown heath's sober scene;  
 And youth shall find happiness still,  
 Though he rove not on common or green.

\* \* \* \*

## XXII.

So happily flexile man's make,  
 So pliantly docile his mind,  
 Surrounding impressions we take,  
 And bliss in each circumstance find.

The youths of a more polish'd age  
 Shall not wish these rude commons to see;  
 To the bird that's enur'd to the cage,  
 It would not be bliss to be free.

There is a sweet and tender melancholy pervades the *elegiac ballad* efforts of Mr. Bloomfield, which has the most indescribable effects on the heart. Were the versification a little more polished, in some instances, they would be read with unmixt delight. It is to be hoped that he will cultivate this engaging species of composition, and, (if I may venture to throw out the hint) if judgment may be formed from the poems he has published, he would excel in sacred poetry. - Most heartily do I recommend the lyre of David to this engaging bard. Divine topics have seldom been touched upon with success by our modern Muses: they afford a field in which he would have few competitors, and it is a field worthy of his abilities.

W.

## MELANCHOLY HOURS.

[No. VII\*.]

IF the situation of man, in the present life, be considered in all its relations and dependencies, a striking inconsistency will be apparent to a very cursory observer. We have sure warrant for believing that our abode here is to form a comparatively insignificant part of our existence, and that on our conduct in this life will depend the happiness of the life to come; yet our actions daily give the lie to this proposition, inasmuch as we commonly act like men who have no thought but for the present scene, and to whom the grave is the boundary of anticipation. But this is not the only paradox which humanity furnishes to the eye of a thinking man. It is very generally the case, that we spend our whole lives in the pursuit of objects, which common experience informs us are not capable of conferring that pleasure and satisfaction which we expect from their enjoyment. Our views are uniformly directed to one point;—*happiness*, in whatever garb it be clad, and under whatever figure shadowed, is the great aim of the busy multitudes,

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\* My predecessor, the Spectator, considering that the seventh part of our time is set apart for religious purposes, devoted every seventh lucubration to matters connected with Christianity, and the severer part of morals: I trust none of my readers will regret that, in this instance, I follow so good an example.

whom we behold toiling through the vale of life, in such an infinite diversity of occupation, and disparity of views. But, the misfortune is, that we seek for happiness where she is not to be found, and the cause of wonder, that the experience of ages should not have guarded us against so fatal and so universal an error.

It would be an amusing speculation to consider the various points after which our fellow mortals are incessantly straining, and in the possession of which they have placed that imaginary chief good, which we are all doomed to covet, but which, perhaps, none of us, in this sublunary state, can attain. At present, however, we are led to considerations of a more important nature. We turn from the inconsistencies observable in the prosecution of our subordinate pursuits, from the partial follies of individuals, to the general delusion which seems to envelope the whole human race;—the delusion under whose influence they lose sight of the chief end of their being—and cut down the sphere of their hopes and enjoyments to a few rolling years, and that too in a scene where they know there is neither perfect fruition nor permanent delight.

The faculty of contemplating mankind in the abstract, apart from those prepossessions which, both by nature and the power of habitual associations, would intervene to cloud our view, is only to be obtained by a life of virtue and constant meditation, by temperance, and purity of thought. Whenever it is attained, it must greatly tend

to correct our motives—to simplify our desires—and to excite a spirit of contentment and pious resignation. We then, at length, are enabled to contemplate our being, in all its bearings, and in its full extent; and the result is that superiority to common views, and indifference to the things of this life, which should be the fruit of all *true* philosophy, and which, therefore, are the more peculiar fruits of that system of philosophy which is called the Christian.

To a mind thus sublimed, the great mass of mankind will appear like men led astray by the workings of wild and distempered imaginations—visionaries who are wandering after the phantoms of their own teeming brains, and their anxious solicitude for mere matters of worldly accommodation and ease, will seem more like the effects of insanity than of prudent foresight, as they are esteemed. To the awful importance of futurity he will observe them utterly insensible, and he will see, with astonishment, the few allotted years of human life wasted in providing abundance they will never enjoy, while the eternity they are placed here to prepare for, scarcely employs a moment's consideration. And yet the mass of these poor wanderers in the ways of error, have the light of truth shining on their very foreheads. They have the revelation of Almighty God himself, to declare to them the folly of worldly cares, and the necessity for providing for a future state of existence. They know by the experience of every preceding generation, that a very small portion of joy is allowed to the poor

sojourners in this vale of tears, and that too, embittered with much pain and fear; and yet every one is willing to flatter himself that he shall fare better than his predecessor in the same path, and that happiness will smile on him which hath frowned on all his progenitors.

Still it would be wrong to deny the human race all claim to temporal felicity. There may be comparative, although very little positive happiness;—whoever is more exempt from the cares of the world and the calamities incident to humanity—whoever enjoys more contentment of mind, and is more resigned to the dispensations of Divine Providence—in a word, whoever possesses more of the true spirit of christianity than his neighbours, is comparatively happy. But the number of these, it is to be feared, is very small. Were all men equally enlightened by the illuminations of truth, as emanating from the spirit of Jehovah himself, they would all concur in the pursuit of virtuous ends by virtuous means—as there would be no vice, there would be very little infelicity. Every pain would be met with fortitude, every affliction with resignation. We should then all look back to the past with complacency, and to the future with hope. Even this unstable state of being would have many exquisite enjoyments—the principal of which would be the anticipation of that approaching state of beatitude to which we might then look with confidence, through the medium of that atonement of which we should be partakers, and our acceptance, by virtue of which, would be sealed by that purity of mind

of which human nature is, *of itself*, incapable. But it is from the mistakes and miscalculations of mankind, to which their fallen natures are continually prone, that arises that flood of misery which overwhelms the whole race, and resounds wherever the footsteps of man have penetrated. It is the lamentable error of placing happiness in vicious indulgencies, or thinking to pursue it by vicious means. It is the blind folly of sacrificing the welfare of the future to the opportunity of immediate guilty gratification, which destroys the harmony of society, and poisons the peace not only of the immediate procreators of the errors—not only of the identical actors of the vices themselves, but of all those of their fellows who fall within the reach of their influence or example, or who are in any wise connected with them by the ties of blood.

I would therefore exhort you earnestly—you who are yet unskilled in the ways of the world—to beware on what object you centre your hopes. Pleasures may allure—pride or ambition may stimulate, but their fruits are hollow and deceitful, and they afford no sure, no solid satisfaction. You are placed on the earth in a state of probation—your continuance here will be, at the longest, a very short period, and when you are called from hence you plunge into an eternity, the completion of which will be in correspondence to your past life, unutterably happy or inconceivably miserable. Your fate will probably depend on your early pursuits—it will be these which will give the turn to your cha-

racter and to your pleasures. I beseech you; therefore, with a meek and lowly spirit, to read the pages of that book, which the wisest and best of men have acknowledged to be the word of God. You will there find a rule of moral conduct, such as the world never had any idea of before its divulgation. If you covet earthly happiness, it is only to be found in the path you will find there laid down, and I can confidently promise you, in a life of simplicity and purity, a life passed in accordance with the divine word, such substantial bliss, such unruffled peace, as is no where else to be found. All other schemes of earthly pleasure are fleeting and unsatisfactory. They all entail upon them repentance and bitterness of thought. This alone endureth for ever—this alone embraces equally the present and the future—this alone can arm a man against every calamity—can alone shed the balm of peace over that scene of life when pleasures have lost their zest, and the mind can no longer look forward to the dark and mysterious future. Above all, beware of the ignis fatuus of false philosophy: that must be a very defective system of ethics, which will not bear a man through the most trying stage of his existence, and I know of none that will do it but the christian.

W.



## MELANCHOLY HOURS.

[No. VIII.]

Ὅστις λόγος γὰρ παρακαταθήκη ὡς λαβὴν  
 ἔξει σιν, ἀδελὴς ἴστιν, ἢ ἀκρωτὶς ἄγων.  
 — ἴσως δὲ γ' ἰσὶν ἀμφοτέρω κακοί.

ANAXANDRIDES APUD SUIDAM.

MUCH has been said of late on the subject of *descriptive writing*, and that, in my opinion, to very little purpose. Dr. Drake, when treating on this topic, is, for once, inconclusive; but his essay does credit to his discernment, however little it may honour him as a promulgator of the laws of criticism: the exquisite specimens it contains prove that the doctor has a feeling of propriety and general excellence, although he may be unhappy in defining them. Boileau says, briefly, "*Les inscriptions doivent être simples, courtes, et familiares.*" We have, however, many examples of this kind of writing in our language which, although they possess none of these qualities, are esteemed excellent. Akenside's classic imitations are not at all *simple*, nothing *short* and the very reverse of *familiar*, yet who can deny that they are beautiful, and in some instances appropriate? Southey's inscriptions are noble pieces;—for the opposite qualities of tenderness and dignity, sweetness of imagery and terseness of moral, unrivalled; they are

perhaps wanting in propriety, and (which is the criterion) produce a much better effect in a book, than they would on a column or a cenotaph. There is a certain chaste and majestic gravity expected from the voice of tombs and monuments, which probably would displease in epitaphs never intended to be engraved, and inscriptions for obelisks which never existed.

When a man visits the tomb of an illustrious character, a spot remarkable for some memorable deed, or a scene connected by its natural sublimity with the higher feelings of the breast, he is in a mood only for the nervous, the concise, and the impressive; and he will turn with disgust alike from the puerile conceits of the epigrammatist, and the tedious prolixity of the herald. It is a nice thing to address the mind in the workings of generous enthusiasm. As words are not capable of exciting such an effervescence of the sublimer affections, so they can do little towards increasing it. Their office is rather to point these feelings to a beneficial purpose, and by some noble sentiment, or exalted moral, to impart to the mind that pleasure, which results from warm emotions when connected with the virtuous and the generous.

In the composition of inscriptive pieces, great attention must be paid to local and topical propriety. The occasion, and the place, must not only regulate the tenor, but even the style of an inscription: for what, in

one case, would be proper and agreeable, in another would be impertinent and disgusting. But these rules may always be taken for granted, that an inscription should be unaffected and free from conceits; that no sentiment should be introduced of a trite or hacknied nature; and that the design and the moral to be inculcated should be of sufficient importance to merit the reader's attention, and ensure his regard. Who would think of setting a stone up in the wilderness to tell the traveller what he knew before, or what, when he had learnt for the first time, was not worth the knowing? It would be equally absurd to call aside his attention to a simile or an epigrammatic point. Wit on a monument, is like a jest from a judge, or a philosopher cutting capers. It is a severe mortification to meet with flippancy where we looked for solemnity, and meretricious elegance, where the occasion led us to expect the unadorned majesty of truth.

That branch of inscriptive writing which commemorates the virtues of departed worth, or points out the ashes of men who yet live in the admiration of their posterity is, of all others, the most interesting, and, if properly managed, the most useful.

It is not enough to proclaim to the observer that he is drawing near to the reliques of the deceased genius,—the occasion seems to provoke a few reflections. If these be *natural*, they will be in unison with the feel-

ings of the reader, and, if they tend where they ought to tend, they will leave him better than they found him. But these reflections must not be too much prolonged. They must rather be hints than dissertations. It is sufficient to start the idea, and the imagination of the reader will pursue the train to much more advantage than the writer could do by words.

Panegyric is seldom judicious in the epitaphs on *public characters*, for if it be deserved, it cannot need publication; and if it be exaggerated, it will only serve to excite ridicule. When employed in memorizing the retired virtues of domestic life, and qualities which, though they only served to cheer the little circle of privacy, still deserved, from their unfrequency, to triumph, at least for a while, over the power of the grave, it may be interesting and salutary in its effects. To this purpose, however, it is rarely employed. An epitaph-book will seldom supply the exigencies of character; and men of talents are not always, even in these favoured times, at hand to eternize the virtues of private life.

The following epitaph, by Mr. Hayley, is inscribed on a monument to the memory of Cowper, in the church of *East Dereham*:

“ Ye, who with warmth the public triumph feel  
Of talents dignified by sacred zeal;  
Here to devotion’s bard devoutly just,  
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper’s dust!

England, exulting in his spotless fame,  
 Ranks with her dearest sons his fav'rite names;  
 Sense, Fancy, Wit, conspire not all to raise  
 So clear a title to affection's praise;  
 His highest honours to the heart belong;  
 His virtues form'd the magic of his song."

"This epitaph," says a periodical critic \*, "is simply elegant, and appropriately just." I regard this sentence as peculiarly unfortunate, for the epitaph seems to me to be *elegant* without *simplicity*, and *just* without *propriety*. No one will deny that it is correctly written, and that it is not destitute of grace; but in what consists its simplicity I am at a loss to imagine. The initial address is laboured, and circumlocutory. There is something artificial rather than otherwise in the personification of England, and her ranking the poet's *name* "with her dearest sons," instead of, with *those of* her dearest sons, is like ranking poor John Doe with a proper *bona fide* son of Adam, in a writ of arrest. Sense, fancy, and wit, "raising a title," and that to "affection's praise," is not very simple, and not over intelligible. Again, the epitaph is just because it is strictly true; but it is by no means, therefore, appropriate. Who that would turn aside to visit the ashes of Cowper, would need to be told that England ranks him with her favourite sons, and that sense, fancy, and wit, were not his greatest honours, for that his virtues formed the magic of his

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\* The Monthly Reviewer.

song: or who, hearing this, would be the better for the information? Had Mr. Hayley been employed in the monumental praises of a private man, this might have been excusable, but speaking of such a man as Cowper, it is idle. This epitaph is not appropriate therefore, and we have shewn that it is not remarkable for simplicity. Perhaps the respectable critics themselves may not feel inclined to dispute this point very tenaciously. Epithets are very convenient little things for rounding off a period; and it will not be the first time that truth has been sacrificed to verbosity and anti-thesis.

To measure lances with Hayley may be esteemed presumptuous; but probably the following, although much inferior as a composition, would have had more effect than his polished and harmonious lines.

## INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT

TO THE MEMORY OF COWPER.

READER! if with no vulgar sympathy  
 Thou view'st the wreck of genius and of worth,  
 Stay thou thy footsteps near this hallow'd spot.  
 Here Cowper rests. Although renown have made  
 His name familiar to thine ear, this stone  
 May tell thee that his virtues were above

The common portion :—that the voice, now hush'd  
 In death, was once serenely querulous  
 With pity's tones, and in the ear of woe  
 Spake music. Now forgetful at thy feet  
 His tir'd head presses on its last long rest,  
 Still tenant of the tomb ;—and on the cheek,  
 Once warm with animation's lambent flush,  
 Sits the pale image of unmark'd decay.  
 Yet mourn not. He had chos'n the better part ;  
 And these sad garments of mortality  
 Put off, we trust, that to a happier land  
 He went a light and gladsome passenger.  
 Sigh'st thou for honours, reader ? Call to mind  
 That glory's voice is impotent to pierce  
 The silence of the tomb ! but virtue blooms  
 Ev'n on the wreck of life, and mounts the skies !  
 So gird thy loins with lowliness, and walk  
 With Cowper on the pilgrimage of Christ.

This inscription is faulty from its length, but if a painter cannot get the requisite effect at one stroke, he must do it by many. The laconic style of epitaphs is the most difficult to be managed of any, inasmuch as most is expected from it. A sentence standing alone on a tomb, or a monument, is expected to contain something particularly striking ; and when this expectation is disappointed, the reader feels like a man who, having been promised an excellent joke, is treated with a stale

conceit, or a vapid pun. The best specimen of this kind, which I am acquainted with, is that on a French general:

*" Siste, Viator ; Heroem calcas !"*

*Stop, traveller ; thou treadest on a hero !*

W.



## MELANCHOLY HOURS.

[No. IX.]

Scires è sanguine natos.

*Ovid.*

IT is common for busy and active men to behold the occupations of the retired and contemplative person with contempt. They consider his speculations as idle and unproductive: as they participate in none of his feelings, they are strangers to his motives, his views, and his delights; they behold him elaborately employed on what they conceive forwards none of the interests of life, contributes to none of its gratifications, removes none of its inconveniences: they conclude, therefore, that he is led away by the delusions of futile philosophy, that he labours for no good, and lives to no end. Of the various frames of mind which they observe in him, no one seems to predominate more, and none appears to them more absurd than sadness, which seems, in some degree, to pervade all his views, and shed a solemn tinge over all his thoughts. Sadness, arising from no personal grief, and connected with no individual concern, they regard as moon-struck melancholy, the effect of a mind overcast with constitutional gloom, and diseased with habits of vain and fanciful speculation.—“We can

share with the sorrows of the unfortunate," say they, "but this monastic spleen merits only our derision: it tends to no beneficial purpose, it benefits neither its possessor nor society." Those who have thought a little more on this subject than the gay and busy crowd, will draw conclusions of a different nature. That there is a sadness, springing from the noblest and purest sources, a sadness friendly to the human heart, and, by direct consequence to human nature in general, is a truth which a little illustration will render tolerably clear, and which, when understood in its full force, may probably convert contempt and ridicule into respect.

I set out then with the proposition that the man who thinks deeply, especially if his reading be extensive, will, unless his heart be very cold and very light, become habituated to a pensive, or, with more propriety, a mournful cast of thought. This will arise from two more particular sources—from the view of human nature in general, as demonstrated by the experience both of past and present times, and from the contemplation of individual instances of human depravity and of human suffering. The first of these is, indeed, the last in the order of time, for his general views of humanity are in a manner consequential, or resulting from the special, but I have inverted that order for the sake of perspicuity.

Of those who have occasionally thought on these sub-

jects, I may, with perfect assurance of their reply, enquire what have been their sensations when they have, for a moment, attained a more enlarged and capacious notion of the state of man in all its bearings and dependencies. They have found, and the profoundest philosophers have done no more, that they are enveloped in mystery, and that the mystery of man's situation is not without alarming and fearful circumstances. They have discovered that all they know of themselves is that they live, but that from whence they came, or whither they are going, is by Nature altogether hidden; that impenetrable gloom surrounds them on every side, and that they even hold their morrow on the credit of to-day, when it is, in fact, buried in the vague and indistinct gulph of the ages to come!—These are reflections deeply interesting, and lead to others so awful, that many gladly shut their eyes on the giddy and unfathomable depths which seem to stretch before them. The meditative man, however, endeavours to pursue them to the farthest stretch of the reasoning powers, and to enlarge his conceptions of the mysteries of his own existence, and the more he learns, and the deeper he penetrates, the more cause does he find for being serious, and the more inducements to be continually thoughtful.

If, again, we turn from the condition of mortal existence, considered in the abstract, to the qualities and characters of man, and his condition in a state of society, we see things perhaps, equally strange and in-

finitely more affecting.—In the œconomy of creation, we perceive nothing inconsistent with the power of an all-wise and all-merciful God. A perfect harmony runs through all the parts of the universe. Plato's syrens sing not only from the planetary octave, but through all the minutest divisions of the stupendous whole; order, beauty, and perfection, the traces of the great architect, glow through every particle of his work. At man, however, we stop: there is one exception. The harmony of order ceases, and vice and misery disturb the beautiful consistency of creation, and bring us first acquainted with positive evil. We behold men carried irresistibly away by corrupt principles and vicious inclinations, indulging in propensities, destructive as well to themselves as to those around them; the stronger oppressing the weaker, and the bad persecuting the good! we see the depraved in prosperity, the virtuous in adversity, the guilty unpunished, the undeserving overwhelmed with unprovoked misfortunes. From hence we are tempted to think, that He, whose arm holds the planets in their course, and directs the comets along their eccentric orbits, ceases to exercise his providence over the affairs of mankind, and leaves them to be governed and directed by the impulses of a corrupt heart, or the blind workings of chance alone. Yet this is inconsistent both with the wisdom and the goodness of the Deity. If God permit evil, he causes it: the difference is casuistical. We are led, therefore, to conclude, that it was not always thus: that man was created in a far different and

far happier condition; but that, by some means or other, he has forfeited the protection of his Maker. Here then is a mystery. The ancients, led by reasonings alone, perceived it with amazement, but did not solve the problem. They attempted some explanation of it by the lame fiction of a golden age and its cession, where, by a circular mode of reasoning, they attribute the introduction of vice to their gods having deserted the earth, and the desertion of the gods to the introduction of vice\*. This, however, was the logic of the poets; the philosophers disregarded the fable, but did not dispute the fact it was intended to account for. They often hint at human degeneracy, and some unknown curse hanging over our being, and even coming into the world along with us. Pliny, in the preface to his seventh book, has this remarkable passage: "The

\* Καὶ τότε δὴ πρὸς Ὀλύμπου ἀπὸ χθονὸς ἐκρυόμην,  
 Λευκοῖσιν Φαίρῃσι καλυψάμεν χροᾶ καλοῖ,  
 Ἀθανάτων μετὰ Φύλοι ἴτον, προλιποῖ' ἀνδρῶας  
 Αἰδῶς καὶ Νέμεσις· τὰ δὲ λείπεται ἀλγία λυγρὰ  
 Θνητοῖς ἀνδρῶκοισι, κακὸν δ' ἔκ ἴσονται ἄλκι.

Hesiod. Opera et Dies. Lib. 1. L. 195.

Victa jacet Pietas: et Virgo cæde madentes,  
 Ultima cõplestum terras Astræa reliquit.

Ovid. Metamor. L. 1. Fab. 4.

Paulatim deinde ad Superos Astræa recessit,  
 Hæc comite atque dum pariter fugere sorores.

Juvenal, Sat. vi. L. 19.

animal about to rule over the rest of created animals, lies weeping, bound hand and foot, making his first entrance upon life with sharp pangs, and *this, for no other crime than that he is born man.*—Cicero, in a passage, for the preservation of which we are indebted to St. Augustine, gives a yet stronger idea of an existing degeneracy in human nature—"Man," says he, "comes into existence, not as from the hands of a mother, but of a step-dame nature, with a body feeble, naked, and fragile, and a mind exposed to anxiety and care, abject in fear, unmeet for labour, prone to licentiousness, in which, however, there still dwell some sparks of the divine mind, though obscured, and, as it were, in ruins." And, in another place, he intimates it as a current opinion, that man comes into the world as into a state of punishment expiatory of crimes committed in some previous stage of existence, of which we now retain no recollection.

From these proofs, and from daily observation and experience, there is every ground for concluding that man is in a state of misery and depravity quite inconsistent with the happiness for which, by a benevolent God, he must have been created. We see glaring marks of this in our own times. Prejudice alone blinds us to the absurdity and the horror of those systematic murders which go by the name of wars, where man falls on man, brother slaughters brother, where death, in every variety of horror, preys "*on the finely-fibred human frame,*" and where the cry of the widow and the orphan

rise up to heaven long after the thunder of the fight and the clang of arms have ceased, and the bones of sons, brothers, and husbands slain are grown white on the field. Customs like these vouch, with most miraculous organs, for the depravity of the human heart, and these are not the most mournful of those considerations which present themselves to the mind of the thinking man.

Private life is equally fertile in calamitous perversion of reason and extreme accumulation of misery. On the one hand, we see a large proportion of men sedulously employed in the eduction of their own ruin, pursuing vice in all its varieties, and sacrificing the peace and happiness of the innocent and unoffending to their own brutal gratifications; and, on the other, pain, misfortune, and misery, overwhelming alike the good and the bad, the provident and the improvident. But too general a view would distract our attention: let the reader pardon me if I suddenly draw him away from the survey of the crowds of life to a few detached scenes. We will select a single picture at random. The character is common.

Behold that beautiful female who is rallying a well-dressed young man with so much gaiety and humour. Did you ever see so lovely a countenance? There is an expression of vivacity in her fine dark eye which quite captivates one; and her smile, were it a little less bold, would be bewitching. How gay and careless she seems! One would suppose she had a very light and happy

heart. Alas! how appearances deceive! This gaiety is all feigned. It is her business to please, and beneath a fair and painted outside she conceals an inquiet and forlorn breast. When she was yet very young, an engaging but dissolute young man took advantage of her simplicity, and of the affection with which he had inspired her, to betray her virtue. At first her infamy cost her many tears; but habit wore away this remorse, leaving only a kind of indistinct regret, and, as she fondly loved her betrayer, she experienced, at times, a mingled pleasure even in this abandoned situation. But this was soon over. Her lover, on pretence of a journey into the country, left her for ever. She soon afterwards heard of his marriage, with an agony of grief which few can adequately conceive, and none describe. The calls of want, however, soon subdued the more distracting ebullitions of anguish. She had no choice left; all the gates of virtue were shut upon her, and though she really abhorred the course, she was obliged to betake herself to vice for support. Her next keeper possessed her person without her heart. She has since passed through several hands, and has found, by bitter experience, that the vicious, on whose generosity she is thrown, are devoid of all feeling but that of self-gratification, and that even the wages of prostitution are reluctantly and grudgingly paid. She now looks on all men as sharpers. She smiles but to entangle and destroy, and while she simulates fondness, is intent only on the extorting of that, at best poor pittance, which her necessities loudly demand. Thoughtless as she may



seem, she is not without an idea of her forlorn and wretched situation, and she looks only to sudden death as her refuge, against that time when her charms shall cease to allure the eye of incontinence, when even the lowest haunts of infamy shall be shut against her, and, without a friend or a hope, she must sink under the pressure of want and disease.

But we will now shift the scene a little, and select another object. Behold yon poor weary wretch, who with a child wrapt in her arms, with difficulty, drags along the road. The man, with a knapsack, who is walking before her, is her husband, and is marching to join his regiment. He has been spending, at a dram shop, in the town they have just left, the supply which the pale and weak appearance of his wife proclaims was necessary for her sustenance. He is now half drunk, and is venting the artificial spirits which intoxication excites in the abuse of his weary help-mate behind him. She seems to listen to his reproaches in patient silence. Her face will tell you more than many words, as, with a wan and meaning look, she surveys the little wretch who is asleep on her arm. The turbulent brutality of the man excites no attention: she is pondering on the future chance of life, and the probable lot of her heedless little one.

One other picture, and I have done. The man pacing with a slow step and languid aspect over yon prison court, was once a fine dashing fellow, the admi-

ration of the ladies, and the envy of the men. He is the only representative of a once respectable family, and is brought to this situation by unlimited indulgence at that time when the check is most necessary. He began to figure in genteel life at an early age. His misjudging mother, to whose sole care he was left, thinking no alliance too good for her darling, cheerfully supplied his extravagance, under the idea that it would not last long, and that it would enable him to shine in those circles where she wished him to rise. But he soon found that habits of prodigality once well gained, are never eradicated. His fortune, though genteel, was not adequate to such habits of expense. His unhappy parent lived to see him make a degrading alliance, and come in danger of a jail, and then died of a broken heart. His affairs soon wound themselves up. His debts were enormous, and he had nothing to pay them with. He has now been in that prison many years, and since he is excluded from the benefit of an insolvency act, he has made up his mind to the idea of ending his days there. His wife, whose beauty had decoyed him, since she found he could not support her, deserted him for those who could, leaving him without friend or companion, to pace, with measured steps, over the court of a country jail, and endeavour to beguile the lassitude of imprisonment, by thinking on the days that are gone, or counting the squares in his grated window in every possible direction, backwards, forwards, and across, till he sights to find the sum always the same, and that the more anxiously

we strive to beguile the moments in their course, the more sluggishly they travel.

If these are accurate pictures of some of the varieties of human suffering, and if such pictures are common even to triteness, what conclusions must we draw as to the condition of man in general, and what must be the prevailing frame of mind of him who meditates much on these subjects, and who, unbracing the whole tissue of causes and effects, sees Misery unvariably the offspring of Vice, and Vice existing in hostility to the intentions and wishes of God? Let the meditative man turn where he will, he finds traces of the depraved state of Nature, and her consequent misery. History presents him with little but murder, treachery, and crime of every description. Biography only strengthens the view, by concentrating it. The philosophers remind him of the existence of evil, by their lessons how to avoid or endure it; and the very poets themselves, afford him pleasure, not unconnected with regret, as either by contrast, exemplification, or deduction, they bring the world and its circumstances before his eyes.

That such an one then is prone to sadness, who will wonder? If such meditations are beneficial, who will blame them. The discovery of evil naturally leads us to contribute our mite towards the alleviation of the wretchedness it introduces. While we lament vice, we learn to shun it ourselves, and to endeavour, if pos-

sible, to arrest its progress in those around us; and in the course of these high and lofty speculations, we are insensibly led to think humbly of ourselves, and to lift up our thoughts to him who is alone the fountain of all perfection, and the source of all good.

W.

## MELANCHOLY HOURS.

[No. X.]

La rime est une esclave, et ne doit qu'obeir.

*Boileau, L'art Poétique.*

EXPERIMENTS in versification have not often been successful. Sir Philip Sidney, with all his genius, great it undoubtedly was, could not impart grace to his hexameters, or fluency to his sapphics. Spenser's *stanza* was new, but his *verse* was familiar to the ear, and though his rhymes were frequent even to satiety, he seems to have avoided the awkwardness of novelty, and the difficulty of unpractised metres. Donne had not music enough to render his broken rhyming couplets sufferable, and neither his wit, nor his pointed satire were sufficient to rescue him from that neglect which his uncouth and rugged versification speedily superinduced.

In our times Mr. Southey has given grace and melody to some of the Latin and Greek measures, and Mr. Bowles has written rhyming heroics, wherein the sense is transmitted from couplet to couplet, and the pauses are varied with all the freedom of blank verse, without exciting any sensation of ruggedness, or offending the nicest ear. But these are minor efforts: the former of these exquisite poets has taken a yet wider range, and in his "Thalaba, the Destroyer," has spurned at all the received

laws of metre, and framed a fabric of verse altogether his own.

An innovation, so bold as that of Mr. Southey, was sure to meet with disapprobation and ridicule. The world naturally looks with suspicion on systems which contradict established principles, and refuse to quadrate with habits, which, as they have been used to, men are apt to think cannot be improved upon. The opposition which has been made to the metre of *Thalaba*, is, therefore, not so much to be imputed to its want of harmony, as to the operation of existing prejudices; and it is fair to conclude; that, as these prejudices are softened by usage, and the strangeness of novelty wears off, the peculiar features of this lyrical frame of verse, will be more candidly appreciated, and its merits more unreservedly acknowledged.

Whoever is conversant with the writings of this author, will have observed and admired that greatness of mind, and comprehension of intellect, by which he is enabled, on all occasions, to throw off the shackles of habit and prepossession. Southey never treads in the beaten track; his thoughts, while they are those of nature, carry that cast of originality which is the stamp and testimony of genius. He views things through a peculiar phasis, and while he has the feelings of a man, they are those of a man almost abstracted from mortality, and reflecting on, and painting the scenes of life, as if he were

a mere spectator, uninfluenced by his own connection with the objects he surveys. To this faculty of bold discrimination I attribute many of Mr. Southey's peculiarities as a poet. He never seems to enquire how other men would treat a subject, or what may happen to be the usage of the times; but filled with that strong sense of fitness, which is the result of bold and unshackled thought, he fearlessly pursues that course which his own sense of propriety points out.

It is very evident to me, and, I should conceive, to all who consider the subject attentively, that the structure of verse, which Mr. Southey has promulgated in his *Thalaba*, was neither adopted rashly, nor from any vain emulation of originality. As the poet himself happily observes, "*It is the arabesque ornament of an Arabian tale.*" No one would wish to see the Joan of Arc in such a garb; but the wild freedom of the versification of *Thalaba* accords well with the romantic wildness of the story; and I do not hesitate to say, that, had any other known measure been adopted, the poem would have been deprived of half its beauty, and all its propriety. In blank verse it would have been absurd; in rhyme insipid. The lyrical manner is admirably adapted to the sudden transitions and rapid connections of an Arabian tale, while its variety precludes tædium, and its full, because unshackled, cadence satisfies the ear with legitimate harmony. At first, indeed, the verse may appear uncouth, because it is new to the ear; but I defy any man who has any feel-

ing of melody, to peruse the whole poem, without paying tribute to the sweetness of its flow, and the gracefulness of its modulations.

In judging of this extraordinary poem, we should consider it as a genuine lyric production,—we should conceive it as recited to the harp, in times when such relations carried nothing incredible with them. Carrying this idea along with us, the admirable art of the poet will strike us with tenfold conviction; the abrupt sublimity of his transitions, the sublime simplicity of his manner, and the delicate touches by which he connects the various parts of his narrative, will then be more strongly observable, and we shall, in particular, remark the uncommon felicity with which he has adapted his versification; and in the midst of the wildest irregularity, left nothing to shock the ear, or offend the judgment.

W.



## MELANCHOLY HOURS.

[No. XI.]

## THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

FEW histories would be more worthy of attention than that of the progress of knowledge, from its first dawn to the time of its meridian splendor, among the ancient Greeks. Unfortunately, however, the precautions which, in this early period, were almost generally taken to confine all knowledge to a particular branch of men; and when the Greeks began to contend for the palm among learned nations, their backwardness to acknowledge the sources from whence they derived the first principles of their philosophy, have served to wrap this interesting subject in almost impenetrable obscurity. Few vestiges, except the Egyptian hieroglyphics, now remain of the learning of the more ancient world. Of the two millions of verses said to have been written by the Chaldean Zoroaster\*, we have no relicks; and the oracles which go under his name are pretty generally acknowledged to be spurious.

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\* Pliny.

The Greeks unquestionably derived their philosophy from the Egyptians and Chaldeans. Both Pythagoras and Plato had visited those countries for the advantage of learning; and if we may credit the received accounts of the former of these illustrious sages, he was regularly initiated in the schools of Egypt, during the period of twenty-two years that he resided in that country, and became the envy and admiration of the Egyptians themselves. Of the Pythagorean doctrines we have some accounts remaining; and nothing is wanting to render the systems of Platonism complete and intelligible. In the dogmas of these philosophers, therefore, we may be able to trace the learning of these primitive nations, though our conclusions must be cautiously drawn, and much must be allowed to the active intelligence of two Greeks. Ovid's short summary of the philosophy of Pythagoras deserves attention.

——— Isque, licet cœli regione remotos

Mente Deos adiit: et quæ natura negabat

Visibus humanis oculis ea pectoris hausit.

Cumque animo et vigili perspexerat omnia curâ;

In medium discenda dabat: cœtumque silentum,

Dictaque mirantum, magni primordia mundi

Et rerum causas et quid natura docebat,

Quid Deus: unde nives: quæ fulminis esset origo

Jupiter an venti, discussa nube tonarent,

Quid quateret terras: quâ sidera lege mearent

Et quodcumque latet.

If we are to credit this account, and it is corroborated by many other testimonies, Pythagoras searched deeply into natural causes. Some have imagined, and strongly asserted, that his central fire was figurative of the sun, and, therefore, that he had an idea of its real situation; but this opinion, so generally adopted, may be combated with some degree of reason. I should be inclined to think, Pythagoras gained his idea of the great, central, vivifying, and creative fire from the Chaldeans, and that, therefore, it was the representative not of the sun but of the Deity. Zoroaster taught that there was one God, Eternal, the Father of the Universe: he assimilated the Deity to light, and applied to him the names of Light, Beams, and Splendor. The Magi, corrupting this representation of the Supreme Being, and, taking literally what was meant as an allegory or symbol, supposed that God was this central fire, the source of heat, light, and life, residing in the centre of the universe; and from hence they introduced among the Chaldeans the worship of fire. That Pythagoras was tainted with this superstition is well known. On the testimony of Plutarch, his disciples held, that in the midst of the world is fire, or in the midst of the four elements is the fiery globe of Unity, or Monad—the procreative, nutritive, and excitative power. The sacred fire of Vesta, among the Greeks and Latins, was a remain of this doctrine.

As the limits of this paper will not allow me to take

in all the branches of this subject, I shall confine my attention to the opinions held by these early nations of the nature of the Godhead.

Amidst the corruptions introduced by the Magi, we may discern, with tolerable certainty, that Zoroaster taught the worship of the one true God; and Thales, Pythagoras, and Plato, who had all been instituted in the mysteries of the Chaldeans, taught the same doctrine. These philosophers likewise asserted the omnipotence and eternity of God; and that he was the creator of all things, and the governor of the universe. Plato decisively supported the doctrines of future rewards and punishments; and Pythagoras, struck with the idea of the omnipresence of the Deity, defined him as *animus per universas mundi partes omnemque naturam commans atque diffusus, ex quo omnia quæ nascuntur animalia vitam capiunt*\*—An intelligence moving upon, and diffused over all the parts of the universe and all nature, from which all animals derive their existence. As for the swarm of gods worshipped both in Egypt and Greece, it is evident they were only esteemed as inferior deities. In the time of St. Paul, there was a temple at Athens inscribed to the unknown God; and Hesiod makes them younger than the earth and heaven.

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\* Lactantius Div. Inst. lib. cap. 5, etiam, Minucius Felix.  
 "Pythagoræ Deus est animus per universam rerum naturam commans atque intentus ex quo etiam animalium omnium vita capitur.

Εξ αγγων ως Γαλα και Ουρατος ευρος ετιχτες  
 Οι τ' εκ των εγερσθε θεοι δεσποτες εσμεν.

THEOS.

If Pythagoras, and the other philosophers who succeeded him, paid honour to these gods, they either did it through fear of encountering ancient prejudices, or they reconciled it by recurring to the Dæmonology of their masters, the Chaldeans, who maintained the agency of good and bad dæmons, who presided over different things, and were distinguished into the powers of light and darkness, heat and cold. It is remarkable, too, that amongst all these people, whether Egyptians or Chaldeans, Greeks or Romans, as well as every other nation under the sun, sacrifices were made to the gods, in order to render them propitious to their wishes, or to expiate their offences—a fact which proves, that the conviction of the interference of the Deity in human affairs is universal: and what is much more important, that this custom is primitive, and derived from the first inhabitants of the world.

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## MELANCHOLY HOURS.

[No. XII.]

WHILE the seat of empire was yet at Byzantium, and that city was the centre, not only of dominion, but of learning and politeness, a certain hermit had fixed his residence in a cell, on the banks of the Athyras, at the distance of about ten miles from the capital. The spot was retired, although so near the great city, and was protected, as well by woods and precipices, as by the awful reverence with which, at that time, all ranks beheld the character of a recluse. Indeed the poor old man, who tenanted the little hollow, at the summit of a crag, beneath which the Athyras rolls its impetuous torrent, was not famed for the severity of his penances, or the strictness of his mortifications. That he was either studious or protracted his devotions to a late hour, was evident, for his lamp was often seen to stream through the trees which shaded his dwelling, when accident called any of the peasants from their beds at unseasonable hours. Be this as it may, no miracles were imputed to him; the sick rarely came to petition for the benefit of his prayers, and, though some both loved him, and had good reason for loving him, yet many undervalued him for the want of that very austerity which the old man seemed most desirous to avoid.

It was evening, and the long shadows of the Thracian

mountains were extending still farther and farther along the plains, when this old man was disturbed in his meditations by the approach of a stranger. "How far is it to Byzantium?" was the question put by the traveller: "Not far to those who know the country," replied the hermit, "but a stranger would not easily find his way through the windings of these woods, and the intricacies of the plains beyond them. Do you see that blue mist which stretches along the bounding line of the horizon as far as the trees will permit the eye to trace it? That is the Propontis; and higher up on the left, the city of Constantinople rears its proud head above the waters. But I would dissuade thee, stranger, from pursuing thy journey farther to-night. Thou may'st rest in the village, which is half way down the hill; or if thou wilt share my supper of roots, and put up with a bed of leaves, my cell is open to thee." "I thank thee, father," replied the youth, "I am weary with my journey, and will accept thy proffered hospitality." They ascended the rock together. The hermit's cell was the work of nature. It penetrated far into the rock, and in the innermost recess was a little chapel, furnished with a crucifix, and a human skull, the objects of the hermit's nightly and daily contemplation, for neither of them received his adoration. That corruption had not as yet crept into the christian church. The hermit now lighted up a fire of dry sticks, (for the nights are very piercing in the regions about the Hellespont and the Bosphorus;) and then proceeded to prepare their vegetable meal. While he was thus employed, his young guest surveyed, with surprise, the dwelling

which he was to inhabit for the night. A cold rock-hole on the bleak summit of one of the Thracian hills, seemed to him a comfortless choice, for a weak and solitary old man. The rude materials of his scanty furniture still more surprised him. A table fixed to the ground, a wooden bench, an earthen lamp, a number of rolls of papyrus and vellum, and a heap of leaves in a corner, the hermit's bed, were all his stock. "Is it possible," at length he exclaimed, "that you can tenant this comfortless cave, with these scanty accommodations, through choice! Go with me, old man, to Constantinople, and receive from me those conveniences which befit your years." "And what art thou going to do at Constantinople, my young friend," said the hermit, "for thy dialect bespeaks thee a native of more southern regions. Am I mistaken, art thou not an Athenian?" "I am an Athenian," replied the youth, "by birth, but I hope I am not an Athenian in vice. I have left my degenerate birth-place, in quest of happiness. I have learned from my master, Speusippus, a genuine asserter of the much belied doctrines of Epicurus, that as a future state is a mere phantom and vagary of the brain, it is the only true wisdom to enjoy life while we have it. But I have learned from him also, that virtue alone is true enjoyment. I am resolved therefore to enjoy life, and that too with virtue, as my companion and guide. My travels are begun with the design of discovering where I can best unite both objects: enjoyment the most exquisite, with virtue the most perfect. You perhaps may have reached the latter, my good father, the former you have certainly



missed. To-morrow I shall continue my search. At Constantinople I shall laugh and sing with the gay, meditate with the sober, drink deeply of every unpolluted pleasure, and taste all the fountains of wisdom and philosophy. I have heard much of the accomplishments of the women of Byzantium. With us females are mere household slaves; here, I am told, they have *minds*. I almost promise myself that I shall marry, and settle at Constantinople, where the loves and graces seem alone to reside, and where even the *women* have *minds*. My good father, how the wind roars about this ærial nest of yours, and here you sit, during the long cold nights, all alone, cold and cheerless, when Constantinople is just at your feet, with all its joys, its comforts, and its elegancies. I perceive that the philosophers of our sect, who succeeded Epicurus, were right, when they taught that there might be virtue without enjoyment, and that virtue without enjoyment is not worth the having." The face of the youth kindled with animation as he spake these words, and he visibly enjoyed the consciousness of superior intelligence. The old man sighed, and was silent. As they ate their frugal supper, both parties seemed involved in deep thought. The young traveller was dreaming of the Byzantine women: his host seemed occupied with far different meditations. "So you are travelling to Constantinople in search of happiness," at length exclaimed the hermit, "I too have been a suitor of that divinity, and it may be of use to you to hear how I have fared. The history of my life will serve to fill up the interval before we retire to rest, and my experience may

not prove altogether useless to one who is about to go the same journey which I have finished.

“These scanty hairs of mine were not always grey, nor these limbs decrepid : I was once, like thee, young, fresh, and vigorous, full of delightful dreams and gay anticipations. Life seemed a garden of sweets, a path of roses; and I thought I had but to chuse in what way I would be happy. I will pass over the incidents of my boyhood, and come to my maturer years. I had scarcely seen twenty summers, when I formed one of those extravagant and ardent attachments, of which youth is so susceptible. It happened, that, at that time, I bore arms under the emperor Theodosius, in his expedition against the Goths who had overrun a part of Thrace. In our return from a successful campaign, we staid some time in the Greek cities, which border on the Buxine. In one of these cities I became acquainted with a female, whose form was not more elegant than her mind was cultivated, and her heart untainted. I had done her family some trivial services, and her gratitude spoke too warmly to my intoxicated brain to leave any doubt on my mind that she loved me. The idea was too exquisitely pleasing to be soon dismissed. I sought every occasion of being with her. Her mild persuasive voice seemed like the music of heaven to my ears, after the toils and roughness of a soldier's life. I had a friend too, whose converse, next to that of the dear object of my secret love, was most dear to me. He formed the third in all our meetings, and beyond the enjoyment of the society of these two, I

had not a wish. I had never yet spoken explicitly to my female friend, but I fondly hoped we understood each other. Why should I dwell on the subject? I was mistaken. My friend threw himself on my mercy. I found that he, not I, was the object of her affections. Young man, you may conceive, but I cannot describe, what I felt, as I joined their hands. The stroke was severe, and, for a time, unfitted me for the duties of my station. I suffered the army to leave the place without accompanying it: and thus lost the rewards of my past services, and forfeited the favour of my sovereign. This was another source of anxiety and regret to me, as my mind recovered its wonted tone. But the mind of youth, however deeply it may feel for a while, eventually rises up from dejection, and regains its wonted elasticity. That vigour by which the spirit recovers itself from the depths of useless regret, and enters upon new prospects with its accustomed ardour, is only subdued by Time. I now applied myself to the study of philosophy, under a Greek master, and all my ambition was directed towards letters. But ambition is not quite enough to fill a young man's heart. I still felt a void there, and sighed as I reflected on the happiness of my friend. At the time when I visited the object of my first love, a young christian woman, her frequent companion, had sometimes taken my attention. She was an Ionian by birth, and had all the softness and pensive intelligence which her countrywomen are said to possess when unvitiated by the corruptions so prevalent in that delightful region. You are no stranger to the contempt with which the

Greeks then treated, and do still, in some places, treat the Christians. This young woman bore that contempt with a calmness which surprised me. There were then but few converts to that religion in those parts, and its profession was therefore more exposed to ridicule and persecution from its strangeness. Notwithstanding her religion, I thought I could love this interesting and amiable female, and in spite of my former mistake, I had the vanity to imagine I was not indifferent to her. As our intimacy increased, I learned, to my astonishment, that she regarded me as one involved in ignorance and error, and that, although she felt an affection for me, yet she would never become my wife, while I remained devoted to the religion of my ancestors. Piqued at this discovery, I received the books, which she now for the first time put into my hands, with pity and contempt. I expected to find them nothing but the repositories of a miserable and deluded superstition, more presuming than the mystical leaves of the Sibyls, or the obscure triads of Zoroaster. How was I mistaken! There was much which I could not at all comprehend; but, in the midst of this darkness, the effect of my ignorance, I discerned a system of morality, so exalted, so exquisitely pure, and so far removed from all I would have conceived of the most perfect virtue, that all the philosophy of the Grecian world seemed worse than dross in the comparison. My former learning had only served to teach me that something was wanting to complete the systems of philosophers. Here that invisible link was supplied, and I could even then observe a harmony and consistency in

the whole, which carried irresistible conviction to my mind. I will not enlarge on this subject. Christianity is not a mere set of opinions to be embraced by the understanding. It is the work of the heart as well as the head. Let it suffice to say, that, in time, I became a christian and the husband of Sapphira.

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## **REFLECTIONS.**



## REFLECTIONS.

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### ON PRAYER.

**I**F there be any duty which our Lord Jesus Christ seems to have considered as more indispensably necessary towards the formation of a true Christian, it is that of prayer. He has taken every opportunity of impressing on our minds the absolute need in which we stand of the divine assistance; both to persist in the paths of righteousness, and to fly from the allurements of a fascinating, but dangerous life; and he has directed us to the only means of obtaining that assistance in constant and habitual appeals to the throne of Grace. Prayer is certainly the foundation stone of the superstructure of a religious life, for a man can neither arrive at true piety, nor persevere in its ways when attained, unless with sincere and continued fervency, and with the most unaffected anxiety, he implore Almighty God to grant him his perpetual grace, to guard and restrain him from all those derelictions of heart, to which we are, by nature, but too prone. I should think it an insult to the understanding of a Christian to dwell on the necessity of prayer, and, before we can harangue an infidel on its efficacy, we must convince



him, not only that the being to whom we address ourselves really exists, but that he condescends to hear, and to answer our humble supplications. As these objects are foreign to my present purpose, I shall take my leave of the necessity of prayer, as acknowledged by all to whom this paper is addressed, and shall be content to expatiate on the strong inducements which we have, to lift up our souls to our Maker in the language of supplication and of praise. To depict the happiness which results to the man of true piety from the exercise of this duty ; and, lastly, to warn mankind, lest their fervency should carry them into the extreme of fanaticism, and their prayers, instead of being silent and unassuming expressions of gratitude to their Maker, and humble entreaties for his favouring grace, should degenerate into clamorous vociferations and insolent gesticulations, utterly repugnant to the true spirit of prayer, and to the language of a creature addressing his Creator.

There is such an exalted delight to a regenerate being in the act of prayer, and he anticipates with so much pleasure amid the toils of business, and the crouds of the world, the moment when he shall be able to pour out his soul without interruption into the bosom of his Maker, that I am persuaded, that the degree of desire or repugnance which a man feels to the performance of this amiable duty, is an infallible criterion of his acceptance with God. Let the unhappy child of dissipation—let the impure voluptuary boast of his short hours of exquisite enjoyment ; even in the degree of

bliss they are infinitely inferior to the delight, of which the righteous man participates in his private devotions, while in their opposite consequences they lead to a no less wide extreme than heaven and hell, a state of positive happiness, and a state of positive misery. If there were no other inducement to prayer, than the very gratification it imparts to the soul, it would deserve to be regarded as the most important object of a Christian; for no where else could he purchase so much calmness, so much resignation, and so much of that peace and repose of spirit, in which consists the chief happiness of this otherwise dark and stormy being. But to prayer, besides the inducement of momentary gratification, the very self-love implanted in our bosoms would lead us to resort, as the chief good, for our Lord hath said, "Ask, and it shall be given to thee; knock, and it shall be opened;" and not a supplication made in the true spirit of faith and humility, but shall be answered; not a request which is urged with unfeigned submission and lowliness of spirit, but shall be granted, if it be consistent with our happiness, either temporal or eternal. Of this happiness, however, the Lord God is the only judge; but this we do know, that whether our requests be granted, or whether they be refused, all is working together for our ultimate benefit.

When I say, that such of our requests and solicitations, as are urged in the true spirit of meekness, humility, and submission, will indubitably be answered, I would wish to draw a line between supplications so

urged, and those violent and vehement declamations, which, under the name of prayers, are sometimes heard to proceed from the lips of men professing to worship God, in the spirit of meekness and truth. Surely I need not impress on any reasonable mind, how directly contrary these inflamed and bombastic harangues, are to every precept of christianity, and every idea of the deference due from a poor worm, like man, to the Omnipotent and all great God. Can we hesitate a moment, as to which is more acceptable in his sight—the diffident, the lowly, the retiring, and yet solemn and impressive form of worship of our excellent church, and the wild and laboured exclamations; the authoritative and dictatorial clamours of men, who, forgetting the immense distance at which they stand from the awful Being whom they address; boldly, and with unblushing front, speak to their God as to an equal, and almost dare to prescribe to his infinite wisdom, the steps it shall pursue. How often has the silent, yet eloquent eye of misery wrung from the reluctant hand of charity, that relief which has been denied to the loud and importunate beggar; and, is Heaven to be taken by storm? Are we to wrest the Almighty from his purposes by vociferation and importunity? God forbid! It is a fair, and a reasonable, though a melancholy inference, that the Lord shuts his ears against prayers like these, and leaves the deluded supplicants to follow the impulse of their own headstrong passions, without a guide, and destitute of every ray of his pure and holy light.

Those mock apostles, who thus disgrace the worship of the true God, by their extravagance, are very fond of appearing to imitate the conduct of our Saviour, during his mortal peregrination ; but how contrary were his habits to those of these deluded men ! Did he teach his disciples to insult the ear of Heaven with noise and clamour ? Were his precepts those of fanaticism and passion ? Did he inflame the minds of his hearers with vehement and declamatory harangues ? Did he pray with all this confidence—this arrogance—this assurance ? How different was his conduct ! He divested wisdom of all its pomp and parade, in order to suit it to the capacities of the meanest of its auditors. He spake to them in the lowly language of parable and similitude, and when he prayed, did he instruct his hearers to attend to him with a loud chorus of Amens ? Did he (participating as he did in the Godhead), did he assume the tone of sufficiency, and the language of assurance ? Far from it ! he prayed, and he instructed his disciples to pray in lowliness and meekness of spirit ; he instructed them to approach the throne of Grace with fear and trembling, silently and with the deepest awe and veneration ; and he evinced by his condemnation of the prayer of the self-sufficient pharisee, opposed to that of the diffident publican ; the light in which those were considered in the eyes of the Lord, who setting the terrors of his Godhead at defiance, and boldly building on their own unworthiness, approached him with confidence and pride.

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**THERE** is nothing so indispensably necessary towards the establishment of future earthly, as well as heavenly happiness, as early impressions of piety. For, as religion is the sole source of all human welfare and peace, so habits of religious reflection, in the spring of life, are the only means of arriving at a due sense of the importance of divine concerns in age, except by the bitter and hazardous roads of repentance and remorse. There is not a more awful spectacle in nature, than the death-bed of a *late* repentance. The groans of agony, which attend the separation of the soul from the body, heightened by the heart-piercing exclamation of mental distress; the dreadful ebullitions of horror and remorse, intermingled with the half-fearful, but fervent deprecations of the divine wrath, and prayers for the divine mercy, joined to the pathetic imploring to the friends who stand weeping around the bed of the sinner, to pray for him, and to take warning from his awful end, contribute to render this scene such an impressive and terrible memento of the state of those who have neglected their souls, as must bring to a due sense of his duty, the most hardened of infidels.

It is to ensure you, my young friends, as far as precept can ensure you, from horrors like these in your last moments, that I write this little book, in the hopes, that through the blessing of the Divine Being, it may be use-

ful in inducing you to reflect on the importance of early piety, and lead you into the cheerful performance of your duties to God, and to your own souls. In the pursuit of this plan, I shall, first, consider the bliss which results from a pious disposition, and the horrors of a wicked one. Secondly, the necessity of an early attention to the concerns of the soul towards the establishment of permanent religion, and its consequent happiness; and, thirdly, I shall point out, and contrast, the last moments of those who have acted in conformity, or in contradiction to the rules here laid down.

The contrast between the lives of the good and the wicked man affords such convincing arguments in support of the excellence of religion; that, even those infidels, who have dared to assert their disbelief of the doctrine of revelation, have confessed, that in a political point of view, if in no other, it ought to be maintained. Compare the peaceful and collected course of the virtuous and pious man, with the turbulent irregularity and violence of him, who neglects his soul for the allurements of vice, and judge for yourselves of the policy of the conduct of each, even in this world. Whose pleasures are the most exquisite? Whose delights the most lasting? Whose state is the most enviable? His, who barter his hopes of eternal welfare for a few fleeting moments of brutal gratification; or his, who while he keeps a future state alone in his view, finds happiness in the conscientious performance of his duties, and the scrupulous fulfilment of the end of his sojourn here? Believe

me, my friends, there is no comparison between them. The joys of the infatuated mortal who sacrifices his soul to his sensualities, are mixed with bitterness and anguish. The voice of conscience rises distinctly to his ear, amid the shouts of intemperance and the sallies of obstreperous mirth. In the hour of rejoicing, she whispers her appalling monitions to him, and his heart sinks within him, and the smile of triumphant villany is converted into the ghastly grin of horror and hopelessness. But, oh! in the languid intervals of dissipation; in the dead hour of the night, when all is solitude and silence, when the soul is driven to commune with itself, and the voice of remorse, whose whispers were before half drowned in the noise of riot, rises dreadfully distinct—What!—what are his emotions!—Who can paint his agonies, his exertions, his despair! Let that man lose again in the vortex of fashion, and folly, and vice, the remembrance of his horrors; let him smile, let him laugh and be merry: believe me, my dear readers, he is *not* happy, he is *not* careless, he is not the jovial being he appears to be. His heart is heavy within him; he cannot stifle the reflections which assail him in the very moment of enjoyment; but strip the painted veil from his bosom, lay aside the trappings of folly, and that man is *miserable*, and not only so, but he has purchased that misery at the expence of eternal torment.

Let us oppose to this awful picture, the life of the good man; of him, who rises in the morning, with cheerfulness, to praise his Creator for all the good he hath bestowed

upon him, and to perform with studious exactness the duties of his station; and lays himself down on his pillow in the evening in the sweet consciousness of the applause of his own heart. Place this man on the stormy seas of misfortune and sorrow—press him with afflictive dispensations of providence—snatch from his arms the object of his affections—separate him for ever, from all he loved and held dear on earth, and leave him isolated and an outcast in the world;—he is calm—he is composed—he is grateful—he weeps, for human nature is weak, but he still preserves his composure and resignation—he still looks up to the Giver of all good, with thankfulness and praise, and perseveres with calmness and fortitude in the paths of righteousness. His disappointments cannot overwhelm him, for his chief hopes were placed far, very far, beyond the reach of human vicissitude. “He hath chosen that good part, which none can take away from him.”

Here then lies the great excellence of religion and piety: they not only lead to *eternal* happiness, but to the happiness of this world; they not only ensure everlasting bliss, but they are the sole means of arriving at that degree of felicity, which this dark and stormy being is capable of, and are the sole supports in the hour of adversity and affliction. How infatuated then, must that man be, who can wilfully shut his eyes to his own welfare, and deviate from the paths of righteousness which lead to bliss. Even allowing him to entertain the erroneous notion that religion does not lead to happiness in this life;



his conduct is incompatible with every idea of a reasonable being. In the Spectator we find the following image, employed to induce a conviction of the magnitude of this truth: supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball, or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain, or particle, of this sand, should be annihilated every thousand years; supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass was consuming, by this slow method, till there was not a grain of it left, on condition that you were to be miserable ever after; or supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition, you would be miserable till the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated, at the rate of one sand a thousand years; which of these two cases would you make your choice?

It must be confessed that in this case so many \* \*

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THE life of man is transient and unstable; its fairest passages are but a lighter shade of evil, and yet those passages form but a disproportionate part of the picture. We all seek happiness, though with different degrees of avidity, while the fickle object of our pursuits continually evades the grasp of those who are the most eager in the chase; and, perhaps, at last throws herself into the arms of those who had entirely lost all sight of her, and who, when they are most blessed with her enjoyment, are least conscious that they possess her. Were the objects in which we placed the consummation of our wishes always virtuous, and the means employed to arrive at the bourn of our desires uniformly good; there can be little doubt that the aggregate of mankind would be as happy as is consistent with the state in which they live; but, unfortunately, vicious men pursue vicious ends by vicious means, and by so doing, not only ensure their own misery, but they overturn and destroy the fair designs of the wiser and the better of their kind. Thus he who has no idea of a bliss, beyond the gratification of his brutal appetites, involves in the crime of seduction, the peace and the repose of a good and happy family, and an individual act of evil extends itself by a continued impulse over a large portion of society. It is thus that men of bad minds become the pests of the societies of which they happen to be members. It is thus that the virtuous among men pay the bitter penalty of the crimes and follies of their unworthy fellows.

Men who have passed their whole lives in the lap of luxury and enjoyment, have no idea of misery beyond that of which they happen to be the individual objects.

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THE END.

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## THE WORKS

OF

# JAMES ARMINIUS, D.D.

FORMERLY PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF LEYDEN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN.

With an Account of his LIFE and CHARACTER, and of the times in which he lived.

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### Prospectus.

UPWARDS of two hundred years have elapsed since the works of Arminius were first published in Latin; yet none of them, except a small treatise which in 1655 engaged the attention of the Rev. Tobias Conyers, has been translated into English. This supineness seems, at first sight, not honourable to the character of the English Arminians, who, since the days of King James the First, have always composed the great majority of the Clergy and Laity of the nation. But another more suitable occasion will occur for discussing the various reasons which may be assigned for such an apparent neglect.

ARMINIUS was one of those master spirits who at the will of Heaven occasionally appear among mortals, as if to prove, by a salutary display of the mental energies with which they are endowed, the great intellectual exaltation of which by Divine aid our common nature is capable. He was one of those highly-gifted men who, once perhaps in an age, seem commissioned to grasp in the range of their capacious minds the insulated discoveries which had previously lain unnoticed and in confusion, and who, (perceiving in such discoveries certain latent properties which bear a mutual relation to each other,) produce some strong uniting principle, by the application of which they are exhibited to the view of the world in lucid order and splendid harmony.—Thus, *the laws of gravitation and attraction*, (new, only in regard to their application,) were the ties which the fertile genius of Sir ISAAC NEWTON employed, in his beautiful theory of the Universe, to unite together many of the brilliant discoveries of his learned predecessors, for each of which their names had been immortalized in the annals of Philosophy.—In the same manner, our ARMINIUS connected together many able defences of single scriptural truths, by means of *the doctrine of Conditional Predestination*, which attributes election to eternal life solely to christian CHARACTERS *as such*, and only while their dispositions and conduct remain truly christian. Though some of these defences had been in existence previous to his days, yet they had never been displayed in their natural connection, till he arose, associated them together, and shewed how they were severally illustrative of each other,—being doctrines which hold “the golden mean” between the extremes of CALVINISM and PELAGIANISM, and between the two intermediate and milder contradictions of SEMI-PELAGIANISM and BAXTERIANISM.

The truly evangelical system of religious belief, therefore, which is known in modern days under the honoured name of ARMINIANISM, has acquired that appellation, not because ARMINIUS was the sole author of it, but because he collected those scattered and often incidental observations of the Christian Fathers, and of the early Protestant Divines, which have a collateral relation to the distinguishing doctrines of General Redemption, and because he condensed and applied them in such a manner as to make them combine in one grand and harmonious scheme; in which all the attri-

and perfections of the Deity are secured to him in a clearer and more obvious manner than by Calvinism, and in which man is left in possession of Free Agency, which alone places him in the condition of an accountable being.

The works of Arminius consist of Five charming *Orations* on different theological subjects, *the Declaration of his Sentiments* which he delivered at the Hague before the States of Holland, his *Defence against thirty-one defamatory articles* which had been published against him, a most excellent Compendium of Divinity in several *public and private Lectures*, his *Friendly Conference with Junius on Predestination*, and his *Examination of the Armilla Aurea of Perkins*. To these succeed his ample *Analysis of the Ninth Chapter of the Epistle to the Romans*, a *Dissertation on the true and genuine sense of the Seventh Chapter of the same Epistle*, and a few articles of minor importance.—This English translation will also comprise a most interesting posthumous treatise, not included in any of the collections of his works in Latin, but which was published in a separate Form, by Curcellæus, thirty-five years after the death of the Author: It is entitled, *An Examination of the Theses of Gomarus on Predestination*, and is accounted the most able refutation of Supralapsarian Calvinism that was ever written.—After perusing the following authorities, some conception may be formed of the estimation in which Arminius was held by men of all parties :

1. THEODORE BEZA, *Professor of Divinity at Geneva*.

From the period when Arminius returned to us from Basle, both his acquirements in learning and his manner of life have been so approved by us, that we form the highest hopes respecting him, if he proceed in the same course as that which he is now pursuing, and in which, we think, by the favour of God he will continue. For the Lord has conferred on him, among other endowments, a happy genius for clearly perceiving the nature of things and forming a correct judgment about them, which, if it be brought under the governance of piety, of which he shews himself most studious, will undoubtedly cause his POWERFUL GENIUS, after it has been matured by years and confirmed by his acquaintance with things, to produce a RICH and MOST ABUNDANT HARVEST.

2. *The Rev. PETER HEYLIN, D.D.*

JUNIUS, a very moderate and learned man, and one of the Professors of Divinity in the Schools of Leyden, departed out of this life in the same year also ; into whose place the Overseers, (or “Curators,” as they call them,) of that University, made choice of JACOB VAN HARMINE, a man of EQUAL LEARNING and NO LESS PIETY. Towards which, the Testimonial-letters sent from Amsterdam, where he had, for fifteen years before, been Pastor, did not help a little ; in which he stands commended for a man of an *unblameable life, sound doctrine, and fair behaviour*, as by their letters may appear, exemplified in an Oration which was made at his Funeral.

By which ATTRACTIVES he prevailed as much amongst the students of Leyden, as he had done amongst the merchants at Amsterdam. For during the short time of his sitting in the chair of Leyden, he drew unto him a great part of that University ; who by the PIETY of the man, his POWERFUL ARGUMENTS, his EXTREME DILIGENCE in that place, and the CLEAR LIGHT OF REASON which appeared in all his discourses, became so wedded at the last unto his Opinions, that no time or trouble could divorce them from Harmine.

3. SIR HENRY WOTTON, *English Ambassador at the Court of Venice*.

In my travel toward Venice, as I past through Germany, I rested almost a year at Leyden, when I entered into an acquaintance with ARMINIUS, (then the Professor of Divinity in that University,) a man much talked of in this age, which is made up of opposition and controversy : And indeed, if I mistake not Arminius in his expressions, (as so weak a brain, as mine is, may easily do,) then I know I differ from him in some points : yet I profess my judgment of him to be, that he was a MAN OF MOST RARE LEARNING, and I knew him to be of a MOST STRICT LIFE, and of a MOST MEEK SPIRIT. And that he was so mild, appears by his proposals to our Master Perkins.

4. *The Rev. DANIEL NEAL.*

This year died the famous JACOBUS ARMINIUS, Divinity Professor in the University of Leyden, who gave birth to the famous sect still called by his name. Being desired by one of the Professors of Franequer to confute a treatise of Beza’s upon the supralapsarian scheme of Predestination, he fell himself into the contrary sentiment.—He represented as a Divine of considerable learning, piety, and modesty, *far from going lengths of his successors*, Vorstius, Episcopius, and Curcellæus.

## 5. J. L. MOSHEIM, D.D.

The Arminians derive their name and their origin from James ARMINIUS, or *Harmonsen*, who was first Pastor at Amsterdam, and afterwards Professor of Divinity at Leyden, and who attracted the esteem and applause of his very ENEMIES, by his acknowledged CANDOUR, PENETRATION, and PIETY.—Arminius, though he had imbibed in his tender years the doctrines of Geneva, afterwards embraced the principles and communion of those whose religious system extends the love of the SUPREME BEING, and the merits of JESUS CHRIST, to ALL MANKIND.

They who would form a just and accurate notion of the TEMPER, GENIUS, and DOCTRINE of this Divine, will do well to peruse, with particular attention, that part of his works which is known under the title of *Disputationes publicæ et privæ*. There is in his manner of reasoning, and also in his phraseology, some little remains of the scholastic jargon of that age; but we find, nevertheless, in his writings, upon the whole, much of that SIMPLICITY and PERSPICUITY which his followers have always looked upon, and still consider, as among the principal qualities of a Christian Minister.

## 6. The Rev. TOBIAS CONYERS.

This excellent man dedicated to Oliver Cromwell his translation of the *Declaration* of Arminius; and among other good remarks, he states: "In as much as the name of ARMINIANS is violently obtruded upon us who believe, that *Christ died for all, and tasted death for every man according to the Scriptures*, whereby our persons are endeavoured to be rendered odious, and the blessed word of the kingdom in our mouths scandalous and offensive,—I judged it reasonable to offer the author's judgment to English view, that I might put an opportunity, into the hands of indifferent men, of resolving themselves, that *Arminius was no such monster in religion* as some men have attempted to represent him, and that HIS NAME STANDS UNDESERVEDLY BLOTTED in the ecclesiastical rolls of continual obloquy. I am confident, the Doctor, in this draught of himself, will abundantly please you. In him LEARNING and INGENUITY, PIETY and MODERATION, contend together for the mastery; and this, by the happy ducture of Christian principles."

## 7. The Rev. JOHN FLETCHER.

Among the Divines abroad, who have endeavoured to steer their doctrinal course between the PELAGIAN SHELVES and the AUGUSTINIAN ROCKS, and who have tried to follow the reconciling plan of our great Reformer CRANMER, none is MORE FAMOUS, and NONE CAME NEARER THE TRUTH, THAN ARMINIUS. He was a pious and judicious Dutch Minister, who, in the beginning of the last century, taught Divinity in the University of Leyden, in Holland. He made some noble efforts to drive MANICHEISM, and DISGUISED FATALISM, out of the Protestant Church, of which he was a member; and, so far as his light and influence extended, (by proving the Evangelical union of REDEMPTING-GRACE and FREE-WILL,) he restored Scripture-harmony to the gospel, and carried on the plan of reconciliation, which Cranmer had laid down. His sermons, lectures, and orations, made many ashamed of *Absolute Predestination*, and of the *bad-principled God* who was before quietly worshipped all over Holland.

A great number of Protestant Divines, assembled at Dort in Holland, confirmed Calvin's indirect opposition to the doctrines of Justice, and condemned Arminius after his death: for, during his life, none dared to attack him; such was the REPUTATION he had, even through Holland, both for LEARNING and EXEMPLARY PIETY!

## 8. The Rev. JOHN WESLEY.

Mean time, from others he [ARMINIUS] underwent almost continual persecution, and was treated with the most flagrant injustice. *Thirty-one Articles*, containing many things which he utterly denied, as well as the most senseless and wilful misrepresentations of what he maintained, were circulated through Holland, as an exact code of his doctrines. He more than once, in his answer, complains of his enemies making him a fool, as well as a heretic.—THE DECLARATION OF HIS OPINIONS, which he spoke in an assembly of the States, serves at once by facts to evidence the unfair usage he met with, and to proclaim to the world AS MANLY and RATIONAL a SYSTEM OF DIVINITY as any age or nation has produced. His uncommon MILDNESS and FORBEARANCE, (rendered still more extraordinary by the age in which he lived,) is apparent in every page of his writings. And his disputes with the celebrated JUNIUS, and our English PERKINS, on the subject of Predestination, are, for the POLITE and GENEROUS MANNER in which he has conducted them, AN HONOUR to HUMAN NATURE.

How can any man know what Arminius held, who has never read one page of his writings? Let no man bawl against ARMINIANS till he knows what the term means: And then he will know, that Arminians and Calvinists are just upon a level. John CALVIN was a pious, learned, and sensible man; and so was James HARMENS.—NO MAN THAT EVER LIVED, not John Calvin himself, ever asserted either ORIGINAL SIN, or JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH, in more strong, more clear and express terms than ARMINIUS has done.

9. *The Rev. RICHARD THOMSON, Cambridge.*

I view with approbation what you write concerning Arminius;—though we in England are not so ignorant of his REPUTATION, as you seem to apprehend. For I formerly knew him very well, before he became Professor of Divinity; and since he entered on his new office, he has begun to be well-known to many others of my countrymen. As often, therefore, as any students come from Leyden to Cambridge, our Professors make particular enquiries about Arminius. I am truly glad, for the sake of your University, that she contains SUCH A GREAT MAN.

10. *JOHN BUXTORF, Professor of Hebrew in the University of Basle.*

The unexpected extinction of JAMES ARMINIUS, that GREAT AND FAMOUS LUMINARY of the Low Countries, most justly excited within my mind emotions of the deepest grief, both on account of the general loss which the Church has thus sustained, and on account of the sad interruption to my further intimacy with SUCH A GREAT MAN, which I have personally to lament at the very moment when I was becoming better acquainted with him. For I had fondly indulged the hope, that he would have succeeded to that place in my esteem which the learned SCALIGER held, that illustrious hero of pious memory! who was also removed from me much too early.

11. *ISAAC CASAUBON, Keeper of the Royal Library in Paris.*

I have no doubt, that Arminius of blessed memory, whom you mention, was A GREAT MAN; though I have not yet found one among our ministers, [the French Protestants,] who does not account him an *infamous heretic*. The reason of this, is, because they hold the opinion of Calvin as the standard of truth.

12. *The Rev. JOHN UYTENBOGARDT.*

The Remonstrants thank God, that they have been permitted to know, to hear, and to see SUCH A MAN AS ARMINIUS, and to enjoy the benefit of his GREAT ABILITIES. They look upon this church to be happy in having had such a light, and unhappy in having lost it so soon; but still more unhappy are those who, when they might, did not learn of him.—I have written to the Patriarch, [Cyril, of Alexandria,] but I have not sent him an Account of the Conference [at the Hague in 1611,] because it is not yet translated into Latin, and he does not understand the Dutch Language. I have only transmitted to him the Disputations of Arminius, because they contain a sort of BRIEF SYSTEM OF DIVINITY, on which I am very desirous to obtain his opinion.

13. *CYRIL, Patriarch of Alexandria.*

But my want of leisure prevents me at present from writing on these subjects, [the Freedom of the Will, Predestination, and Justification,] concerning which it has not yet been made evident to the world what ought to be received for certainties: And I consider such a labour unnecessary, because it is better suited to men of greater gravity and learning. It has been executed in a compendious manner by JAMES ARMINIUS, who was, in my judgment, A LEARNED MAN.

14. *The Rev. MATTHIAS MARTINIUS, of Bremen.*

The death of ARMINIUS is confirmed. He appeared to me to be a *man who truly feared God*, of the DEEPEST ERUDITION, uncommonly well versed in theological controversies, and POWERFUL IN THE SCRIPTURES. He also exercised extreme caution and accuracy in accommodating the terms of philosophy to theological subjects.

15. *The Rev. ANTHONY THYSIUS, and JOHN NARSIVS.*

I have frequently heard Dr. ANTHONY THYSIUS testify, "that he never knew a man endowed with *more virtues*, or of a higher cast, than those which ARMINIUS possessed; and that no one could be *liable to fewer faults*, or of a more trifling description." His spirit breathed so much PIETY and candour, such HUMILITY, KINDNESS, and AFFABILITY in the highest condition,—it was so *studious of peace* and so *patient under the heaviest injuries*,—that it would have been his choice to endure all kinds of calumnies and reproaches, diseases, and even death itself, rather than enlarge by a great display of retaliation the wound already inflicted on Christendom, and especially on our Reformed churches. He was a man whose EQUAL I do not think this age has produced.

16. *JOS. SCALIGER, MEURSIUS, DRUSIUS, and Others.*

Joseph Scaliger, who was by no means liberal of his praises to others, calls ARMINIUS a *very great man*.—Meursius, in his *Athenæ Batavæ*, ascribes to him AN ACUTE GENIUS and A STRONG JUDGMENT.—The celebrated Drusius relates, that "he was one of those LEARNED and CANDID MEN to whose judgment he willingly submitted his writings."

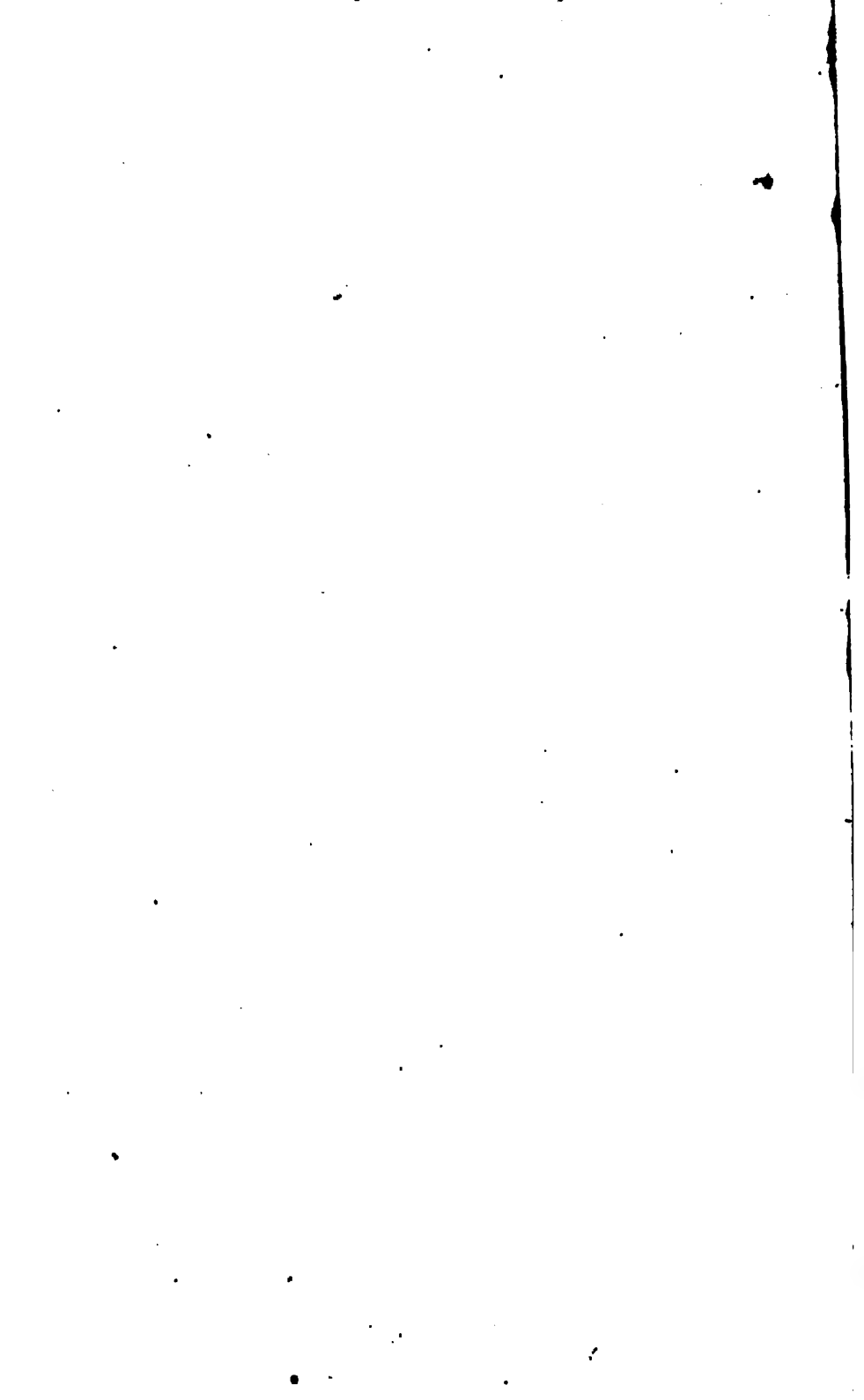
Similar testimonies might be quoted from Junius, Grynæus, Heinsius, Grotius, Episcopius, Philip Mornay Lord of Plessis, Limborch, and other learned men, both foreigners and of our own country.

THE  
REMAINS  
OF  
HENRY KIRKE WHITE.



ENGRAVED from a DRAWING of the TABLET, executed by F. Chantrey Esq<sup>r</sup> F.R.S. in the memory of the late H.K. WHITE  
and erected in All Saints Church Cambridge, at the sole expense of Francis Boott Esq<sup>r</sup>.  
By The INSCRIPTION, by William Smith Esq<sup>r</sup> Professor of Modern History.





THE  
REMAINS  
OF  
HENRY KIRKE WHITE,  
OF NOTTINGHAM,  
*LATE OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE;*  
WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS  
LIFE,  
*BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.*

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VOL. III.

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## PREFACE.

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FEW books have issued from the press, during the last fifteen years, which have excited such general and unabating interest as the Remains of Henry Kirke White. I hoped, and indeed expected, this with some confidence; in reliance upon something better than the taste or judgment of that many-headed idol, the public. I trusted, that the genius of the writer, and the purity and beauty of his character, would call forth admiration in young and generous hearts; while a large portion of the community would duly appreciate his good sense, his prudence, and his piety. And, in this I was not deceived: youth and age, the learned and the unlearned, the proud intellect and the humble heart, have derived from these melancholy relics a pleasure, equal perhaps in degree, though different in kind.

In consequence of this general acceptation, the relatives of the Author were often advised and solicited to publish a farther selection, and applications to the same effect were sometimes addressed to me. An extract from one letter upon the subject may not improperly be inserted here, for its singularity and frank good-nature. After declaring, that he did not remember ever to have read a work which had more pleased, edified, and affected him, the writer says, "To be sure, you and I should read the book very differently. I am such a Goth, that I have no taste for any poetry, beyond a Tabernacle Hymn: therefore, when I read the first volume, I skipped the verses, or, at most, hastily ran my eye over them. The part which has so much struck me is his religion. Indeed, dear Sir, you have done this part great justice. A thought, however, has struck me, which I trust your candour will pardon me for stating to you. As you had a trunk full of papers of his writing to select from, I fear there may be many on the subject of religion which you may have omitted, (not out of bigotry; for the Life is so fairly and honourably written, that I perfectly acquit you of that,) but from thinking them perhaps enthusiastic, or unworthy of his

great abilities ; when those very papers might be a means of comfort and edification to some pious minds. Even if this did not weigh with you, out of so large a number you had to select a few, consequently many must have been unavoidably rejected. If there are many more of the same devotional cast, and it was judged expedient to print them, I would gladly subscribe towards it."

The wishes, thus privately expressed, for a farther selection, were seconded by the publishers ; but so little had any such intention been originally entertained, that the poems, and some prose compositions, which from time to time were recovered and thought worthy of preservation, were inserted in the former volumes, as the opportunity of a new edition occurred. At length, however, when some letters of more than common interest were put into Mr. Neville White's possession, the propriety of bearing a future publication in mind was perceived ; and, from that time, such letters and compositions as were discovered were laid aside with this view. From these, and from the gleanings of the original collection, the present volume has been formed.

Few of the prose compositions stand in need

of any apology. I have elsewhere observed, that the premature good sense of Henry was even more extraordinary than his genius; and these Remains contain abundant proofs, that if Providence had thought good to lengthen his days, he would, in all likelihood, have been one of the most judicious of English Authors. With regard to the poetry, having in the first instance exercised my own judgement, I did not now think myself justified in rejecting, what others recommended for insertion. The poems had been seen by many friends of the family, and as in this case no possible injury could be done to the reputation of the dead, I willingly deferred to their wishes and feelings. That which has pleased one person may be expected to please others; and the productions of an immature mind will be read by other minds in the same stage, with which they will be in unison. The lover of poetry, as well as the artist and the antiquary, may be allowed to have his relics. Even in the relic-worship of the Romish superstition, what we condemn, is not the natural and becoming sentiment, but the abuse which has been made of it, and the follies and villainies which have been committed in consequence.

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I take this opportunity of making some additions to the Account of Henry's Life; and especially, to that part of it concerning the manner in which he received those strong religious impressions which permanently stamped his character. The facts \* were not known to me when that account was written; they are now stated on the authority of the Rev. R. W. Almond, rector of St. Peter's, Nottingham, who was his fellow-student at Wintringham, and one of his earliest and most intimate friends.

At a time when Henry doubted the truth of Christianity, and professed a careless indifference concerning it, — which he was far from feeling, — it happened that Mr. Almond was accidentally present at a death-bed, and was so struck with what he then saw of the power and influence, and inestimable value of religion, that he formed a firm determination to renounce all such pursuits as

\* It will be observed, that this statement differs materially from what is given in the original memoir; and Henry's friends are desirous, that the difference should thus be pointed out, in order to expose the pretensions of a person who advertises himself as the tutor of Henry Kirke White, and the instrument of his conversion! How groundless the latter assertion is, is here shown; and as for tutorage, it continued not more than five or six weeks.



were not strictly compatible with it. That he might not be shaken in this resolution, he withdrew from the society of all those persons whose ridicule or censure he feared; and was particularly careful to avoid Henry, of whose raillery he stood most in dread. He anxiously shunned him therefore; till Henry, who would not suffer an intimacy of long standing to be broken off he knew not why, called upon his friend, and desired to know the cause of this unaccountable conduct towards himself and their common acquaintance.

Mr. Almond, who had received him with trembling and reluctance, replied to this expostulation, that a total change had been effected in his religious views, and that he was prepared to defend his opinions and conduct, if Henry would allow the Bible to be the word of truth and the standard of appeal. Upon this, Henry exclaimed in a tone of strong emotion: — “ Good God, you surely regard me in a worse light than I deserve ! ” — His friend proceeded to say, that what he had said was from a conviction that they had no common ground on which to contend, Henry having more than once suggested, that the book of *Isaiah* was an *epic*, and that of *Job* a *dramatic*, poem. He then stated what the change was

which had taken place in his own views and intentions, and the motives for his present conduct. From the manner in which Henry listened, it became evident that his mind was ill at ease, and that he was no-ways satisfied with himself. His friend, therefore, who had expected to be assailed in a tone of triumphant superiority by one in the pride and youthful confidence of great intellectual powers, and, as yet, ignorant of his own ignorance, found himself unexpectedly called upon to act the monitor; and, putting into his hands Scott's "Force of Truth," which was lying on the table, intreated him to take it with him, and peruse it at his leisure.

The book produced little effect, and was returned with disapprobation. Men differ as much in mind as in countenance: some are to be awakened by passionate exhortation, or vehement reproof, appealing to their fears and exciting their imagination; others yield to force of argument, or, upon slow enquiry, to the accumulation of historical testimony and moral proofs; there are others, in whom the innate principle of our nature retains more of its original strength, and these are led by their inward monitor into the

way of peace. Henry was of this class. His intellect might have been on the watch to detect a flaw in evidence, a defective argument, or an illogical inference; but, in his heart, he felt that there is no happiness, no rest, without religion: and in him who becomes willing to believe, the root of infidelity is destroyed. Mr. Almond was about to enter at Cambridge; on the evening before his departure for the University, Henry requested that he would accompany him to the little room, which was called his study. "We had no sooner entered," says Mr. Almond, "than he burst into tears, and declared, that his anguish of mind was insupportable. He intreated that I would kneel down and pray for him: and most cordially were our tears and supplications mingled at that interesting moment. When I took my leave, he exclaimed: — 'What must I do! — You are the only friend to whom I can apply in this agonizing state, and you are about to leave me. My literary associates are all inclined to deism. I have no one with whom I can communicate!'"

This was early in the summer of 1803, soon after Henry had completed his eighteenth year. In October, his friend, when he went to reside

at Cambridge, endeavoured to interest in Henry's behalf some persons who might be able to assist him in what was now become the great object of his desire, that of passing through the University, and qualifying himself for holy orders. It is neither to be wondered at nor censured, that his representations, where he had an opportunity of making them, were for the most part coldly received. They who have been most conversant with youth best understand how little the promises of early genius are to be relied upon: it is among the mortifying truths which we learn from experience; and no common spirit of benevolence is required to overcome the chilling effect of repeated disappointments. He found, however, encouragement from two persons, whose names have since become well known. Mr. Dealtry, then one of the mathematical lecturers at Trinity, was one. This gentleman, whom the love of the abstract sciences had not rendered intolerant of other pursuits more congenial to youthful imaginations, consented to look at Henry's poem of "*Time*," a manuscript of which was in Almond's possession. The perusal interested him greatly; he entered with his wonted benignity into the concerns of the author, and

would gladly have befriended him, if the requisite assistance had not just at that time been secured from other quarters.

The other person in whom Mr. Almond excited an interest for his friend was *Henry Martyn*, who has since sacrificed his life in the missionary service ; he was then only a few years older than Henry ; equally ardent, equally devout, equally enthusiastic. He heard with emotion of this kindred spirit ; read some of his letters, and undertook to enter his name upon the boards of St. John's, (of which college he was a fellow,) saying, that a friend in London, whose name he was not at liberty to communicate, had empowered him to assist any deserving young man with thirty pounds a year during his stay at the University. To ensure success, one of Henry's letters was transmitted to this unknown friend ; and Martyn was not a little surprised and grieved, to learn in reply, that a passage in that letter seemed to render it doubtful whether the writer were a Churchman or a Dissenter ; and, therefore, occasioned a demur as to the propriety of assisting him. Just at this time Henry arrived at Cambridge, with an introduction to Mr. Simeon. That gentleman being in correspondence with

Martyn's friend in London, expressed displeasure at his arrival; but the first interview removed all objection.

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I may here add, as at the same time showing Henry's aspirations after fame and the principles by which he had learnt to regulate his ambition, that on the cover of one of his commonplace books he had written these mottoes.

ΑΑΑΑ ΓΑΡ ΕΣΤΙΝ ΜΟΤΕΑ ΚΑΙ ΗΜΙΝ

EURIP: MEDEA. 1091.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
(That last infirmity of noble minds),  
To scorn delight, and live laborious days.

MILTON'S LYCIDAS, 70.

Under these lines was placed a reference to the following extract, (in another page,) from Barrow. "The Holy Scripture does not teach us to slight honour; but rather, in its fit order and just measure, to love and prove it. It directs us not to make a regard thereto our chief principle; not to propound it as our main end of action. It charges us, to bear contentedly the

want or loss thereof, as of other temporal goods. Yea, in some cases, for conscience sake, or for God's service, (that is, for a good incomparably better,) it obliges us willingly to prostitute and sacrifice it, choosing rather to be infamous than impious; in disgrace with man, rather than in disfavour with God. It, in fine, commands us to seek and embrace it only in subordination, and with final reference to God's honour."

It is a mournful thing to consider how much the world has lost in a mind so highly gifted, and regulated by such principles. The country is overflowing with talents: and mere talents, directed as they are more frequently to evil than to good, are to be regretted when they are cut off, only in compassion for those who must answer for their misapplication: but one who had chosen his part well, and would have stood forward, armed at all points, among the conservative spirits of the age, can ill be spared. Yet he has not lived in vain, either for himself or others. Perhaps no after-works which he might have left on earth, however elaborate, could have been so influential as his youthful example. For many are the young and ardent minds who have received, and many, many more are they who

will receive, from him a right bias in the beginning of their course. Many are the youthful poets who will recognize their own feelings concerning *Henry Kirke White*, in this sweet Sonnet.

Tho' as the dew of morning, short thy date;  
Tho' sorrow look'd on thee, and said — " be mine !"  
Yet with a holy ardour, bard divine,  
I burn — I burn to share thy glorious fate,  
Above whate'er of honours, or estate,  
This transient world can give ! I would resign,  
With rapture, Fortune's choicest gifts for thine,—  
More truly noble, more sublimely great.  
For thou hast gain'd the prize of well-tried worth,  
That prize which from thee never can be riven ;  
Thine, Henry, is a deathless name on earth,  
Thine amaranthine wreaths, new-pluck'd in heaven !  
By what aspiring child of mortal birth  
Could more be ask'd, to whom might more be given ?

CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSEND.

A tablet to Henry's memory, with a medallion by Chantrey, has been placed in All-Saint's Church, Cambridge, at the expense of a young American Gentleman, Mr. Francis Boott, of Boston. During his travels in this country, he



visited the grave of one whom he had learnt to love and regret in America ; and finding no other memorial of him than the initials of his name upon the plain stone which covers his perishable remains, ordered this monument to be erected. It bears the following inscription by Professor Smyth, who, while Henry was living, treated him with characteristic kindness, and has consigned to posterity this durable expression of his friendship.

Warm with fond hope and learning's sacred flame,  
To Granta's bowers the youthful poet came ;  
Unconquer'd powers the immortal mind displayed,  
But worn with anxious thought the frame decayed :  
Pale o'er his lamp, and in his cell retir'd,  
The martyr student faded, and expired.  
Oh ! genius, taste, and piety sincere,  
Too early lost, midst studies too severe !  
Foremost to mourn was generous Southey seen,  
He told the tale, and show'd what White had been ;  
Nor told in vain. — Far o'er the Atlantic wave  
A wanderer came, and sought the poet's grave :  
On yon low stone he saw his lonely name,  
And raised this fond memorial to his fame.

WILLIAM. SMYTH.

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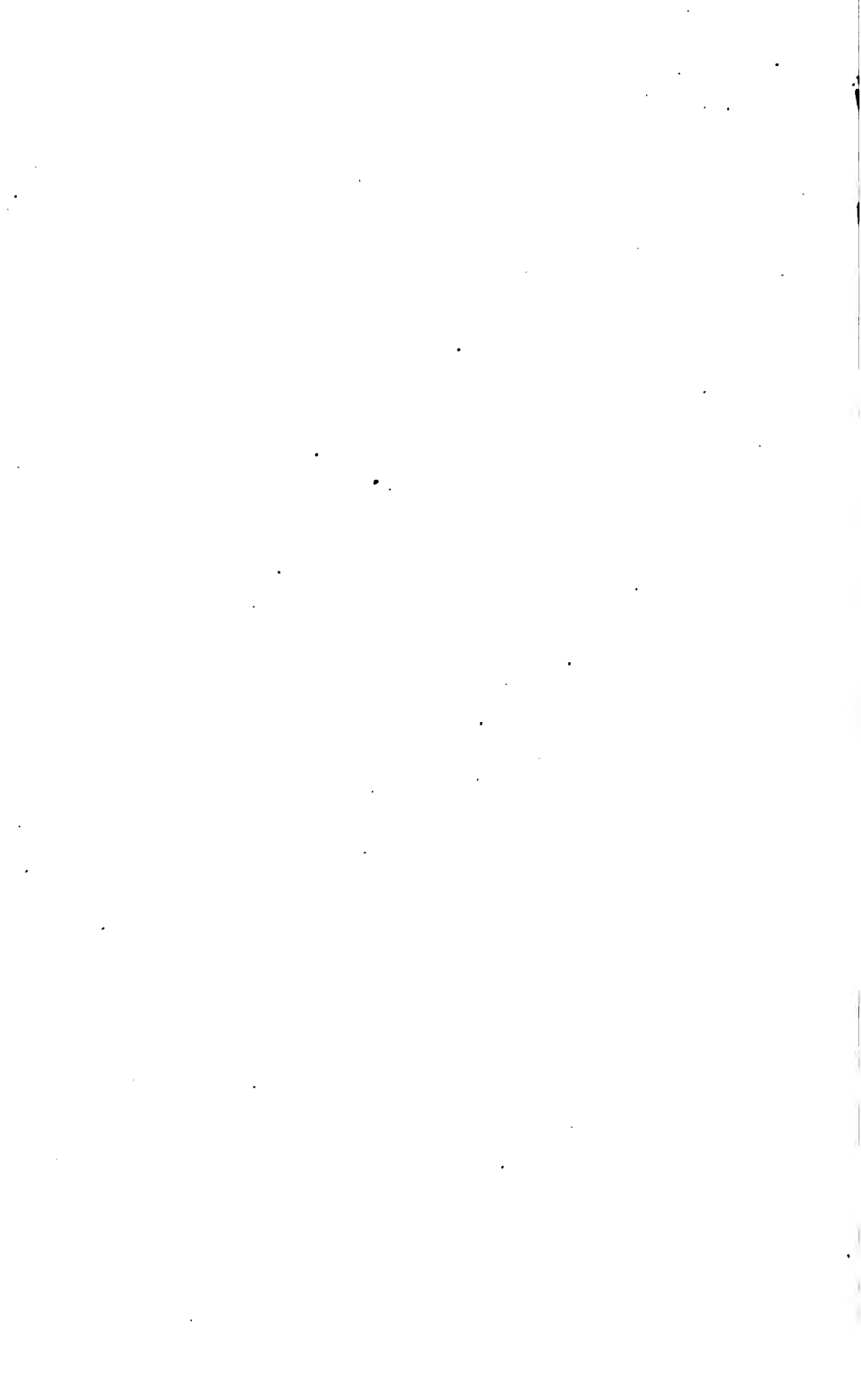
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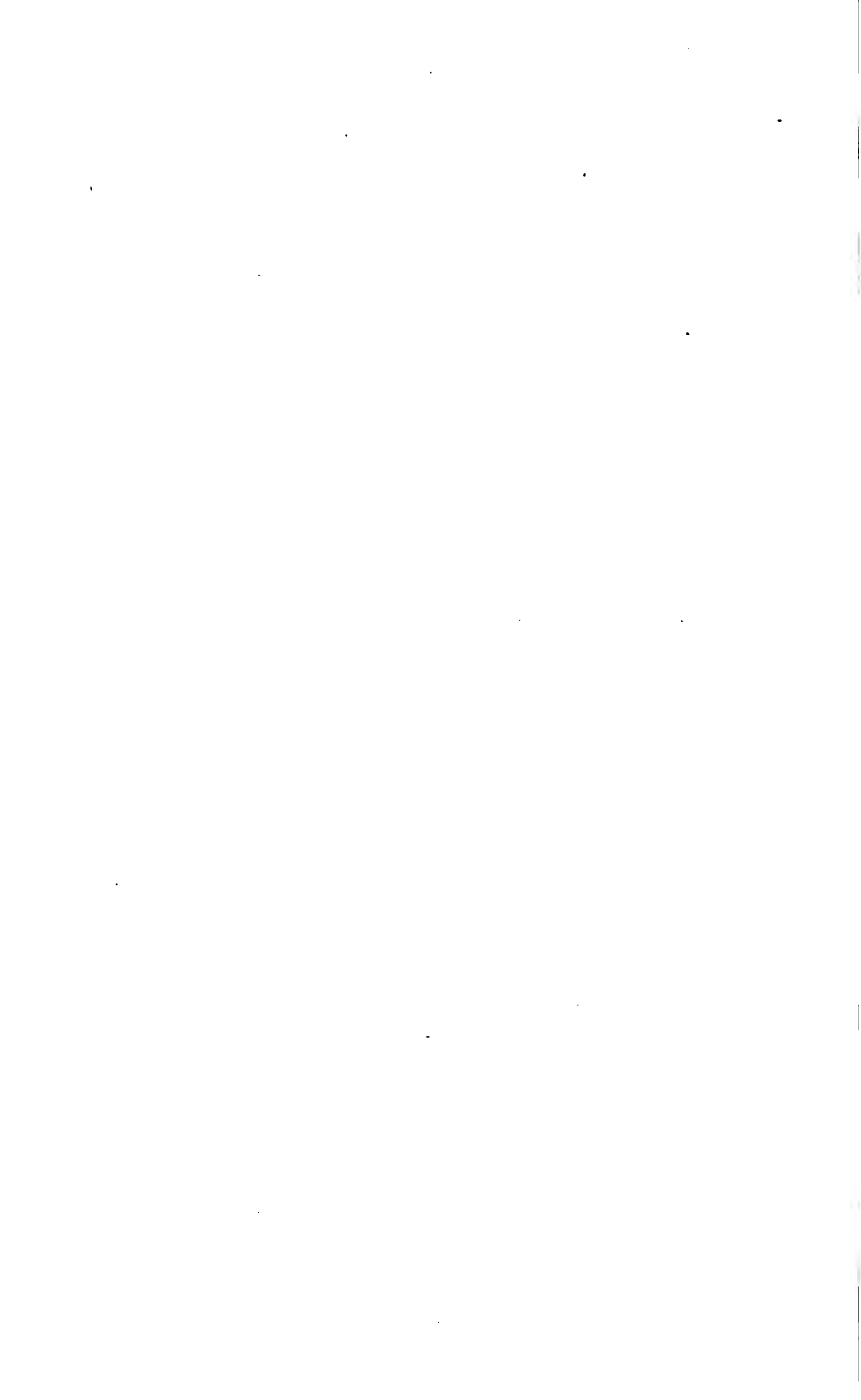
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# LETTERS.



# LETTERS.

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TO MR. HARRIS.

Nottingham, —, 1802.

DEAR SIR,

I MUST stand self-accused of negligence for not having written to you sooner, on the subject of Parkhurst's Greek Lexicon, which you were so good as to inform me you could obtain for 2*l.* 2*s.*; but at the time you left the note at our house, I was at Chesterfield, from whence I did not return until the ensuing week, and my mother having forgotten to mention the circumstance of your note being written in the Monthly Mirror, I never knew of it, until a considerable time afterwards, when I casually cast my eye upon it, as I was preparing the numbers to be *bound*. I have also expected, for some time, to hear of your return to Nottingham, as from what you said previous to your departure, I concluded you were not going to bid us a final farewell. I now suppose you have obtained a situation elsewhere, but in what part of this great world, I am totally at a loss to imagine. For any thing I know to the contrary, you may be shivering in Nova-Zembla, or sweltering under the line;



quaffing the milk of the cocoa-nut under the broad bananas of the Indies, or breathing the invigorating air of liberty in the half-cultivated wilds of North America. I have some sort of a prepossession, however, that you are not quite so far removed from the fogs of our British atmosphere, but rather think you are concealed amid its vapours. I am the more inclined to favour this latter supposition, though not so *romantic* as the former by half, — because Mr. S \* \*, who will forward this letter, has signified the same to me.

Since your departure, I have made some progress in the Greek, but was stopt for the want of a Lexicon. I lately purchased a second-hand Schrevelius, (Greek and Latin,) which has pretty well answered my purpose, but Parkhurst is still desirable, and if you will have the goodness to obtain me the one you mentioned, I shall be obliged to you, and will remit you the price, wherever you may happen to be, and in the manner you may judge the most convenient.

I can assure you, I begin to feel your loss severely, and, as the summer approaches, shall do it the more, for I consider the hours I passed with you at the Trent Bridge, as the most delightfully tranquil of my life; though dashed, at intervals, by the recollection that I had to brave all the horrors of the night, the walking spectres, and the lurking assassins in my way home, over the meadows. Seriously, now I wonder, how you could

leave so many attractions, to a mind like your's, when you possessed an easy competency, in pursuit of precarious wealth. I can give you a line of Horace to this effect, but my Latinity is very stale —

“ Quod satis est, cui contingit, nihil amplius optet.”

I hope you will not think me impertinent, in thus obtruding my gaping wonderments on your notice, nor think me a believer in the truth of that impertinent Greek Proverb “ πολλοι μαθηται κρειττονες διδασκαλων.” Had it been *wiser*, instead of “ *better*,” this would have been more applicable, but you see how ambitious I am of forcing my learning on your notice. Pray do have the goodness to inform me whether in writing in the Greek character, there is not some mode of joining the letters, without making use of those plaguey contractions ; in my present way, as above, I find it wretchedly tiresome.

You see, I begin to talk to you as if I were a regular correspondent ; in fact, it is in that very light I wish to consider myself, and it depends on you to determine whether I shall enjoy that pleasure. I confess, all the advantage will be on my side, without any thing adequate, to compensate for it on your's. But,—hang these “ *but*s,” how they bother one. *But*, the fact is, I have nothing interesting on the subject, though I have been racking my brains several minutes to discover something.

\* \* \* \* \*

## TO MR. R. W. ALMOND.

Nottingham, 22d November, 1803.

DEAR ROBERT,

\* \* \* \* \*

I WAS happy enough to be introduced to Mr. Robinson\* a few days ago; I passed half an hour with him alone, by his desire, and afterwards took tea and supper with him, his wife and daughter, at Mrs. M \* \* 's. I cannot describe to you, in adequate terms, the domestic character of this venerable man. He is all cheerfulness and complacency, good humoured, and sometimes even jocose; his conversation at the same time *instructive*, and, in no common degree, *entertaining*. He is full of anecdotes of eminent pious characters of the last century, as well as of this. He knew Mr. Venn very well, and he is intimate with O \* \* \*: he gave us a most affecting representation of his last interview with the *former*, just before his death. He depicted the resigned and placid countenance of the aged and dying Christian, so admirably in his features, and suited his voice so exactly

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\* The late Rev. Mr. Robinson, Vicar of St. Mary's, Leicester; the author of "Scripture Characters," &c. &c.

to the affecting state of a very old man, sinking under the weight of years, that he actually drew tears into my eyes. During the whole evening, I was pleased to observe, he directed his whole conversation to me, and, as he had before slightly examined me, it gave me the assurance that he was satisfied with me. He promised me every assistance that he could command, and when we shook hands at parting, he said, "Mr. White, I wish you may live to become an ornament to the Ministry; I trust you will have assistance. Fear not, go on, and the Lord prosper you." He recommended me to labour at the Greek very diligently, and thought I had delayed it too long.

\* \* \* \* \*

My dear friend, I cannot adequately express what I owe to you on the score of religion. I told Mr. Robinson you were the *first instrument* of my being brought to think deeply on religious subjects; and I feel more and more every day, that if it had not been for you, I might, most probably, have been now buried in apathy and unconcern. Though I am in a great measure blessed, — I mean blessed with *faith*, now pretty stedfast, and heavy convictions, I am far from being happy. My sins have been of a dark hue, and manifold: I have made *Fame* my God, and *Ambition* my shrine. I have placed all my hopes on the things of this world. I have knelt to Dagon; I have worshipped the evil creations of my own

*proud* heart, and God had well nigh turned his countenance from me in wrath ; perhaps one step further, and he might have shut me for ever from his rest. I now turn my eyes to Jesus, my saviour, my atonement, with hope and confidence : he will not repulse the imploring penitent ; his arms are open to all, they are open even to me ; and in return for such a mercy, what can I do less than dedicate my whole life to his service ? My thoughts would fain recur at intervals to my former delights, but I am now on my guard to restrain and keep them in. - I know now *where* they *ought* to center, and with the blessing of God, they shall *there* all tend.

My next publication of poems will be solely religious. I shall not destroy those of a different nature, which now lie before me, but they will, most probably, sleep in my desk, until in the good time of my great Lord and Master, I shall receive my passport from this world of vanity. I am now bent on a higher errand than that of the attainment of poetical fame ; poetry, in future, will be my *relaxation*, not my employment.— Adieu to literary ambition ! “ You do not aspire to be prime minister,” said Mr. Robinson, “ you covet a far higher character ; to be the humblest among those who minister to their Maker.” \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

TO THE REV. MR. S \* \* \*

Wintringham, ———, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

IN consequence of your letter of the 8th August last, I took the liberty of writing to Mr. Atkinson, requesting his advice and directions, as you signified your wish that I should. I received, in answer, the letter which I have copied *first* on the other side. Since I had myself written to Mr. Atkinson, stating, that in pursuance of your advice, I declined the assistance, for the offer of which I was indebted to the Society; and as I also understood you had written to the same effect, I did not exactly understand the purport of this letter. Mr. Dashwood was of opinion, that I had no time to lose; and at the recommendation of the Rev. Mr. Cocker, of Bunny, near Nottingham, *he* procured me a tutor in the Rev. L. Grainger, of Wintringham, Lincolnshire, who was once an usher in Mr. Joseph Milner's school at Hull.

With this gentleman I have now been three weeks. I have this evening received from Mr. Atkinson, the

letter which is *last* copied on the other side ; and, unless the steps Mr. A. has taken are in consequence of some arrangement between him and you, and of which I am ignorant, I am at a loss to account for the intelligence it contains. I take it for granted, however, that things remain in their former train, and that a misunderstanding has arisen from the want of sufficient explicitness in my letters.

I feel particularly uneasy with regard to this apparent misunderstanding. As Mr. Atkinson, for whose friendly offices I am greatly indebted, may think I am making an unhandsome return for the trouble he has taken on my behalf ; and the Society may, with seeming justice, be displeased at my taking up their time and attention to no purpose, I am anxious to remove any ill impression which may be made in the minds of these gentlemen ; and if I might hope that you would take the trouble of making the necessary explanations to Mr. Atkinson, I should be happy in the confidence, that all has been done which is necessary to clear up the mistake.

\* \* \* \* \*

## TO MR. K. SWANN.

Wintringham, December, 1804.

MY DEAR KIRKE,

THE affection of my friends cannot fail to give me pleasure, and, I assure you, this testimony of your's has occasioned me no little satisfaction; but I must still assure you, that I am perfectly recovered, and as well as I ever felt myself in my life. My disorder was a slight fever of the nervous kind, brought on by a cold, and although I was for a time very ill, I hope the event, like all other seeming evils in the hand of Providence, will turn out for my advantage. I assure you, you would not despair of me *if you saw me eat*. I have already a good *stock* of appetite, and can hew my way through a piece of bread and cheese with considerable agility and effect. Seriously, I have from conscientious motives given up too intense study; and as the great end which I set before me is not the attainment of learning, but utility in the ministry of Christ, I shall take especial care not to let the pursuit of letters interfere with the prospect of ministerial usefulness.



With regard to your visit to these parts of the world, I will give you the same advice as I gave to my friend \* \* \*. "*Let it be, till the summer months.*" You cannot well conceive the bleak and uncomfortable state of the country here at this season ; the plains are either under water, or so intersected with drains, that walking in the lowlands is almost impracticable. Wintringham has now few charms even for us, fond as we are of it. Glad as I should be to see you again, I should feel almost a pride in showing you the village in all its beauty, rather than at its greatest disadvantage.

\* \* \* \* \*

## TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Cambridge, 25th May, 1804.

DEAR NEVILLE,

I SCARCELY know what to say on the score of coming to London. You may be sure I should have no objection, but as it is an expence without answering any end, I cannot but hesitate. If you think it may possibly be at all serviceable to me, so far as relates to the University, I will certainly come, and stay two or three days, otherwise I think it will be my duty to deny myself this pleasure. I shall stay here till Wednesday next, in case I do not go to town, and till Monday, if I do. So, if you will write by return of post, and say whether you think I may do good in London, I shall be better able to decide.

I am truly gratified by your brotherly offer with regard to the expences, but I am by no means inclined to make that an inducement to come to town, because if the cost be *unnecessarily* incurred, it is no matter whether it come out of your pocket, or my own.

I have not been able to do any good here yet; indeed I have not seen Mr. Simeon, but I am admitted of St.

John's, and I shall certainly reside, if I trust only to my own resources, as there is a man of *that* college, who has only 20*l.* per annum; and I have been assured by one of the principals, that, (while the sizarships are so very advantageous,) I may live with frugality for that sum.

\* \* \* \* \*

I find one great objection to me here, is, that I am of dissenting family, and am rather inclined that way myself, (which latter is *by no means true*,) so I have no very sanguine expectations; but I shall make no concessions, nor at all attempt to ingratiate myself with men who may be thus prejudiced. I thank God, I am independent enough to need no artifices of obsequiousness or conciliation.

I am glad you heard Mr. Simeon; he is a truly pious man, and an excellent preacher.

When I get to Nottingham, I shall continue my letters on the Christian religion, of which my last was only an introduction, and shall show how exactly the doctrine of the church coincides with the scriptures.

I must conclude by recommending you, in a spiritual sense, to the guidance of the all-wise and merciful God, who alone is able to bring you to his perfect light, and establish you in those paths which lead to peace, and are themselves perfect enjoyment.

## TO MR. CHARLESWORTH.

Nottingham, 21st. Aug. 1804.

MY DEAR C——,

\* \* \* \* \*

You must know, then, in the first place, (to begin methodically,) that, as I have a year to spare between the time when I should take my degree (were I to go to college now), and the period when I should be old enough to be ordained, it has been thought, that were I to delay going to Cambridge another twelve months, it would not retard any of my plans; at the same time that it would provide me with much better means of cutting a figure. Almond stands *in eodem prædicamentó*, (this is logical Latin), so we have agreed to go and study together under some able classic, and then to take all the University honours by storm.

I am advised to make Scotland the seat of my preparatory labours, not only on account of its being a learned soil, but on account of the cheap rate at which

I may there live, and be taught. The largest sum I can afford to give for a year's board and tuition being 40*l*. I believe, it will be worth a man's while in Scotland, to take me and my friend for 80*l*., and the only difficulty is, in finding a respectable man, and well-grounded classic, who will undertake the important task.

Almond conceives, that your good father is the surest source to obtain this information from, and we may, perhaps, trouble him to give us some intelligence, or directions to guide our applications, through your hands.

\* \* \* \* \*

TO \* \* \* \*

Wintringham, March, 1805.

DEAR K.,

I GREATLY fear that you and W \* \* have not persevered in your laudable undertaking. The Latin language might be useful to both of you, and as you have leisure, you might employ it advantageously to this purpose. I do assure you that it is not difficult to attain a sufficient knowledge of the language, to read easy authors; and that when you have done that, you may, with continued application, speedily read the Greek Testament. Tell me what are your determinations on this head. I must give you one piece of advice, however, which is, that neither languages, nor any other valuable attainments, are to be taken by storm: continued, sedulous, and unwearied application must be employed for the accomplishment of any valuable purpose. The stone, which force could not break, is worn through by the incessant dropping of water. Persons at our age ought to begin to acquire comprehensive views of things, and to embrace knowledge, at least in her outlines, with some degree of universality. For this

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end, all languages are useful, but not indispensable. Translations answer most of the purposes of a knowledge of the original, although they neither convey so much satisfaction, nor impart so much pleasure. To learn language for the sake of knowing it, without any view to the extension of our general knowledge, or other beneficial ends, is quite absurd; and I cannot for a moment suspect you of such a motive: I know your design is to enlarge the means of information, and to unlock stores which have hitherto been withheld from you. I exhort you to proceed, and I pray, that as you begin your studies with proper motives, you may be enabled to pursue them with an eye to the glory of God, and to the establishment of his truth.

We have it, all of us, in our power, in a greater or less degree, to be useful to our fellow pilgrims; and it is our duty, as well to employ the means we at present enjoy to this purpose, as to endeavour to enlarge those means. Now, I think, it is tolerably manifest, that the more extensive a man's knowledge under proper regulations be, the less likely is he to be deceived by delusive impostures, or misled by specious errors. Such a man, in religion, is like a bulwark to the church, the detector of fallacies, and the opposer of dangerous innovations. Those who have a studious turn should, therefore, make a conscience of directing their pursuits to the proper end, in order that they may answer those purposes for which God intended them; yet we must guard most

carefully against the pride of learning, and the pride of reason. If we once throw off our dependance on God, exult in our own wisdom, and rely on our own discernment, our knowledge will prove a snare and a destruction to us. A studious man stands in need of almost unceasing supplications for God's superintending and directing hand; he may so easily be deluded by proud logic and proud enquiries.

\* \* \* \* \*



## TO MR. R. WORTLEY.

Wintringham, 8th April, 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

FROM the hand-writing, I apprehend I am indebted to you for a "*Nottingham Journal*," which has brought intelligence most interesting to Almond and myself.

The subscription for the chapel of ease is a very spirited one; and I think you are beginning with the most prosperous omens. I hope the undertaking will meet with yet *higher* protection than that of great men and rich; and that, what is designed for the honour of God, will not be destitute of his all-powerful aid. Humanly speaking, there is only one impediment in your way, and that is the clause vesting the presentation in the hands of *trustees*. There is a bishop in the house who makes it a rule to oppose every bill of this kind, where the appointment of the minister is not placed in the hands of the vicar or rector of the parish. The chapel in which Mr. Atkinson preaches, at Leeds, was highly favoured, for the *second* presentation was vested in Mr. Atkinson and his representatives.

It may be, that as this clause is inserted with the express concurrence of the vicar, and as he and the patron have both of them votes, this objection may be in some measure obviated; but I should think the committee will rather choose that an amendment should be made, than the bill be thrown out in the Upper House. Mr. Grainger thinks this is a serious objection, and, indeed, he has had experience of its being so, for the chapel wherein Mr. D \* \* \* preaches at H \* \* \*, is confined in the same manner, and for the same reasons, to the vicarage.

Mr. Dashwood's departure will, I doubt not, occasion you all much regret. I have no doubt his reasons for the step are very cogent. His place will not speedily be supplied, and even if you are very fortunate, you will be obliged, in all probability, to put up with a much less attractive, if not a less powerful preacher. His ministry has been blessed, as we can all testify, with uncommon success.

For my own part, slow as have been my advances in the wisdom of the gospel, and small as in comparison they at this moment continue to be, I still owe to Mr. Dashwood more than the most unbounded gratitude can adequately express: nothing less than my all.

We enjoy in our present situations many opportunities of improvement, in the understanding of the principles

of truth, and many incentives to the practice of Christian virtues. I hope that we at least *endeavour* to profit by them, and that our progress in the learning and wisdom of the world, will, by the especial blessing of God, be attended with a correspondent increase of far more precious knowledge. It is an error into which all Christians are particularly subject to fall, that they already possess an adequate *understanding* of the divine truth, and that all they have to do, is to labour in producing a stricter conformity to its principles; whereas, the fact is, that we are often miserably deficient in this understanding, and should live in more decided agreement with the truth, if we knew better what it was. I have felt the effects of this myself, and I now find, that the lowlier opinion I have of my spiritual knowledge, the more enlarged views I entertain of the relations in which I stand to my God and Saviour.

When in Nottingham, I gave way too much to a practice, which prevails *there* in a shameful degree, of sitting in judgment on the attainments and experience of others. At this time, there was darkness enough in my own heart, to have employed all my attention, and I think it may be generally asserted, that *those* who are the readiest to examine *others*, are the most backward to examine *themselves*; that the more we feel inclined to scrutinize our brother Christians with severity, the less able are we to endure such a scrutiny ourselves. Before Christianity can arrive at any degree of perfection, we

must have *less tongue and more heart work*. If a man be faithful to his convictions, he will find too much to do *at home* to busy himself with what he has no opportunities of sufficiently knowing,—*his neighbour's heart*. We are to consider ourselves at all times as miserably ignorant; and it is only while we do consider ourselves as such, that we are in a disposition to learn of a *teacher*, so averse to the pride of the human heart as Jesus Christ. I fear, (and I fear, because I have found it so in myself,) that a superficial and too trifling religion has prevailed too much in Nottingham, *though with many and shining exceptions*; and I hope that the time will soon come, when, with equal zeal, there will be greater depth of experience, and greater diffidence in the assumption of the office of spiritual inquisitors. I for one have laid down my post of dictator, by the grace of God never to resume it; and I should think, and I have little doubt you will concur with me, that the authority you possess over the younger branches of our brotherhood there, would be well exercised, in discountenancing, on every occasion, such a spirit as I have been speaking of. Those who feel the *most* generally talk the *least*: and it is one way of lessening that trembling hope and fearful love of a young convert, which operates such salutary effects, by suffering him to indulge in remarks on the unawakened, or the weak Christian, as if he were already admitted, or sure of acceptance, and could pronounce the *Shibboleth* of the genuine church.

In this censorious and unbelieving age, it behoves us in particular to be circumspect; for how do we know but our indiscreetness may excite another prejudice in the minds of the unconverted, and throw another obstacle in the way of perishing sinners? As professors of the Gospel, we stand in a very important and arduous situation, since we know that our failures, errors, and absurdities, will be laid to the charge of the principles we profess. Indeed, on reflecting on this subject, it seems to me almost impossible to discharge our *relative* duties to the uttermost, since the slightest slip may give occasion to our enemies to despise the Gospel. Well might the apostle exclaim, "*Be ye circumspect.*"—" *Be ye wily as serpents.*" Deep thought on these subjects is the only means of seeing their full importance, and of enabling us to be on our guard so incessantly as they require. Forgive me for trespassing so long on your time.

\* \* \* \* \*

## TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Wintringham, May, 1805.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

YOUR opinion of Mr. ——— meets mine; he is indeed altered, and his alteration is to be attributed to religion. You behold in him a faint picture of what the divine grace can do, and I could enumerate instances, where the marks are such as strike “conviction irresistible” of the verity of its operations. Had I it in my power to procure you all the riches and honours of the world at a wish, I should think I gave you infinitely *more* than them all by giving you religion. The blessings of human life are at best precarious, but this can never fail you, and is then most valuable when all other comforts fail. I should think it needless to enlarge on the value of religion, since the most depraved acknowledge it, and are often heard to sigh for the happiness of the pious; but there are obstacles in the way of a profession of religion which need a little explanation. Many young men, in particular, feel an inclination to join the more serious part of mankind, who from an unacquaintance with the principles of the

Bible, are so dejected with a view of the obstacles which present themselves, that they put off their reformation from day to day, until they grow hardened in insensibility, and confirmed in error. All this arises, as I have said, from an ignorance of Scripture : there are no such impediments in the way of the profession of the Gospel as such persons imagine; all the difficulties they shudder at are in reality shadows. “ We must begin with reforming our conduct,” say they, “ and then, perhaps, God may be pleased to accept us. We find it very hard to abstain from the least sinful indulgence now ; how shall we be able to curb our appetites on all occasions, and join in the avocations of the religious and sober, without repining for what we now feel so very indispensable to our real or imaginary happiness ?” To a person reasoning in this manner, I would simply explain how we stand with relation to God and another world. We are all sinners, even from the womb ; we are intent ever on sinful objects, and every thought of our heart is evil. In this state we are justly liable to God’s wrath and everlasting damnation, and in this state must every man naturally be, since we are born under the curse, and so destitute of good that we cannot of ourselves forsake sin, or pursue virtue. But God, of his great mercy, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, has offered redemption to mankind, and has promised to afford them the capacity of following the *good*, and eschewing the *evil*, on the simple condition of faith in his Almighty Son. — We may be aban-

doned, we may be depraved and unprincipled, but God will still adhere to the letter of his promises; and when we turn to him, acknowledge our unworthiness, and, oppressed with the sense of our deplorable corruptions, cry out for salvation by the blood of the Redeemer alone, He will then unquestionably hear us — He will pardon our sins; confirm our faith; create anew our polluted natures; and, finally, by the pure emanations of the Holy Spirit, so dispose our hearts, and rectify our minds, that we shall serve him in true and perfect obedience, disturbed no more by the attacks of our spiritual enemy, at least, in his most dangerous shape. Such being then the administration of God's counsels with regard to us, it is beginning at the wrong end to endeavour to amend our lives before we devote ourselves to religion, since we cannot break off from our sins without the previous assistance of God's grace. — We must first, then, consider our own condition, and discover the extent of our own wickedness, and inability to do good, and then fly to the redemption of the cross as criminals, whose only hope of pardon is laid there. Let us strive to attain faith in Christ first, and all good works will follow in due place; every day will add to our stability and strengthen our pious resolutions, till we arrive at that sweet "*peace in believing*," which has excited the raptures of the saints from the first ages of Christianity downwards. We are manifestly but poor, helpless, and blind creatures, exposed to much care and misery, and unconscious how much evil the morrow may have in



store for us ; but faith in Jesus Christ affords us what our nature most wants — a basis on which we may repose ourselves, and all our cares and fears, with certainty and satisfaction. Trusting in him, we can look upon the dim future with hope and confidence ; the worst evils of life become light before the rays of his consolation ; and what, to another, would be the bottom of despair, is to the Christian the beginning of hope, and the opening of a better scene. None can comprehend the exquisite satisfaction attendant on Christian faith but those who have had some experience of it. The support it is in trouble, the full confidence it brings along with it of God's truth and mercy, the delightful food it affords to calm and serious meditation, and, above all, the sweet serenity it throws over our anticipations of death, are beyond any powers of man to describe. — Well might the king of Israel say, “ Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.”

Who could suppose that men in so wretched a condition as we are, could fail to lay hold of the relief held out by the Gospel upon such simple and easy conditions ? — It is but “ have confidence in your Maker, subdue your own proud self-dependance, and fall at the foot of the Saviour, in the spirit of penitence and prayer, and you are admitted, by gradual steps, to the throne of mercy and grace.” My dear Neville, conquer the reluctance you feel to think upon religion ; devote a few

sober hours on the sabbath to the reading of the Scriptures; study the unaffected narratives of the four Evangelists; observe the agreement of men writing without any communication of their purpose, in far distant regions, and in different languages, (for St. Matthew's Gospel was originally written in Hebrew;) observe the admirable uniformity which exists between their representations of Jesus. They differ in the petty circumstances of things, but the *great whole* is the same. We see God visiting the earth, promulging doctrines which the world had never any idea of before; laying the *foundation*, in a few ignorant fishermen, of a RELIGION which was to spread over the whole civilized world; and, finally, sealing his testament with his blood, and ransoming, by that sacrifice, the fallen race of man from the curse due to his disobedience. In the perusal of the Scripture you will find many occasions to check your own proud reason, and bring it into obedience to God: in the end, however, all these apparent difficulties will be cleared up — scripture will explain scripture, and you will rejoice to behold an uniform consent run through the whole, — harmony rising out of apparent confusion, and all, at length, uniting to the full establishment of faith, and the complete glorification of God. Fear not, my dear Neville, to think on these subjects; they will, I know, afford you heart-felt satisfaction in the end, and they will be a pleasing relief to you in any vexations which business, or other concerns of life, may give you.

## TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, June 1805.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I DO not know whether you are fond of history, but it is an useful and generally a pleasing study. Ancient history is important as it elucidates scripture, and that in such a degree that I am convinced no man can *at all* understand the Old Testament without it. Modern History is absolutely necessary for a man and a gentleman, as giving us the best insight into the manners, policy, and character of nations. The outline of Ancient History is easily comprehended. We may without difficulty trace the origin of people in the Scriptures, and by the aid of the profane writers can make a continued narrative of the progress of empires. Herodotus, the most ancient profane historian, began to write just at the period when the Scripture ceases; and Homer, the most ancient writer among the Gentiles, whose writings are come down to us, lived about the time of Solomon; so that, as there would be no historical records of the first ages did we not possess the Bible, so by the help

of the profane writers, we can make a continued history of man from the beginning.

History is mere confusion without the aid of Chronology and Geography. The former science is the most difficult to attain, but it is not necessary to know the precise year in which every event happened; it is sufficient to be acquainted with its relative situation, in comparison with *other* events. Ancient times, therefore, may be divided into *Six great Epochs*, comprising all the period from the Creation to the birth of Christ, which is 4004 years. *The Creation*, therefore, happened B. C. 4004. The Fall of Man, the Murder of Abel, the Translation of Enoch, mark this period. The next epoch is the *Deluge*, B. C. 2348; Noah became by this event, in a manner the *second* father of *all* men. He had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet, who became the heads of all the nations in three distinct quarters of the earth. *Shem* was the father of the Hebrews, and great part of the inhabitants of Asia; *Ham*, who was accursed for his indecent disrespect to his father, peopled Egypt and all Africa. He had two sons more particularly noted; Mizraim, who occupied Egypt, which is therefore called the *land of Mizraim*; and Canaan, who was an accomplice in his father's wickedness and subject to the same curse. He settled in that part of Asia which was afterwards called *Judea*, and had ten sons, who were *all* the fathers of nations. *Japhet* travelled northwards; his posterity settled in Asia Minor, crossed

the Hellespont, and in time ran over all Europe. He had a son, *Javan*, who was the father of Greece. This the profane historians mention among the ancient Greeks. Thus the whole of the then world was peopled by the three brothers and their posterity; but not immediately, for the inhabitants of the world lived together until the confusion of tongues; when they divided, but still according to family. It is worth while to consider where all this happened. Noah's ark settled on Mount Ararat, in Armenia, in Asia. The tower of Babel is supposed to have been the origin of Babylon, which afterwards became so great. On the plains of Babylon, therefore, by the river Euphrates, all mankind were assembled; and from thence, scattered themselves in every direction. If you have any map of the world you will find these places, in that part of the world which lies near the *Levant* and *Egypt*; and it will strike you with amazement, when you consider how rapidly the human race spread themselves over such immense tracts; covering Africa in the posterity of *Ham*, Asia of *Shem*, and Europe of *Japhet*. During this period all men were under the common control of God, but as they began to grow idolatrous, God thought proper to choose a just man, *Abraham*, whose posterity should be his peculiar people, and to whom he should commit the custody of his laws, and the promise of the *Messiah*. This is the *third* great epoch, and is denominated "*The Call of Abraham*," which happened, B.C. 1921.—In this period many great events are recorded: but we

find Ham's descendants were become powerful kings in Egypt, and there were many rulers in Canaan. Isaac, Abraham's son, was the father of Jacob, who supplanted his brother Esau by a blameable fraud, and whose twelve sons were the heads of the twelve tribes of Israel. Joseph, one of them, being sold into Egypt, becomes mighty, and at length transplants his father and brothers into Egypt, where they became a great people, and were heavily oppressed. Moses rises up as their deliverer, leads them out of the land of bondage, and from Mount Sinai receives the first written revelation from God to man. This is the *fourth* great epoch B. C. 1491, and it is called "*The Epoch of Moses, or the written law.*" Writing was then alone in the hands of the Jews, from whom the art passed to other nations, which is proved by the shapes of the letters, and by the universal tradition among the Greeks that Cadmus brought letters from Phoenicia, which name was applied by the Greeks to Judea as well as Phoenicia. The Israelites subdued the Canaanites according to the curse denounced on them by Noah. The famous Egyptian king Sesostris, is supposed to have been the son of him who was drowned in the Red Sea by the hand of God. He roamed all over Asia in search of conquests, and introduced many wise laws amongst the Egyptians. In his reign many colonies were sent out to various parts of the earth. Danaus, his brother, with a large body of men, settled in Greece, hence the Greeks are called *Danaes*. Troy was destroyed in 1184, B. C.; and

Homer lived 100 years after. The Israelites were governed by *Judges*, whose actions are recorded in the book of that name until David whose son Solomon distinguishes the *fifth* epoch, viz. "*The building of the Temple*," B. C. 1012. Solomon's son, *Rehoboam*, by a piece of egregious folly caused the revolt of ten of the twelve tribes, who never again united. Two of the tribes only, viz. Judah and Benjamin adhered to Rehoboam : the rest made another king, *Jeroboam*, and hence arose the two separate kingdoms of Israel and Judah. The capital of Judah was Jerusalem — that of Israel, Samaria. The kings of Israel were, in general, bad men, the people were wicked, and after many signal warnings, they were all dragged out of their country by Salmanaser, king of Assyria, whose capital was Babylon, and were never re-established. Salmanaser brought some eastern tribes into Samaria in their room, who, being at first infested with lions, sent to the king to tell him that they were thus harassed, because they could not worship *the god of the country* in the right manner, for such they superstitiously thought *Jehovah* to be. Whereupon, he ordered some exile Levites to go up, and be their priests, who thus introduced a spurious kind of worship, wherein idols were served in conjunction with the true God. Hence, the Samaritans were detested by the Jews, who were wont to throw it in the teeth of Jesus, that he was a *Samaritan* ; and hence, the *woman of Samaria*, in the New Testament, wonders that Jesus, being a Jew, should talk with her. Henceforward, then, the nation

of the Jews consists of Judah and Benjamin alone. This period contains about five hundred years. The Jews grew very wicked, and the Assyrian monarchy very powerful, — I should rather have called it the *Babylonian* monarchy; for, strictly speaking, the Assyrian fell with Nineveh its capital — but they were both of the same race. The prophets now foretold the approaching captivity, and Isaiah, one hundred years before the event, mentioned every particular of it, and foretold that, at the end of seventy years, Cyrus, then *not* in being, should restore them. Nebuchadnezzar at length destroys Jerusalem, as the prophets had unanimously declared he would, and takes away all the people to Babylon. But God's wrath was denounced against that proud city, and prophecy is again fulfilled. — Cyrus, the leader of the Persian army, overturns the Assyrian monarchy, and avenges the Jews. Daniel, who had lived in the courts of preceding princes, was in high favour with Cyrus. That great prince orders the rebuilding of Jerusalem, and the temple: and releases the Jews just seventy years after their capture. The temple, however, was not completed till several reigns afterwards. This is the *sixth* epocha, B. C. 536 — called the epoch of "*Cyrus, or the Return from Captivity.*" The Jews were under the power of the Persian monarchy, until it was destroyed by Alexander the Great, who overran all Asia, B. C. 320. The captains of Alexander, seeing the field clear, divided his kingdom amongst them. — Antipater had Greece; Seleucus, Syria, in-



cluding Judea ; and Ptolemy Lagus, Egypt. Antiochus Epiphanes, one of the successors of Seleucus, king of Syria, whose capital was Antioch, exercised great cruelty towards the Jews ; but they were now again a warlike, enlightened, and powerful people. The *Maccabees* successfully held out against one of the mightiest kings of the world, and maintained, for a considerable time, their independence. At length the Grecian empire fell, and with it the kingdom of Syria received its death blow. The Roman was rising up in its stead. They more than once took Jerusalem, and, at length, appointed a governor over it. Things were in this state — the Romans masters of the whole world, and Greek, the general language of almost all nations (not excepting the Jews), when “ *the day-spring from on high*” beamed. All things were prepared ; *one language* had been gradually extended over the whole civilized world ; learning and philosophy had opened the understandings of men for the reception of the truth — when *four thousand* and *four years* after the creation, the *blessed Messiah* made his appearance, and laid the foundation of that Gospel which soon disseminated itself over all civilized nations.

It is profitable to fix this division of the more ancient periods of history in the mind. \* \* \* \*

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In this period you may consider empire as having passed successively through *three* hands into a *fourth*,

The Assyrian empire was the *first*. It began with Nimrod, who ruled the then world, and ceased when Cyrus took Babylon, and transferred the government into the hands of Persia. The Persian empire, which was the *second* great kingdom, fell finally with Artaxerxes-Mnemon, who was subdued by Alexander the Great. Here the *third*, or Grecian empire, strictly speaking, begins. It soon fell under the power of the Romans, who were the masters of the world in the time of Jesus Christ.

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## TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, June, 1805.

DEAR NEVILLE,

I HAD unfortunately not provided myself with verses for the Countess of Derby's copy of my little volume; and I have been invoking the muses ever since two o'clock *this morning*, with such bad success, as I have never before experienced on a similar occasion. On the other side you have the product, which must pass.

\* \* \* \* \*

## TO THE RIGHT HON. THE COUNTESS OF DERBY.

In the dark coverts of the forest shade,  
By scathed oaks, and haunted streamlets laid;  
What time the moon uprose her clouds among,  
The Muse, unheeded, pour'd her lonely song.  
Unheard she sung, save when to Fancy's eye—  
Pale Vesper, stooping from the spangled sky,  
Would listen, silent,—or with distant swell  
Sequester'd Echo answer'd from her cell.—

When shrinking timid from th' obtrusive gaze,  
 She first explor'd the world's observant maze;  
 Who smil'd benignant on her artless way?  
 Who open'd first the Patron's fostering ray?  
 Who bade her fears, her throbbing tremors flee?  
 Who, thrice revered Derby! — who but thee?

O! that for thee, her strains might boast the pow'r  
 To soothe the tedium of one weary hour;  
 To bid the gloom on *mournings*\* brow retire,  
 Or wake to energy one slumb'ring fire.—  
 Might they one transitory smile excite,  
 Or raise one trivial image of delight.  
 Then, though the Critic with contemptuous pride  
 Should the faint murmurs of her lyre deride;  
 Still would she boast her Guerdon passing great  
 Content that Derby owns her lays are sweet.

Nottingham, June 18th, 1803.

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\* The Countess's mother was recently dead.

TO MR. ———,

Wintringham, 7th September, 1805.

DEAR SIR,

THE last time I had the pleasure of conversing with you, I intimated that I might probably address a letter to you; be not therefore surprised when you see my hand and signature. I conclude your affairs stand in *statu quo*; and though I am anxious to be informed as to the certainty of your prospects, and wish you were yourself at ease with regard to them, yet I think the suspense may not be altogether useless, as it will teach you a lesson of patience, will give you a better opportunity of proving your stedfastness, and of manifesting your industry and firmness in your studies, even while you are dubious whether they will be to any purpose.

If you are sincere, and really serious in your wishes to become a minister of Christ, and if you are convinced it is God's will you should enter that sacred office, you will from this time forward, until you enter orders, live a life of constant, resolute, and confirmed study. You cannot, *dare not*, offer yourself as a candidate for

the priesthood under the consciousness of mental unfitness, arising from indolence and volatility of disposition; and remember, that indolence and *shiftiness* are not constitutional evils, but are such as every man has it in his power to cure. If you ardently long to become a public helper in the vineyard of Jesus Christ, you must think *that office* worth labouring for; and he who does not think it worth labouring for, is not worthy to have it. Although, in the early ages of the Christian church, God administered more immediately to the wants of his preachers, so that the abundance of heavenly gifts in a measure compensated for the absence of external qualifications; yet, even in those ages, St. Paul exhorts Timothy to “*give attention to reading* ;” and in the Old Testament we read, that there was a *school* of the prophets; not that we must suppose prophecy a communicable art, but in these academies, young men were instructed in letters and metrical composition, in order that they might be fitted for the duties of prophets whenever it should please God to call them. We may learn, too, that God peculiarly selected his messengers from these schools, for *Amos* mentions it as a matter of wonder that he had been called, although neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, (that is, professionally.) In the present day more extraneous learning is necessary to a clergyman than at any preceding period, on account of the advanced and enlightened state of society in general; but this may very well be dispensed with; only let a minister be fully prepared in matters

immediately relating to his office. In order to this, his attainments may soon be enumerated, and with regular application easily acquired. He should know the Latin, tolerably; he should be able to read the Greek Testament critically; and, above all, he should know how to regulate his own actions and thoughts with propriety and seriousness; an art only to be learned by much sober and settled thought, joined to constant prayer and humble trust in God. These are objects for which you have time enough, though not *more* than enough. You have room for every duty, but none for negligence, procrastination, or unsteadiness. Excuse my plainness, but I think your situation critical; and if, as I have my fears, you are yet trifling, I do solemnly assure you, that I consider your trifling as *criminal*. To leave talents like your's uncultivated, through an aversion to application, is a gross abuse of God's blessing, and an insult to his goodness. I conceive the fact to be indubitable, that you *may* prepare yourself fully and completely for the ministry within the usual time, *if you choose*; and it remains with you to determine whether or not you will sacrifice your own ease, and your own evil habits, to the ministry of God. I make full allowance for your present avocations; but I appeal to your conscience, whether there is not *time* left for study, and whether *that* time is not often sacrificed to trifling engagements, to a puerile aversion to reading, to temporary fatigue, or to absolute idleness. I think I have discernment enough to know where the *cause* of all

these evils lie; and, probably, it might be beneficial to direct you to the cause, in order to your correcting them. I think, then, you are liable to great looseness, or what may be called, dissipation of thought; that you too readily follow the impulse of the moment, and are easy in your assent to every fresh proposition, because you are averse to the labour of enquiry and the fatigue of judgment. From hence, it arises, that you cannot act upon principles to which you readily agree and most cordially assent; because you receive them too quickly, without sufficient consideration of their nature and consequences. What stronger mark of imbecility can a Christian give, than to acknowledge the utility and necessity of certain rules and counsels, and to confess the evils he suffers, in consequence of his disregard of them, and yet be unable to act upon them and regulate his habits by them? The man who cannot bring himself to think deeply on the truths he embraces,—the man who is convinced without examination, and yields his assent without the trouble of reflection, is not likely to be a very consistent character, and is very liable to be led into error. Such a man will never be happy in religious experience, for he will be continually offending against his own principles; through not having sufficiently entered into their extent and consequences, and he will always be fluctuating between opinion and practice; because, while open to every conviction, he can neither restrain the versatility of his own mind, nor



clearly investigate and propound to himself the necessary agreements of belief and action.

You see clearly what you ought to do, and how you ought to act; the thing to be done is neither impracticable nor very unpleasant; and yet you, day after day, resolve that the morrow shall be better employed, without the power, when the hour of trial comes, of buckling down steadfastly to the work. The truth is, you have an unhappy facility in *putting off* whatever is unpleasant to you, and turning away from the business in hand to every phantom which the moment may suggest. You will agree to the truth of these observations; you will readily exclaim, "*it is so,*" "*these are my evils.*" But remember, to acknowledge weaknesses is *idle*, unless you have a cool and deliberate purpose of subduing them through the assistance of God's grace. I exhort you — I solemnly, my dear friend, exhort you, to consider, what are your views and purposes, and to think what you are about. The end you aim at is most important; let your preparation be in proportion. Surely, it is no small thing to gather in the harvest of the Lord; and no one would refuse to undergo a few personal privations and inconveniences for it. I grant, to toil through the rudiments of languages, at your age, is irksome; but if it were necessary to be chained to the galleys for seven years in order to be admitted to so blessed a charge — who, that had a heart really affected, would hesitate to undergo the probation? You should

pray to God to give you more firmness and steadiness of mind ; and at the same time, should strive to fix and sober your own views, and correct the desultory habits of thinking, under which, it seems to me, you labour. If God have called you to the ministry, he will in all points of view smooth the way before you. Surely, he *can* give you all knowledge ; and can so enlarge your understanding, as that all the attainments of earthly wisdom shall be blessed unto you. Be of good cheer ; if at your believing prayers God shall give you resolution to study, and bless you in it, the ruggedness of the road will soon disappear. The recollection of the end for which you labour will sweeten your most disgusting tasks, and cast a charm, even over the uncouth rudiments of languages. There is, indeed, nothing so soothing, so exquisitely delightful *as study*, when we feel we have God's blessing, and that we are labouring for His glory. No human gratification can equal this ; no peace can equal that which a Christian enjoys, while he is daily and constantly pursuing the attainments of godly knowledge, and informing his mind with the things which pertain, either immediately or remotely to eternal life. That this may be your lot, may God in his mercy grant ! Think deeply ! think seriously !

I am,

Your sincere friend, and fellow in Christ,

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

## TO MR. WILLIAM LEESON.

Nottingham, 7th April, 1806.

DEAR LEESON,

I BEG your pardon for not having replied sooner to your letter and invitation. It seems determined upon, by my mother, that I cannot be spared, since the time of my stay is so very short, and my health so very uncertain. The people here can scarcely be persuaded that any thing ails me, so well do I look; but occasional depressions, especially after any thing has occurred to occasion uneasiness, still harass me. My mind is of a very peculiar cast. I began to think *too early*; and the indulgence of certain trains of thought, and too free an exercise of the imagination, have superinduced a morbid kind of sensibility; which is to the *mind*, what excessive irritability is to the *body*. Some circumstances occurred on my arrival at Nottingham, which gave me just cause for inquietude and anxiety; the consequences were *insomnia*, and a relapse into causeless dejections. It is my business now to curb these irrational and immoderate affections, and by accustoming myself to sober thought and cool reasoning, to restrain these

freaks and vagaries of the fancy, and redundancies of μελαγχολία. When I am well, I cannot help entertaining a sort of contempt for the weakness of mind which marks my indispositions. Titus when well, and Titus when ill, are two distinct persons. The man, when in *health*, despises the man, when *ill*, for his weakness, and the latter envies the former for his felicity. I hope you will not quarrel with my metaphysics, but gravely consult your Locke, and Bishop Butler's introductory dissertation, for the whole controversy about Personal Identity. You will there find reason to question, whether you are to-day the same individual that you were yesterday; and, probably, if you drink deeply of the recondite streams of the Sophists, you may, in the end, doubt with Pyrrho, whether you ARE at all, or whether the gay pageantry of life, and its attendants, be more than a dream, in which you are a fictitious personage, created by the fancy of the dreamer. But, away with Pyrrhonism! I would rather swell with Epicurus, or vaunt with Zeno, than first doubt the existence of all things, and then *doubt*, whether I *doubted* at all. It is an amusing, and an instructive exercise, to survey the multiform appearance of Heathen Philosophy, to examine its varied characteristics, its excellencies and defects, and then to turn to the pure fountains of Gospel truth, and dwell upon their beauties, as set off by the foils of folly and falsehood. Conviction never breaks with more clear and decisive evidence into my mind than when I draw this comparison. When I see the

best and wisest of the Heathen Philosophers labouring all their lives after virtue and truth, and catching but such slight and passing glimpses of their perfections, as just to show how desirable they are, without being able to draw aside, for a moment, the veil that conceals them; and when, on the other hand, I contemplate the lowly Jesus, and his despised companions, instantaneously revealing all that is lovely in morals; all that is noble in conception, and sublime in principle; all, in short, that the wise and the learned had so long toiled after in vain, I am constrained to exclaim with Pharaoh, "*This is the finger of God.*"

Socrates saw more of moral truth than any preceding philosopher, and it is worth remarking, that his principles approach nearest to the Gospel. Socrates said, that there was such a proneness to evil in the nature of man, that we could not act virtuously, without some supernatural or extraordinary assistance from the Deity: and HE, first inculcated the forgiveness of injuries. Yet, when we compare Socrates and his doctrines with Jesus Christ and the Gospel, we perceive the difference between them to be such as could not exist between *men* alone. The infidel and inconstant Rousseau, was so struck with this comparison, as to exclaim, that if *Socrates was a sage, Jesus Christ was a God.* Dr. Priestley covers the matter more artfully, and in a work written on this very subject, almost equals the philosopher with the Redeemer of the world. Dr. Priestley was an insi-

dious, and artful reasoner : — Rousseau had unbounded pride, but more vehemence, and of course less concealment. I am writing to you in a very rambling, incoherent style, which I hope you will pardon, on the score of familiarity. I write to you as I should *talk* to you.

\* \* \* \* \*

I assure you, I see daily more reason to temper zeal with discretion, and to make the service of Christ *a rational service*. Our feelings are not the least fallible guides in religion. The man who walks humbly and soberly with his God, — scrupulously exact in the performance of his duties, — hallowing all his doings with the exercise of faith in Jesus Christ, and fortifying his ways with prayer and meditation ; this man will have feelings of the most satisfactory kind, — he will feel the spirit of peace and love shedding serenity over all his thoughts : he will feel the dews of God's blessing descending upon his soul. This is the effect of that spirit, which the Apostle mentions, "as witnessing with our spirits, that we are the children of God." But this species of spiritual enjoyment is not to be resorted to, as the *touchstone* of our acceptance with God. It is not the *necessary* attendant of religious life, though it is so frequently enjoyed by the pious, and so clearly promised to them in Scripture, that we may all hope for it. And I can only give it as my opinion, that those who continually resort to their feelings, as the criterion of their

religious progress, are the least likely to enjoy this sweet reward of our labours, and foretaste of the joys to come.

I have scarcely left room for my name. Give my respects to your friends, with thanks for their invitation. I shall be in Cambridge on Wednesday week.

Your's truly.

## TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

St. John's College, 30th June, 1806.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

\* \* \* \* \*

I AM not much surprised at the long delay you have made in your approach to the Lord's table; nor do I blame your caution; but remember, that there is a difference between hesitation, on account of the awful nature of the ordinance, and the consciousness of unfitness; and hesitation, on account of an unwillingness to bind yourself with still stronger ties to the profession of Christianity. You may fear to approach that holy table, lest you should again fall away, and your latter state should be worse than your first: but you must not absent yourself from it, *in order* that you *may fall away* with less danger to your soul. You cannot, by any means, purify yourself, so as to become a *worthy* partaker of that blessed ordinance; but you may qualify yourself to partake of it, with a quiet conscience, and spiritual comfort. The very sense of unworthiness, of which you complain, is the best of all possible frames of mind



with which you can approach the sacred table ; and there can be little doubt, that with such an abiding consciousness of unfitness about you, God will have respect to your weakness, and will bestow upon you such an additional portion of his strength, as shall effectually guard you against subsequent temptations. A particular blessing, attendant on the holy communion, is, that it strengthens us in the ways of Christ. God seems to have a peculiar care for those who have sealed their profession with this solemn office ; and Christians appear to receive a portion of spiritual strength at these periods which bears them through, 'till they again meet at the holy mysteries.

\* \* \* \* \*

Opportunity for quiet meditation is a great blessing ; I wish I knew how to appreciate its value. For you, my dear brother, be not discouraged ; God sees your difficulties and will administer to your weaknesses ; and if after much prayer and serious thought, you can endue yourself with the garb of humility, and kneel a trembling guest at the table of your Redeemer, content even to pick up the crumbs that fall from it, and deem them far beyond your desert ; if, I say, you can go to the sacrament with these feelings, never fear but our all-blessed and benign Father will approve of your offering, and will bless you accordingly. Do not, however, be hurried into the step by the representations of your friends. Go, then, only when

your heart, consecrated by prayer, longs to partake of the body and blood of its Saviour, and to taste, in more near and full fruition, the fruits of redeeming love. And may God's blessing, my dear brother, attend you in it, and make it a means of confirming you in his way, and of weaning you more completely from the world, and its passing joys !

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

## TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

St. John's, July, 1806.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

\* \* \* \* \*

I AM going to spend a week or ten days at the house of a clergyman in this neighbourhood, whose name is T \* \* ; he is a very pleasant, and very clever man, has a most charming family and a no less charming house, so that I expect my visit will be very pleasant. He has twelve pupils, (who pay him 1200*l.* per annum,) but his family is so well regulated, and his house so large, that you scarcely perceive any inconvenience from them.

I read very moderately, and am in better health than I have been ever since I came to Cambridge.

My mother and sister have been urging me to take a hint, let out by Mr. C \* \* and Mr. S \* , about the Free School, which they seem inclined to confer on some person, not a clergyman. It is not likely that I should

give up the ministry for a school. If, however, they would allow me to take orders, at the end of two years, which is the soonest I could do it, I should leave the University, and run the risk of getting ordained. Indeed, the risk would be none, as I could keep my terms at Cambridge, and get a degree, without its interfering with my duties as a school-master. The place is 300*l.* per annum; and, I think, I could make it 500*l.*

\* \* \* \*



## **EARLY POEMS.**



## THE FAIR MAID OF CLIFTON.

*A new Ballad, in the old style.*

THE night it was dark, and the winds were high,  
And mournfully waved the wood,  
As Bateman met his Margaret  
By Trent's majestic flood.

He press'd the maiden to his breast,  
And his heart it was rack'd with fear,  
For he knew, that again, 'twas a deadly chance  
If ever he press'd her there.

"Oh! Margaret, wilt thou bear me true,"  
He said, "while I'm far away,  
"For to-morrow I go for a foreign land,  
"And there I have long to stay."

And the maid she vow'd she would bear him true,  
And thereto she plighted her troth;  
And she pray'd the ~~send~~ might fetch her away  
When she forgot her oath.



And the night-owl scream'd, as again she swore,  
 And the grove it did mournfully moan,  
 And Bateman's heart within him sunk,  
 He thought 'twas his dying groan.

And shortly he went with Clifton, his Lord,  
 To abide in a foreign land :  
 And Margaret she forgot her oath,  
 And she gave to another her hand.

Her husband was rich, but old, and crabb'd,  
 And oft the false one sigh'd,  
 And wish'd that ere she broke her vow,  
 She had broken her heart, and died.

And now return'd, her Bateman came  
 To demand his betrothed bride ;  
 But soon he learn'd that she had sought  
 A wealthier lover's side.

And when he heard the dreadful news,  
 No sound he utter'd more,  
 But his stiffen'd corse, ere the morn was seen,  
 Hung at his false one's door.

And Margaret, all night, in her bed,  
 She dreamed hideous dreams ;  
 And oft upon the moaning wind  
 Were heard her frightful screams.

And when she knew of her lover's death,  
 On her brow stood the clammy dew,  
 She thought of her oath, and she thought of her fate,  
 And she saw that her days were few.

But the Lord he is just, and the guilty alone  
 Have to fear of his vengeance the lash,  
 The thunderbolt harms not the innocent head,  
 While the criminal dies 'neath the flash.

His justice, she knew, would spare her awhile  
 For the child that she bare in her womb ;  
 But she felt, that when it was borne therefrom  
 She must instantly go to her tomb.

The hour approach'd, and she view'd it with fear  
 As the date of her earthly time ;  
 And she tried to pray to Almighty God  
 To expiate her crime.

And she begg'd her relations would come at the day,  
 And the parson would pray at her side ;  
 And the clerk would sing a penitent hymn,  
 With all the singers beside.

And she begg'd they would bar the windows so strong,  
 And put a new lock to the door ;  
 And sprinkle with holy water the house,  
 And over her chamber floor.

And they barr'd with iron the windows so strong,  
 And they put a new lock on the door ;  
 And the parson he came, and he carefully strew'd  
 With holy water the floor.

And her kindred came to see the dame,  
 And the clerk, and the singers beside ;  
 And they did sing a penitent hymn,  
 And with her did abide.

And midnight came, and shortly the dame  
 Did give to her child the light ;  
 And then she did pray, that they would stay,  
 And pass with her the night.

And she begg'd they would sing the penitent hymn,  
 And pray with all their might ;  
 For sadly I fear, the fiend will be here,  
 And fetch me away this night.

And now without, a stormy rout,  
 With howls the guests did hear ;  
 And the parson he pray'd, for he was afraid,  
 And the singers they quaver'd with fear.

And Marg'ret pray'd the Almighty's aid,  
 For louder the tempest grew ;  
 And every guest, his soul he blest,  
 As the tapers burned blue.

And the fair again, she pray'd of the men  
To sing with all their might;  
And they did sing, 'till the house did ring,  
And louder they sung for affright.

But now their song, it dried on their tongue,  
For sleep, it was seizing their sense;  
And Marg'ret screamed, and bid them not sleep,  
Or the fiends would bear her thence.

\* \* \* \* \*

## ON RURAL SOLITUDE

WHEN wandering, thoughtful, my stray steps at eve  
 (Releas'd from toil and careless of their way),  
 Have reach'd, unwillingly, some rural spot  
 Where quiet dwells in cluster'd cottages,  
 Fast by a wood, or on the river's marge,  
 I have sat down upon the shady stile  
 Half wearied with the long and lonesome walk,  
 And felt strange sadness steal upon the heart,  
 And unaccountable. — The rural smells  
 And sounds spake all of peacefulness and home;  
 The lazy mastiff, who my coming eyed,  
 Half balancing 'twixt fondness and distrust,  
 Recall'd some images, now half forgot,  
 Of the warm hearth at eve, when flocks are penn'd  
 And cattle hous'd, and every labour done.  
 And as the twilight's peaceful hour clos'd in,  
 The spiral smoke ascending from the thatch,  
 And the eve sparrow's last retiring chirp,  
 Have brought a busy train of hov'ring thoughts  
 To recollection, — rural offices

In younger days, and happier times perform'd.  
 And rural friends, now with their grave-stones carv'd,  
 And tales which wore away the winter's night  
 Yet fresh in memory. — Then my thoughts assume  
 A different turn, and I am e'en at *home*.  
 That hut is mine; that cottage half-embower'd  
 With modest jessamine, and that sweet spot  
 Of garden-ground, where, rang'd in meet array,  
 Grow countless sweets, the wall-flower and the pink,  
 And the thick thyme-bush — even that is mine:  
 And that old mulberry that shades the court  
 Has been my joy from very childhood up.

\* \* \* \* \*

## SONG.

## THE ROBIN RED-BREAST.

A VERY EARLY COMPOSITION.

WHEN the winter wind whistles around my lone cot,  
And my holiday friends have my mansion forgot,  
Though a lonely poor being, still do not I pine,  
While my poor Robin Red-breast forsakes not my  
shrine.

He comes with the morning, he hops on my arm,  
For he knows 'tis too gentle to do him a harm :  
And in gratitude ever beguiles with a lay  
The soul-sick'ning thoughts of a bleak winter's day.

What, though he may leave me, when spring again  
smiles,  
To waste the sweet summer in love's little wiles,  
Yet will he remember his fosterer long,  
And greet her each morning with one little song.

And when the rude blast shall again strip the trees,  
And plenty no longer shall flie on the breeze,

Oh ! then he'll return to his Helena kind,  
And repose in her breast from the rude northern wind.

My sweet little Robin's no holiday guest,  
He'll never forget his poor Helena's breast;  
But will strive to repay, by his generous song,  
Her love, and her cares, in the winter day long.



## WINTER SONG.

ROUSE the blazing midnight fire,  
Heap the crackling faggots higher ;  
Stern December reigns without,  
With old Winter's blust'ring rout.

Let the jocund timbrels sound,  
Push the jolly goblet round ;  
Care avaunt, with all thy crew,  
Goblins dire and devils blue.

Hark ! without the tempest growls,  
And the affrighted watch-dog howls ;  
Witches on their broomsticks sail,  
Death upon the whistling gale.

Heap the crackling faggots higher,  
Draw your easy chairs still nigher ;  
And to guard from wizards hoar,  
Nail the horse-shoe on the door.

Now repeat the freezing story,  
Of the murder'd traveller gory,  
Found beneath the yew-tree sear,  
Cut, his throat, from ear to ear.

Tell, too, how his ghost, all bloody,  
Frighten'd once a neighb'ring goody;  
And how, still at twelve he stalks,  
Groaning o'er the wild-wood walks.

Then, when fear usurps her sway,  
Let us creep to bed away;  
Each for ghosts, but little bolder,  
Fearfully peeping o'er his shoulder.

## SONG.

SWEET Jessy ! I would fain caress  
 That lovely cheek divine ;  
 Sweet Jessy, I'd give worlds to press  
 That rising breast to mine.

Sweet Jessy, I with passion burn  
 Thy soft blue eyes to see ;  
 Sweet Jessy, I would die to turn  
 Those melting eyes on me !

Yet Jessy, lovely as \* \* \*  
 Thy form and face appear,  
 I'd perish ere I would consent  
 To buy them with a tear.

\* \* \* \* \*

## SONG.

Oh, that I were the fragrant flower that kisses  
 My Arabella's breast that heaves on high ;  
 Pleased should I be to taste the transient blisses,  
 And on the melting throne to faint, and die.

Oh, that I were the robe that loosely covers  
 Her taper limbs, and Grecian form divine ;  
 Or the entwisted zones, like meeting lovers,  
 That clasp her waste in many an æry twine.

Oh, that my soul might take its lasting station  
 In her waved hair, her perfumed breath to sip ;  
 Or catch, by chance, her blue eyes fascination !  
 Or meet, by stealth, her soft vermilion lip.

But chain'd to this dull being, I must ever  
 Lament the doom by which I'm hither placed ;  
 Must pant for moments I must meet with never,  
 And dream of beauties I must never taste.

---

In hollow music, sighing through the glade,  
The breeze of autumn strikes the startled ear,  
And fancy, pacing through the woodland shade,  
Hears in the gust the requiem of the year.

As with lone tread along the whisp'ring grove  
I list the moan of the capricious wind,  
I, too, o'er, fancy's milky way would rove,  
But sadness chains to earth my pensive mind.

When by the huddling brooklet's secret brim  
I pause, and woo the dreams of Helicon,  
Sudden my saddest thoughts revert to him  
Who taught that brook to wind, and now is gone.

When by the poet's sacred urns I kneel,  
And rapture springs exultant to my reed,  
The pæan dies, and sadder measures steal,  
And grief and Montague demand the meed.

\* \* \* \* \*

---

THOU mongrel, who dost show thy teeth, and yelp,  
And bay the harmless stranger on his way,  
Yet, when the wolf appears, dost roar for help,  
And scamperest quickly from the bloody fray;  
Dare but on my fair fame to cast a slur,  
And I will make thee know, unto thy pain,  
Thou vile old good-for-nothing cur!

I, a Laconian dog, can bite again:  
Yes, I can make the Daunian tiger flee,  
Much more a bragging, foul-mouth'd whelp like thee.  
Beware Lycambes,' or Bupalus' fate —  
The wicked still shall meet my deadly hate;  
And know, when once I seize upon my prey,  
I do not languidly my wrongs bemoan;  
I do not whine and cant the time away,  
But, with revengeful gripe, I bite him to the bone.

\* . \* . \*

## ODE

## TO THE MORNING STAR.

MANY invoke pale Hesper's pensive sway,  
 When rest supine leans o'er the pillowing clouds,  
 And the last tinklings come  
 From the safe folded flock.

But me, bright harbinger of coming day,  
 Who shone the first on the primæval morn ;  
     Me, thou delightest more —  
 Chastely luxuriant.

Let the poor silken sons of slothful pride  
 Press now their downy couch in languid ease,  
     While visions of dismay  
 Flit o'er their troubled brain.

Be mine to view ; awake to nature's charms,  
 Thy paly flame evanish from the sky,  
     As gradual day usurps  
 The welkin's glowing bounds.

Mine, to snuff up the pure ambrosial breeze,  
 Which bears aloft the rose-bound car of morn,  
     And mark his early flight  
     The rustling skylark wing.

And thou, Hygeia, shalt my steps attend,  
 Thou, whom distracted, I so lately wooed,  
     As on my restless bed  
     Slow past the tedious night;

And slowly, by the taper's sickly gleam  
 Drew my dull curtain; and with anxious eye  
     Strove, through the veil of night  
     To mark the tardy morn.

Thou, Health, shalt bless me in my early walk,  
 As o'er the upland slope I brush the dew,  
     And feel the genial thrill  
     Dance in my lighten'd veins.

And as I mark the Cotter from his shed  
 Peep out with jocund face — thou, too, Content,  
     Shalt steal into my breast,  
     Thy mild, thy placid sway.

Star of the morning! these, thy joys I'll share,  
 As rove my pilgrim feet the sylvan haunts;  
     While to thy blushing shrine  
     Due orisons shall rise.



# THE HERMIT OF THE PACIFIC,

OR

## THE HORRORS OF UTTER SOLITUDE.

OH ! who can paint the unspeakable dismay  
 Of utter Solitude, shut out from all  
 Of social intercourse.— Oh ! who can say  
 What haggard horrors hold in shuddering thrall  
 Him, who by some Carvaggian waterfall  
 A shipwreck'd man bath scoop'd his desert cave,  
 Where Desolation, in her giant pall,  
 Sits frowning on the ever-falling wave,  
 That woos the wretch to dig, by her loud shore, his  
 grave.

Thou youthful pilgrim, whose untoward feet,  
 Too early have been torn in life's rough way,  
 Thou, who endow'd with Fancy's holiest heat  
 Seest dark Misfortune cloud thy morning ray :  
 Though doom'd in penury to pine thy day,  
 O seek not,—seek not in the glooms to shroud  
 Of waste, or wilderness — a cast-away —  
 Where noise intrudes not, save when in the cloud,  
 Riding sublime, the storm roars fearfully, and loud.

Though man to man be as the ocean shark,  
 Reckless, and unrelentingly severe;  
 Though friendship's cloak must veil the purpose dark,  
 While the red poniard glimmers in the rear,  
 Yet, is society most passing dear.  
 Though mix'd with clouds its sunshine gleams refin'd  
 Will through the glooms most pleasantly appear,  
 And soothe thee, when thy melancholy mind  
 Must ask for comfort else of the loud pitiless wind.

Yet is it distant from the muse's theme  
 To bid thee fly the rural covert still,  
 And plunge impetuous in the busy stream,  
 Of crowds to take of \* \* joys thy fill.  
 Ah ! no, she wooes thee to attune thy quill  
 In some low village's remote recess,  
 Where thou may'st learn — O enviable skill,  
 To heal the sick, and soothe the comfortless,  
 To give, and to receive — be blessed, and to bless.

God unto men hath different powers assign'd—  
 There be, who love the city's dull turmoil;  
 There be, who proud of an ambitious mind  
 From lonely quiet's hermit-walks recoil :  
 Leave thou these insects to their grov'ling toil —  
 Thou, whom retired leisure best can please;  
 For thee, the hazle copse's verdant aisle,  
 And summer bow'r, befitting studious ease,  
 Prepare a keener bliss than they shall ever seize.

Lo, the grey morning climbs the eastern tow'r,  
 The dew-drop glistening in her op'ning eye  
 Now on the upland lawns salute the hour  
 That wakes the warbling woods to melody;  
 There sauntering on the stile, embow'red high  
 With fragrant hawthorn, and the gadding briar,  
 Pore on thy book, or cast by fits thine eye  
 Where far below, hill, dale, and village spire,  
 And brook, and mead, and wood, far from the sight retire.

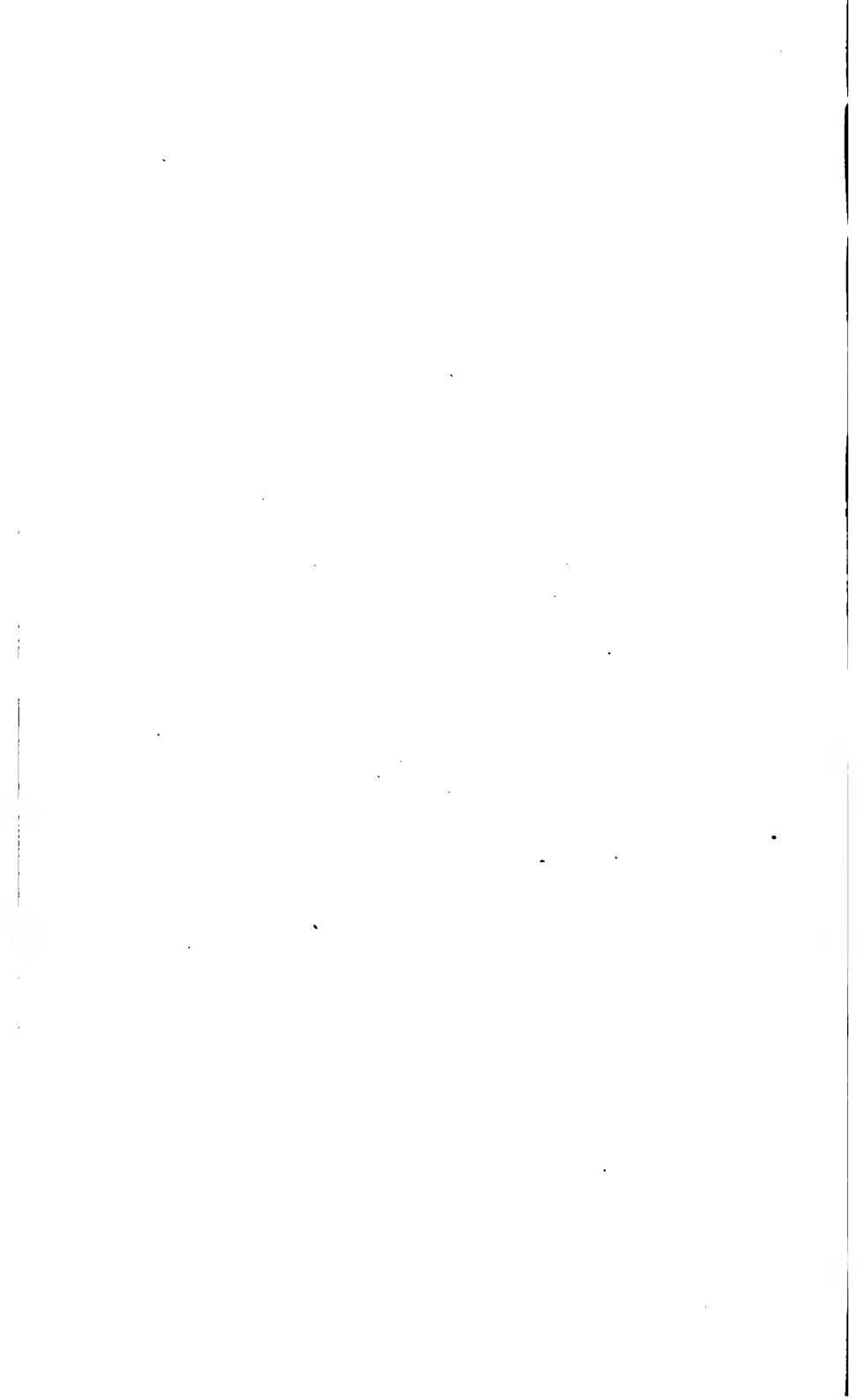
But what are these, *forsaken* and *forlorn*?  
 'Tis animation breathes the subtle spell —  
 Hark! from the echoing wood the mellow horn  
 Winds round from hill to hill, with distant swell;  
 The peasant's matin rises from the dell;  
 The heavy waggon creaks upon its way,  
 While tinkling soft the silver-tuning bell  
 Floats on the gale, or dies by fits away  
 From the sweet straw-roof'd grange, deep buried from  
 the day.

Man was not made to pine in solitude,  
 Ensepulchred, and far from converse placed,  
 Not for himself alone, untamed and rude,  
 To live the Bittern of the desert waste;  
 It is not his (by manlier virtues grac'd)  
 To pore upon the noontide brook, and sigh,  
 And weep for aye o'er sorrow uneffaced;  
 Him social duties call the tear to dry,  
 And wake the nobler powers of usefulness to ply.

The savage broods that in the forest shroud,  
 The Pard and Lion mingle with their kind ;  
 And, oh, shall man, with nobler pow'rs endow'd,  
 Shall he, to nature's strongest impulse blind,  
 Bury in shades his proud immortal mind ?  
 Like the sweet flow'r, that on some steep rock thrown,  
 Blossoms forlorn, rock'd by the mountain wind ;  
 A little while it decks the rugged stone,  
 Then, withering, fades away, unnoticed and unknown !

For ye who, fill'd with fancy's wildest dreams,  
 Run from the imperious voice of human pride,  
 And shrinking quick from woe's unheeded screams,  
 Long in some desert-cell your heads to hide,  
 Where you may muse from morn to eventide,  
 Free from the taunts of contumely and scorn,  
 From sights of woe — the pow'r to sooth denied,  
 Attend the song which in life's early morn. —

\* \* \* \* \*



**POEMS**  
**OF**  
**LATER DATE.**



---

The following are the Verses referred to, in a Letter to his Brother Neville, in the First Volume of the Remains, p. 117. They were composed *extempore*, in the presence of the Friend; who is *there* said, to have doubted Henry's ability to write poetry. — N. B. These verses did not appear in the first *five* Editions of the Remains.

---

THOU base repiner at another's joy,  
 Whose eyes turn green at merit not thine own;  
 Oh! far away from generous Britons fly,  
 And find in meaner climes a fitter throne.  
 Away, away, it shall not be,  
 Thou shalt not dare defile our plains;  
 The truly generous heart disdains  
 Thy meaner, lowlier fires, while he  
 Joys at another's joy, and smiles at others' jollity.

Triumphant monster! though thy schemes succeed —  
 Schemes laid in Acheron, the brood of night,  
 Yet, but a little while, and nobly freed,  
 Thy happy victim will emerge to light;  
 When o'er his head, in silence that reposes,  
 Some kindred soul shall come to drop a tear:  
 Then will his last cold pillow turn to roses,  
 Which thou hadst planted with the thorn severe;  
 Then, will thy baseness stand confest, and all  
 Will curse the ungen'rous fate, that bade a poet fall.

\* \* \* \* \*



Yet, ah ! thy arrows are too keen, too sure ;

Could'st thou not pitch upon another prey ?

Alas ! in robbing him, thou robb'st the poor,

Who only boast what thou wouldst take away.

See the lorn bard, at midnight-study sitting,

O'er his pale features streams his dying lamp ;

While o'er fond fancy's pale perspective flitting,

Successive forms their fleet ideas stamp.

Yet say, is bliss upon his brow imprest ?

Does jocund health in thought's still mansion live ?

Lo ! the cold dew's that on his temples rest ;

That short, quick sigh — their sad responses give.

And can'st thou rob a poet of his song,

Snatch from the bard his trivial meed of praise ?

Small are his gains, nor does he hold them long :

Then, leave ! Oh, leave him to enjoy his lays,

While yet he lives — for to his merits just,

Though future ages join his fame to raise,

Will the loud trump awake his cold unheeding dust?

\* \* \* \*

---

WHEN pride and envy, and the scorn  
Of wealth, my heart with gall embued,  
I thought, how pleasant were the morn  
Of silence in the solitude.  
To hear the forest bee on wing;  
Or by the stream, or woodland spring,  
To lie and muse alone, — alone,  
While the tinkling waters moan :  
Or such wild sounds rise, as say,  
Man and noise are far away.

Now, surely, thought I, there's enow  
To fill life's dusty way;  
And who will miss a poet's feet,  
Or wonder where he stray.  
So to the woods, and waste I'll go :  
And I will build an osier bower,  
And sweetly there to me shall flow  
The meditative hour.

And when the autumn's withering hand  
Shall strew with leaves the sylvan land,  
I'll to the forest caverns hie;

And in the dark and stormy nights  
I'll listen to the shrieking sprites;  
Who, in the wintry wolds and floods,  
Keep jubiles and thread the woods;  
Or, as it's drifted soft and slow,  
Hurl in ten thousand shapes the snow.

\* \* \* \*

---

I HAVE a wish, and near my heart  
That wish lies buried ;  
To keep it there's a foolish part,  
For, oh ! it must not be,  
It must not, must not, be.

Why, my fond heart, why beat'st thou so ?  
The dream is fair to see —  
But, bid the lovely flatterer go ;  
It must not, must not, be,  
Oh ! no, it must not be.

'Tis well this tear in secret falls,  
This weakness suits not me ;  
I know where sterner duty calls —  
It must not, cannot, be,  
Oh ! no, it cannot be.

---

ONCE more his beagles wake the slumb'ring morn,  
And the high woodland echoes to his horn,  
As on the mountain cliff the hunter band  
Chase the fleet chamois o'er the unknown land,  
Or sadly silent, from some jutting steep,  
He throws his line into the gulphy deep.  
Where in the wilderness, grotesque and drear,  
The loud Arve stuns the eve's reposing ear;  
Or, if his lost domestic joys arise,  
Once more the prattler its endearments tries —  
It lisps "my father!" and as newly prest  
Its close embraces meet his lonely breast.  
His long-lost partner, too, at length restor'd,  
Leans on his arm, and decks the social board.  
Yet still, mysterious on his fever'd brain  
The deep impressions of his woes remain:  
He thinks she weeps. — "And why, my love, so pale?  
"What hidden grief could o'er thy peace prevail,  
"Or is it fancy? — yet thou dost but \* \*;"  
And then he weeps, and weeps he knows not why.

---

DREAR winter ! who dost knock  
So loud and angry on my cottage roof  
In the loud night-storm wrapt, while drifting snows  
The cheerless waste invest, and cold, and wide,  
Seen by the flitting star, the landscape gleams ;  
With no unholy awe I hear thy voice,  
As by my dying embers, safely hous'd,  
I, in deep silence, muse. Tho' I am lone,  
And my low chimney owns no cheering voice  
Of friendly converse ; yet not comfortless  
Is my long evening, nor devoid of thoughts  
To cheat the silent hours upon their way.  
There are, who in this dark and fearful night,  
Houseless, and cold of heart, are forc'd to bide  
These beating snows, and keen relentless winds —  
Wayfaring men, or wanderers whom no home  
Awaits, nor rest from travel, save the inn  
Where all the journeyers of mortal life  
Lie down at last to sleep. Yet some there be  
Who merit not to suffer. — Infancy,  
And sinew-shrinking age are not exempt  
From penury's severest, deadliest gripe.  
Oh, it doth chill the eddying heart's-blood to see

The guileless cheek of infancy turn'd blue  
With the keen cold. — Lo, where the baby hangs  
On his wan parent's hand; his shiv'ring skin  
Half bare, and opening to the biting gale.  
Poor shiv'rer, to his mother he up turns  
A meaning look in silence! then he casts  
Askance, upon the howling waste before,  
A mournful glance upon the forward way —  
But all lies dreary, and cold as hope  
In his forsaken breast.

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A

~~Unusually early, more common than . . .~~

And carols blithe his short and simple song.

Thrice happy idler ! — thou hast never known

Refinement's piercing pang: thy joys are small,

Yet are they unalloyed with bitter thought

And after misery. — As I behold

Thy placid, artless countenance, I feel

Strange envy of thy state, and fain would change

These short, uncommon hours of keener bliss

For thy long day of equal happiness.

Heaven grant no after trials may imprint

Trouble's deep wrinkle on thine open face,

And cloud thy generous features. — May'st thou tread

In the calm paths thro' which thy fathers trod,

To their late graves of honourable rest:

So will thy lot be happy. So the hour



Of c

And as when my st ~~own~~ any ~~unhappy~~ heart  
Beneath the narrow mound, affection's hand  
Will bend the osier o'er thy peaceful grave,  
And bid the lily blossom on thy turf.  
But, oh ! may heaven avert from thee, the curse  
Of mad fanaticism ! away ! away —  
Let not the restless monster dare pollute  
The calm abodes of rural innocence !  
Oh ! if the wide contagion reach thy breast,  
Unhappy peasant, peace will vanish thence,  
And raging turbulence will rack thy heart  
With feverish dismay : — then discontent  
Will pray upon thy vitals, then will doubt  
And sad uncertainty in fierce array,  
With superstition's monstrous train surround  
Thy dreadful death-bed ; and no soothing hand  
Will smooth the painful pillow, for the bonds  
Of tender amity are all consumed  
By the prevailing fire. They all are lost  
In one ungovernable, selfish flame.  
Where has this pestilence arisen ? — where  
The Hydra multitude of sister ills.  
Of infidelity, and open sin,  
Of disaffection, and repining gall ?  
Oh, ye revered, venerable band,  
Who wear religion's ephod, unto ye  
Belongs with wakeful vigilance to check  
The growing evil. In the vicious town

Fearless, and fixed, the monster stands secure :  
But guard the rural shade ! let honest peace  
Yet hold her ancient seats, and still preserve  
The village groups in their primeval bliss.

Such was, Placidio, thy divine employ,  
Ere thou wert borne to some sublimer sphere  
By death's mild angel.

\* \* \* \* \*

---

WHERE yonder woods in gloomy pomp arise,  
Embow'ed, remote, a lowly cottage lies ;  
Before the door a garden spreads, where blows  
Now wild, once cultivate, the brier rose ;  
Tho' chok'd with weeds, the lily there will peer,  
And early primrose hail the nascent year ;  
There to the walls did jess'mine wreaths attach,  
And many a sparrow twitter'd in the thatch,  
While in the woods that wave their heads on high  
The stock-dove warbled murmuring harmony.

There, buried in retirement, dwelt a sage,  
Whose reverent locks bespoke him far in age ;  
Silent he was, and solemn was his mien,  
And rarely on his cheek a smile was seen.  
The village gossips had full many a tale  
About the aged " hermit of the dale."  
Some called him wizard, some a holy seer,  
Tho' all beheld him with an equal fear,  
And many a stout heart had he put to flight,  
Met in the gloomy wood-walks late at night.

Yet well, I ween, the sire was good of heart,  
Nor would to ought one heedless pang impart ;

His soul was gentle, but he'd known of woe,  
 Had known the world, nor longer wish'd to know.  
 Here, far retir'd from all its busy ways,  
 He hop'd to spend the remnant of his days ;  
 And here, in peace, he till'd his little ground,  
 And saw, unheeded, years revolving round.  
 Fair was his daughter, as the blush of day,  
 In her alone his hopes and wishes lay ;  
 His only care, about her future life,  
 When death should call him from the haunts of strife.  
 Sweet was her temper, mild as summer skies  
 When o'er their azure no thin vapour flies ;  
 And but to see her aged father sad,  
 No fear, no care, the gentle Fanny had.

Still at her wheel, the live-long day she sung,  
 'Till with the sound the lonesome woodlands rung,  
 And, 'till usurp'd his long unquestioned sway,  
 The solitary bittern wing'd its way,  
 Indignant rose, on dismal pinions borne,  
 To find, untrod by man, some waste forlorn ;  
 Where, unmolested, he might hourly wail,  
 And with his screams still load the heavy gale.

Once as I stray'd at eve, the woods among,  
 To pluck wild strawberries, — I heard her song ;  
 And heard, enchanted, — oh, it was so soft,  
 So sweet, I thought the cherubim aloft

Were quiring to the spheres. Now the full note  
 Did on the downy wings of silence float  
 Full on the ravish'd sense, then died away,  
 Distantly on the ear, in sweet decay.

Then, first I knew the cot ; the simple pair ;  
 Tho' soon become a welcome inmate there :  
 At eve, I still would fly to hear the lay,  
 Which Fanny to her lute was wont to play ;  
 Or with the Sire, would sit and talk of war,  
 For wars he'd seen, and bore full many a scar,  
 And oft the plan of gallant siege he drew,  
 And lov'd to teach me all the arts he knew.

\* \* \* \* \*

---

WITH slow step, along the desert sand,  
Where o'er the parching plains broods red dismay,  
The Arab chief leads on his ruthless band.  
And, lo ! a speck of dust is seen to play,  
On the remotest confines of the day.  
Arouse ! arouse ! fierce, does the chieftain cry,  
Death calls ! the caravan is on its way !  
The warrior shouts. The Siroc hurries by,  
Hush'd is his stormy voice, and quench'd his murderous  
eye.

---

These lines might appear, by the metre, to have been intended for a stanza of the "*Christiad*," perhaps to have been introduced as a simile ; but though the conception is striking, the composition is far more incorrect than *that* of that fine fragment.

## PSALM XXII.

My God, my God, oh, why dost thou forsake me?

Why art thou distant in the hour of fear?

To thee, my wonted help, I still betake me,

To thee I clamour, but thou dost not hear.

The beam of morning witnesses my sighing,

The lonely night-hour views me weep in vain,

Yet thou art holy, and, on thee relying,

Our fathers were released from grief and pain.

To thee they cried, and thou didst hear their wailing,

On thee they trusted, and their trust was sure;

But I, poor, lost, and wretched son of failing,

I, without hope, must scorn and hate endure.

Me they revile; with many ills molested,

They bid me seek of thee, O Lord, redress:

On God, they say, his hope and trust he rested,

Let God relieve him in his deep distress.

To me, Almighty! in thy mercy shining,

Life's dark and dangerous portals thou didst ope:

And softly on my mother's lap reclining,

Breath'd thro' my breast the lively soul of hope.

Even from the womb, thou art my God, my Father !

Aid me, now trouble weighs me to the ground ;  
 Me heavy ills have worn, and, faint and feeble,  
 The bulls of Bashan have beset me round.

My heart is melted and my soul is weary,  
 The wicked ones have pierced my hands and feet ;  
 Lord, let thy influence cheer my bosom dreary ;  
 My help ! my strength ! let me thy presence greet.

Save me ! oh, save me ! from the sword dividing,  
 Give me my darling from the jaws of death !  
 Thee will I praise, and in thy name confiding,  
 Proclaim thy mercies with my latest breath.

\* \* \* \* \*



## HYMN I.

THE Lord our God is full of might,  
 The winds obey his will :  
 He speaks, and in his heavenly height  
 The rolling sun stands still.

Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land  
 With threatening aspect roar !  
 The Lord uplifts his awful hand,  
 And chains you to the shore.

Howl, winds of night, your force combine !  
 Without his high behest,  
 Ye shall not in the mountain pine  
 Disturb the sparrow's nest.

His voice sublime is heard afar,  
 In the distant peal it dies ;  
 He yokes the whirlwind to his car,  
 And sweeps the howling skies.

Ye nations bend, — in reverence bend ;  
 Ye monarchs, wait his nod ;  
 And bid the choral song ascend,  
 To celebrate your God.

## HYMN II.

THE Lord our God is Lord of all,  
 His station who can find?  
 I hear him in the waterfall!  
 I hear him in the wind!

If in the gloom of night I shroud,  
 His face I cannot fly;  
 I see him in the evening cloud,  
 And in the morning sky.

He lives, he reigns in every land,  
 From winter's polar snows,  
 To where, across the burning sand,  
 The blasting meteor glows!

He smiles, we live; he frowns, we die;  
 We hang upon his word:—  
 He rears his red right arm on high,  
 And ruin bares the sword.

He bids his blasts the fields deform—  
 Then when his thunders cease,  
 Sits like an angel 'mid the storm,  
 And smiles the winds to peace!

## HYMN III.

THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,  
Amid the deepening gloom,  
We, soldiers of an injured King,  
Are marching to the tomb.

There, when the turmoil is no more,  
And all our powers decay,  
Our cold remains in solitude  
Shall sleep the years away.

Our labours done, securely laid  
In this our last retreat,  
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust  
The storms of life shall beat.

Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,  
The vital spark shall lie,  
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise  
To see its kindred sky.

These ashes too, this little dust,  
Our Father's care shall keep,  
'Till the last angel rise, and break  
The long and dreary sleep.

Then love's soft dew o'er every eye  
Shall shed its mildest rays,  
And the long silent dust shall burst  
With shouts of endless praise.

## HYMN IV.

## A FRAGMENT.

MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,  
Onward, Christians, onward go,  
Fight the fight, and worn with strife,  
Steep with tears the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,  
Join the war, and face the foe :  
Faint not ! much doth yet remain,  
Dreary is the long campaign.

Shrink not, Christians ; will ye yield ?  
Will ye quit the painful field ?

• • • • •

## HYMN V.

CHRISTIANS! brethren ! ere we part,  
Join every voice and every heart;  
One solemn hymn to God we raise,  
One final song of grateful praise.

Christians, we here may meet no more,  
But there is yet a happier shore;  
And there, released from toil and pain,  
Brethren, we shall meet again.

Now to God, the Three in One,  
Be eternal glory done;  
Raise, ye saints, the sound again:  
Ye nations, join the loud Amen.

## TO A FRIEND.

To *you* these pensive lines I fondly send,  
 Far distant now, my brother, and my friend.  
 If, 'mid the novel scene, thou yet art free  
 To give one silent, museful hour to me,  
 Turn from the world, and fancy, whisp'ring near,  
 Thou hear'st the voice thou once did'st love to hear.  
 Can time and space, howe'er with anguish fraught,  
 Damp the warm heart, or chain the soaring thought?  
 Or, when most dread, the nascent joy they blast,  
 Chace from the mind the image of the past!  
 Ah, no! when death has robb'd her hord of bliss,  
 What stays to soothe the widow's hours, but this?—  
 This cheers her dreams, and cheats the ling'ring time  
 Till she shall reach \* \* \* \* \*

---

Oh ! had the soul's deep silence pow'r to speak ;  
Could the warm thought the bars of distance break !  
Could the lone music to thine ear convey  
Each rising sigh, and all the heart can say !  
Dear to my breast, beyond conception dear,  
Would the long solitude of night appear :  
Sweet would it be to hear the winds complain —  
To mark the heavings of the moonlight main ;  
Sweet to behold the silent hamlet lie,  
With       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
But sweeter far       \*       \*       \*       \*  
Rose not unshar'd, nor fell unmark'd by thee.



## SONNET.

THE harp is still ! Weak tho' the spirit were  
That whispered in its rising harmonies ;  
Yet Mem'ry, with her sister, fond Regret,  
Loves to recall the wild and wandering airs  
That cheer'd the long-fled hours, when o'er the strings  
That spirit hover'd. Weak, and though it were  
To pour the torrent of impetuous song,  
It was not weak to touch the sacred chords  
Of pity, or to summon with dark spell  
Of witching rhymes, the spirits of the deep  
Form'd to do Fancy's bidding ; and to fetch  
Her perfumes from the morning star, or dye  
Her volant robes with the bright rainbow's hues.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Or should the day be overcast,  
We'll linger 'till the show'r be past ;  
Where the hawthorn's branches spread  
A fragrant covert o'er the head.  
And list the rain-drops beat the leaves,  
Or smoke upon the cottage eaves ;  
Or silent dimpling on the stream  
Convert to lead its silver gleam ;  
And we will muse on human life,  
And think, from all the storms of strife,  
How sweet to find a snug retreat  
Were we may hear the tempests beat,  
Secure and fearless, — and provide  
Repose for life's calm eventide.

---

MILD vesper, favourite of the Paphian Queen,  
 Whose lucid lamp on evening's twilight zone, -  
 Sheds a soft lustre o'er the gloom serene,  
 Only by Cynthia's silver beam outshone :  
 Thee I invoke to point my lonely way  
 O'er these wild wastes, to where my lover bides,  
 For thou alone canst lend thy friendly ray.  
 Now the bright moon toward the ocean glides —  
 No midnight murderer asks thy guilty aid,  
 Nor nightly robber \* \* \* \* \*  
 I am alone, by silly love betrayed  
 To woo the star of Venus, \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

---

IN every clime, from Lapland to Japan,  
This truth's confest, — That man's worst foe is man.  
The rav'ning tribes, that croud the sultry zone,  
Prey on all kinds and colours, but their own.  
Lion with lion herds, and pard with pard,  
Instinct's first law, their covenant and guard.  
But man alone, the lord of ev'ry clime,  
Whose post is godlike, and whose pow'rs sublime,  
*Man*, at whose birth the Almighty hand stood still,  
Pleas'd with the last great effort of his will;  
Man, man alone, no tenant of the wood,  
Preys on his kind, and laps his brother's blood;  
His fellow leads, where hidden pit-falls lie,  
And drinks with extacy his dying sigh.

## SONNET.

Poor little one ! most bitterly did pain,  
And life's worst ills, assail thine early age ;  
And, quickly tir'd with this rough pilgrimage,  
Thy wearied spirit did its heaven regain.  
Moaning, and sickly, on the lap of life  
Thou laidst thine aching head, and thou didst sigh  
A little while, ere to its kindred sky  
Thy soul return'd, to taste no more of strife !  
Thy lot was happy, little sojourner !  
Thou had'st no mother to direct thy ways ;  
And fortune frown'd most darkly on thy days,  
Short as they were. Now, far from the low stir  
Of this dim spot, in heaven thou dost repose,  
And look'st, and smil'st on this world's transient woes.

## SONNET

TO DECEMBER.

**DARK** visaged visitor, who comest here  
 Clad in thy mournful tunic, to repeat  
 (While glooms, and chilling rains enwrap thy feet)  
 The solemn requiem of the dying year,  
 Not undelightful to my list'ning ear  
 Sound thy dull show'rs, as, o'er my woodland seat,  
 Dismal, and drear, the leafless trees they beat :  
 Not undelightful, in their wild career,  
 Is the wild music of thy howling blasts,  
 Sweeping the groves long aisle, while sullen Time  
 Thy stormy mantle o'er his shoulder casts,  
 And, rock'd upon his throne, with chant sublime,  
 Joins the full-pealing dirge, and winter weaves  
 Her dark sepulchral wreath of faded leaves.

## ODE TO LIBERTY.

HENCE to thy darkest shades, dire Slavery, hence !  
     Thine icy touch can freeze,  
     Swift as the Polar breeze  
 The proud defying port of human sense.  
     Hence to thine Indian cave,  
 To where the tall canes whisper o'er thy rest,  
     Like the murmuring wave  
 Swept by the dank wing of the rapid west :  
     And at the night's still noon,  
 The lash'd Angolan, in his grated cell,  
     Mix'd with the tyger's yell,  
 Howls to the dull ear of the silent moon.

But come, thou goddess, blithe and free,  
 Thou mountain-maid, sweet Liberty !  
 With buskin'd knee, and bosom bare,  
 Thy tresses floating in the air :  
 Come, — and treading on thy feet,  
 Independence let me meet,  
 Thy giant mate, whose awful form  
 Has often braved the bellowing storm ;  
 And heard its angry spirit shriek,  
 Rear'd on some promontory's beak,  
 Seen by the lonely fisher far,  
 By the glimpse of flitting star.

His awful bulk, in dusky shroud,  
 Commixing with the pitchy cloud;  
 While at his feet the lightnings play,  
 And the deep thunders die away.  
 Goddess, come, and let us sail  
 On the fresh reviving gale;  
 O'er dewy lawns, and forests lone,  
 'Till lighting on some mountain stone,  
 That scales the circumambient sky,  
 We see a thousand nations lie.  
 From Zembla's snows, to Afric's heat,  
 Prostrate beneath our frolic feet.

From Italy's luxurious plains,  
 Where everlasting summer reigns,  
 Why Goddess, dost thou turn away?  
 Didst thou never sojourn there?  
 Oh, yes, thou didst — but fallen is Rome,  
 The pilgrim weeps her silent doom.  
 As at midnight, murmuring low,  
 Along the mouldering portico,  
 He hears the desolate wind career,  
 While the rank ivy whispers near.

Ill-fated Gaul ! ambitious grasp  
 Bids thee again in slavery gasp.  
 Again the dungeon walls resound  
 The hopeless shriek, the groan profound.



But, lo, in yonder happy skies,  
 Helvetia's airy mountains rise,  
 And, oh, on her tall cliffs reclin'd,  
 Gay fancy, whispering to the mind :  
 As the wild herdsman's call is heard,  
 Tells me, that she, o'er all preferr'd  
 In every clime, in every zone,  
 Is Liberty's divinest throne.  
 Yet, whence that sigh ? O goddess, say,  
 Has the tyrant's thirsty sway  
 Dared profane the sacred seat,  
 Thy long high-favour'd, best retreat ?  
 It has ! it has ! away, away,  
 To where the green isles woo the day,  
 Where thou art still supreme, and where  
 Thy Pæans fill the floating air.

\* \* \* \* \*

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Who is it leads the planets on their dance —  
The mighty sisterhood? Who is it strikes  
The harp of universal harmony?

Hark! 'tis the voice of planets on their dance,  
Led by the arch-contriver. Beautiful  
The harmony of order! How they sing!  
The regulated orbs, upon their path  
Through the wide tractless ether sing as though  
A syren sat upon each glitt'ring gem,  
And made fair music — such as mortal hand  
Ne'er rais'd on the responding chords; more like  
The mystic melody that oft the bard  
Hears in the strings of the suspended harp,  
Touch'd by some unknown beings that reside  
In ev'ning breezes, or, at dead of night,  
Wake in the long, shrill pauses of the wind.

This is the music which, in ages hush'd,  
Ere the Assyrian quaff'd his cups of blood,  
Kept the lone Chald awake, when thro' the night  
He watch'd his herds. The solitary man,  
By frequent meditation, learnt to spell

Yon sacred volume of high mystery.  
 He could arrange the wandering passengers,  
 From the pale star, first on the silent brow  
 Of the meek-tressed Eve, to him who shines,  
 Son of the morning, orient Lucifer:  
 Sweet were to him in that unletter'd age,  
 The openings of wonder. — He could gaze  
 Till his whole soul was fill'd with mystery,  
 And every night-wind was a spirit's voice,  
 And every far-off mist, a spirit's form:  
 So with fables, and wild romantic dreams  
 He mix'd his truth, and couch'd in symbols dark.  
 Hence, blind idolatry arose, and men  
 Kneel'd to the sun, or at the dead of night  
 Pour'd their orisons to the cloud-wrapt moon.  
 Hence, also, after ages into stare  
 Transformed their heroes; and the warlike chief,  
 With fond eye fix'd on some resplendent gem,  
 Held converse with the spirits of his sires: —  
 With other eyes than these did Plato view  
 The heav'ns, and, fill'd with reasonings sublime,  
 Half pierc'd, at intervals, the mystery,  
 Which with the gospel vanish'd, and made way  
 For noon-day brightness.       \*       \*       \*

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How beautiful upon the element  
The Egyptian moonlight sleeps ;  
The Arab on the bank hath pitch'd his tent ;  
The light wave dances, sparkling, o'er the deeps ;  
The tall reeds whisper in the gale,  
And o'er the distant tide moves slow the silent sail.

Thou mighty Nile ! and thou receding main,  
How peacefully ye rest upon your shores,  
Tainted no more, as when from Cairo's tow'rs,  
Roll'd the swoln corse by plague ! the monster ! slain.  
Far as the eye can see around,  
Upon the solitude of waters wide,  
There is no sight, save of the restless tide —  
Save of the winds, and waves, there is no sound.

Egyptia sleeps, her sons in silence sleep !  
Ill-fated land, upon thy rest they come —  
Th' invader, and his host. Behold the deep  
Bears on her farthest verge a dusky gloom —  
And now they rise, the masted forests rise,

And gallants, through the foam, their way they make.  
Stern Genius of the Memphian shores, awake —

The foeman in thy inmost harbour lies,  
And ruin o'er thy land with brooding pennon flies.

\* \* \* \* \*

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GHOSTS of the dead, in grim array,  
Surround the tyrant's nightly bed !  
And in the still, distinctly say,  
I by thy treach'ry bled.  
And I, and I, ten thousands cry ;  
From Jaffa's plains, from Egypt's sands,  
They come, they raise the chorus high,  
And whirl around in shrieking bands.  
Loud, and more loud, the clamours rise,  
" Lo ! there the traitor ! murderer ! lies."  
He murder'd me, he murder'd thee,  
And now his bed, his rack shall be.  
As when a thousand torrents roar,  
Around his head their yells they pour.  
The sweat-drops start, convulsion's hand  
Binds every nerve in iron band  
'Tis done ! they fly, the clamours die,  
The moon is up, the night is calm,  
Man's busy broods in slumbers lie ;  
But horrors still the tyrant's soul alarm,  
And ever and anon, serenely clear,  
Have mercy, mercy, heaven ! strikes on dull midnight's  
ear.

## ODE

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

WHAT means yon trampling ! what that light  
 That glimmers in the inmost wood ;  
 As tho' beneath the felon night,  
 It mark'd some deed of blood :  
 Behold yon figures dim descried  
 In dark array, they speechless glide.  
 The forest moans ; the raven's screams,  
 Swells slowly o'er the moated stream,  
 As from the castle's topmost tow'r,  
 It chants its boding song alone :  
 A song, that at this awful hour  
 Bears dismal tidings in its funeral tone ;  
 Tidings, that in some grey domestic's ear  
 Will on his wakeful bed strike deep mysterious fear.

And, hark, that loud report ! tis done ;  
 There's murder couch'd in yonder gloom ;  
 'Tis done, 'tis done ! the prize is won,  
 Another rival meets his doom.  
 The tyrant smiles, — with fell delight  
 He dwells upon the \* \* \* \* \*  
 The tyrant smiles ; from terror freed,  
 Exulting in the foul misdeed,

And sternly in his secret breast  
Marks out the victims next to fall.

His purpose fixed; their moments fly no more,

He points, — the poniard knows its own;

Unseen it strikes, ——— unseen they die,

Foul midnight only hears, and shudders at the groan.

But justice yet shall lift her arm on high,

And Bourbon's blood no more ask vengeance from the sky.





## **PROSE COMPOSITIONS.**



## AN UNFINISHED TRACT.

MY BRETHREN,

I THINK it more particularly proper, at a period, which seems big with awful events, to make a solemn address to each of you singly, on a most important and weighty subject. I mean, the state of your minds with regard to religion.

The more pointed objects of this little book, are such of you as it has pleased God to place in the lower classes of life. I do not mean to take up your attention for a very long time; all I entreat of you, is to turn aside, but for a few trifling moments, from the voice of folly and the vain pursuits of this passing world, to listen to the voice of a monitor, who teaches those momentous topics, which are of infinitely more weight, than the revolutions of states and empires, — of all the busy pageants of the earth. Believe me, my brethren, the subject is most awful and solemn, and demands your undivided attention. Were I now about to state the case of a criminal on his trial for life or death, you would enter with the deepest interest into my discourse; you would weigh with anxious care all the favourable or unfavourable points of the statement; you would make your conjectures in breathless expectation, as to the probable

event; and I am now going to address you on an affair of infinitely more concern; an affair, which treats not of the fate of a mortal, but of everlasting life or everlasting death; and that, too, of your own selves. You are all criminals, who must one day answer at the peril of your souls for your conduct here; and it is on your conduct *here*, that I would exhort you; and shall you turn a deaf ear to the representation of the dangers of your own states? shall you listen with indifference to the voice which, warns you of your fate? God forbid! I conjure you, my dear brethren, hear with attention the precepts which, drawing from the Gospel of Jesus Christ, I would impress on your minds; write them in your hearts, and inscribe them on the tablets of your remembrance, that they may be a solace to you in sorrow and adversity; a relief in pain and tribulation; and finally, a sweet and firm support, when you shall repose on the trying pillow of death.

Surely, I need not impress upon you the excellence and the truth of the Gospel. Most of you, I trust, believe in your Redeemer, though you slight and disregard his words. But some, I know too well, there are amongst you, who, deluded by the false, yet seemingly open reasoning of wretched and ignorant infidels, in the pride of their hearts, affirm their contempt for the doctrines of Christianity. Such unhappy men, *I leave to their God*, with the fervent prayer, that as his spirit can alone rescue them from sure and everlasting death, he will vouchsafe to open their hearts and understandings

to his truths, ere they fall into that gulph from which no repentance, no tears, no prayers will ever deliver them ; “where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.”

For you, who, believing in the Holy Scriptures, are hardened in indifference and careless wickedness, I shall *first* point out some of the strong calls you have to an earnest performance of the duties of Religion. I shall then, shew the happiness which will result to you from God’s blessing upon you ; and I shall then conclude, by exhorting you, at this moment in particular, to begin an immediate reformation in your lives, and denounce the dreadful sentence of Almighty vengeance on such as shall be overtaken in their career of wickedness.

The Gospel of Christ presents itself to us under such pleasing appearances ; its lessons are so mild and delightful, and its principles are so interesting, that were men once made sensible of its pleasures, their own inclinations would lead them ardently to long to share its comforts. Gratitude itself calls upon us night and day, with unwearied and continued anxiousness to glorify him, who, for our sakes, bled a bitter sacrifice. Let us behold the state of man after the fall. Lost, debased, condemned, having the judgment of death denounced upon him ; a poor worm in the scale of the universe, less than a grain of dust ; and let us reflect, that to redeem this wretched insect from the penalties of his crime, the Son of God himself assumed all the infirmities of human nature ; that for him, he endured the most

eruel and unrelenting of persecutions ; and lastly, after passing a life, in which he was continually employed in doing good unto all, and receiving in return, every pang which malignity could inflict or human nature undergo ; that he died on the cross, a death the most miserable and dreadful that the imagination can conceive. Oh ! how black must be the ingratitude of that man, who can wilfully and unthinkingly cast away salvation purchased for him at a rate so dear ! What punishment must he deserve, (for whom the Son of God himself died, as a means of salvation), who lightly resigns the dear privilege, and blindly rushes into the ways of error and sin ! My brethren, consider what Jesus Christ endured for your sakes. You may, perhaps, yourselves, have tasted the bitter cup of calamity ; but he endured all your afflictions and troubles an hundred fold. Are you poor and lowly ? So, was *He*. Are you persecuted and forlorn ? So, was *He* unto death. Are you houseless and an outcast ? The Lord Jesus was a poor way wanderer, without a pillow on which to lay his head. Are your prospects in the world gloomy and devoid of comfort ? So also were his. You can scarcely name a suffering, or conceive a trial which Christ did not undergo, that we might partake of everlasting life. Behold him, to whom the whole universe owed its being, to whom angels and archangels ministered, whom the Cherubim and Seraphim obeyed, voluntarily exposing himself to all the weakness of the flesh. Behold the Son of God sleeping in the manger of an obscure inn ; survey him

ushered into life, and persecution while yet a defenceless infant, fleeing from the sword of murder into Bethlehem. Contemplate him afterwards, when arrived at manhood, going about doing good, and yet turning aside from the machinations of evil men, because his hour was not yet come. Surrounded with a few poor fishermen, the lowest among men, see him exposed to the most violent attempts of powerful men. You have all your sorrows; but what are they, to what he endured, when for us he became man? What can convey a more impressive idea of the sufferings of Jesus than the melancholy expression of Jesus, when a certain man said he would follow him wheresoever he went. — “The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.”

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I AM requested to state the reasons for my wishing to enter into the ministry. I will do it as briefly as I can.

Since the time I was awakened to a true sense of religion, I have always felt a strong desire to become useful in the church of Christ; a desire which has increased daily, and which, it has been my supplication, might be from God. It is true, before I began to be solicitous about spiritual things, I had a wish to become a clergyman, but that was very different. I trust, I may now say, that I *would* be a minister, that I may do good; and although I am sensible of the awful importance of the pastoral charge, I would sacrifice every thing for it, in the hope that I should be strengthened faithfully to discharge the duties of that sacred office. I think I have no other reason to offer but this; the hope of being an instrument in the hands of God to the promotion of his glory is my chief motive. With regard to the doctrines of the church contained in the articles, I conceive them to be strictly formed upon the Gospel, as setting forth salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ alone; the original depravity of man, whereby he is rendered utterly unfit for every good thing, and dead to the light of Truth, until he is renewed and born again in the Holy Spirit by the free grace of God;

and as teaching that no man can claim acceptation on account of his works, because, being of ourselves incapable of doing good, they spring from the grace of God, and to *him*, therefore, must be assigned; but that they are the fruits and testimony of sound faith.

H. K. WHITE.

*Supposed to have been for the "Christian Observer."*

MR. EDITOR,

THE Apostle St. Paul has said, in the 1st Epistle to Timothy, 6th chap. 10th verse, that "*The love of money is the root of all evil.*" A correspondent who signs H. T. finds a great difficulty in this passage, as it stands in our version, and proposes to translate it "*For the love of money is the root of ALL THESE evils,*" meaning some particular vices which the Apostle had just enumerated. In support of this emendation, he favours us with some critical remarks on the nature of the Greek article, and "from these considerations, and from no objections being made in the Christian Observer, he apprehends, it may be concluded, that his criticism is considered as admissible."

Now, Mr. Editor, after the very temperate and indulgent attempts of your correspondent C. L. to correct the error into which H. T. had fallen, I cannot but be surprised at such a declaration as *this* from H. T., and I cannot help deeming it my duty to declare, that I, for one, hold his criticism to be perfectly inadmissible and unnecessary. The passage exhibits no difficulty. *Avarice*, says the Apostle, is the root of all evil, but it does not follow from this that avarice is the *SOLE* root of all the evils. So idleness may be said to be the root of all evil, or bad company, or neglected education. The

plainest understanding can comprehend the sense in which these expressions are used. The river produced all *kinds of fishes*, but it did not produce *all fishes*. Avarice is the mother of all manner of evil, but it does not follow that she is the only origin, and rise of all evils. To prove this, I refer to St. Chrysostom, who often employs the phrase in connection with different causes. I remember an instance very much in point, but which I cannot now refer to, in one of the Homilies on the Epistle to the Philippians. St. Gregory Nazianzen, if it were he, who wrote the tragedy entitled, *ὁ Χριστὸς παθὼν*, alludes to this passage, in the following manner

Ἀλλ' ἤγξεν πύχνη σε φιλαργυρίας

Ἡ ρίζα πάντων τῶν κακῶν κεφυκε πως

where, as there had been no such enumeration of particulars preceding, as in the passage of St. Paul, your correspondent's criticism must entirely fail.

I cannot dismiss this subject, without adverting to the subject of your correspondent's Greek criticism. His object seems to have been to prove, that the expression, *πάντων τῶν κακῶν*, is equivalent to *παντὶν τούτων κακῶν*. The authorities which he adduces are miserably irrelevant. Your correspondent ought to have known, that the Ionics constantly use the article for the pronoun-relative; the Attics more rarely. He ought also to have known that the pronouns *THIS*, and *THAT*, are not relatives.

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MR. EDITOR,

THE well known passage in Josephus, wherein honourable mention is made of our blessed Saviour, has occasioned much controversy amongst the learned; and, though few valid objections have been substantiated against it, great and pious defenders of Christian faith have waved this evidence, rather than be supposed to insist on doubtful or disputed ground. The positive testimonies to the verity of Christianity are so abundant, that we need not call in the assistance of those which are in anywise ambiguous.

Yet, however willing we may be to decline the adduction of proofs like this, in establishing the basis of Christian truth, it may not be unprofitable to fix our own ideas with regard to them; and, if we cannot use them as a weapon against the adversary, apply them as a defence and support to ourselves. In settling the point in question, external evidence has failed. The greater part of the manuscripts have the passage, and some want it, though these latter are neither formidable for their number nor antiquity. Let us, therefore, leave this disputed field, and try what *internal* evidence there is that the passage is genuine.

In the first place, I would ask whether it is probable that so accurate and minute an historian as Josephus would pass over in silence so important an event as the

death of Jesus Christ, and the establishment of a sect which had run with amazing celerity over the cities of Syria, Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy, and had attracted universal attention by the novelty of its doctrines, and the persecutions of its followers? In the next place, I would examine the passage itself, and consider whether the sentiments are such as Josephus could consistently avow. The passage runs thus.

“About the same time lived Jesus, a wise man, if, indeed, we may call him a man; for he was the doer of wonderful works, a teacher of such as receive the truth with pleasure, and he led after him many of the Jews, and many of the Gentiles. HE WAS THE CHRIST. And after Pilate had caused him to be crucified upon the accusation of the chief men amongst us, they who had before loved him did not cease from their affection, for he appeared to them on the third day, being restored to life; the holy Prophets having foretold this, and a thousand other wonderful things concerning him. The sect of Christians, called from him, still remains.”

My next question then is, whether it be probable that Josephus, a Jew, well versed in the Prophetic writings, and who cannot be imagined ignorant of the importance of the Messiah's mission, would or could so coolly say, “και οὗτος ἦν ὁ χριστος,” “and this was the Christ?” I think, few will hesitate to answer these questions in the negative. I think, most will agree that Josephus could not have passed over in silence the death of Jesus Christ, and the origin of a sect so

hostile to the Jewish institutions, and which had excited such commotions over all Europe, and Asia, wherever the Greek language was received. Certainly he would have said something, but we cannot imagine he would have said, "*and this was the Christ*;" since that would have implied a direct contradiction of his religious profession, and an acknowledgement that the Messiah, of whose *divine nature* and kingdom he, as a Jew, entertained the most enlarged notions, had been amongst them a despised and persecuted man; had been put to death without effecting any of the great temporal revolutions they were taught to expect from him; and, lastly, that, as he had lived despised and rejected by his countrymen, so were his doctrines and precepts even then despised and rejected by himself.

In order to clear up these contradictory presumptions, it will be fair to apply a rule of criticism universally acknowledged amongst those who employ themselves in the elucidation of obscure passages in the ancient writers; namely, that the notes and glosses of commentators, which were commonly written in the margin of manuscripts, have frequently, in the course of repeated transcription, crept into the text. Admitting this, we may easily resolve the difficulty. Let us suppose that some early Jewish convert, gratified by the testimony of an elegant writer, who was himself inimical to the cause; let us suppose, that he added, as a marginal note, ὁ χριστος υἱος ἡν, "*He was the Christ*." Any Christian transcriber might make this note, and some subsequent

transcriber might, by accident or design, incorporate it with the text. The words stand quite insulated, and the connection of the preceding and following clauses does not require them.

If we allow this reasoning to be satisfactory, the presumption will be strongly in favour of the passage, nor will its effect, as a corroborating testimony to the truth of Gospel history, be at all weakened. Josephus was a candid and polite writer, addressing himself to Romans, and anxious to adduce every thing which could aggrandize and distinguish his country. The miracles wrought of Christ, his resurrection, and the fulfilment of the prophecies concerning him, were well adapted to this end; and it is probable that Josephus, writing not to his own countrymen, but to Romans, might mention these wonders upon the credit of his followers, although he might not himself believe them. \* \* \*

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MR. EDITOR,

I DARE say you will coincide with me in thinking that enquiries into the causes and first springs of existing evils is always salutary; and particularly so in the Christian world; where we may expect to find such a rectitude of mind as will render it sufficient to point out the sources of evil, in order to its discontinuance or prevention.

I live, sir, in a parish where the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel are preached with faithfulness by a pious and conscientious minister, yet without any visible impression or effect. Great general depravity is observable in the majority of the parishioners, together with an utter disregard for religion; the church is thinly and negligently attended; and the want of decorum occasionally observable in the younger branches of those families who do attend it, indicates the little reverence in which divine things are held by their parents. As to the fruits of his preaching, I believe our pious pastor has the grief to observe little or none. His influence even seems unequal to the checking of glaring breaches of decency, and it is plain that he is disregarded and despised by a large proportion of his flock.

I mention these points, Mr. Editor, in order that you may be enabled to judge what is the condition of

our parish ; but there are other points which render its situation peculiar. You must know, sir, that we have been blessed here, for a long term of years, with a series of good men who have preached the word with zeal, and, until of late, with effect. Now, sir, when the evils I have been speaking of are brought into discussion, it has been asserted that these effects are always observable in places where the Gospel has been long preached. Our minister himself, as I am told, joins in this opinion ; and, satisfied that it is in the order of things that it should be so, he leaves the matter with God. This position has been so often advanced, and, on the credit of appearances, so generally received, that I have found it vain to argue against it, and the only answer I have been able to gain is, that “ it is fine talking, but there is no reasoning against experience.” I confess, however, that I am still incredulous on this point, and, from the little examination I have had it in my power to make, I think \* \* \* \*

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MR. EDITOR,

I DO verily believe that the *nick-names* of controversial disputants have done as much harm as the most delusive of their theories. — If I believe in salvation by free elective grace, without any operation on the part of man, why am I to be branded with the name of *Calvinist*? or, if I believe that man hath a part to perform in preparing his heart for the reception of the Holy Spirit, can I not hold this without being saluted on all hands with the epithet *Arminian*? I am a Christian, a disciple of the Lord Jesus, and I know of no other leader, either supreme or subordinate, but *Him*. I am no follower of John Calvin; I am no follower of Arminius. I found my doctrine in the Bible, and I trust they found their's *there* also; but I am as much indebted to them for my ideas of the process of salvation as they are to me, and no more.

Again, sir, I am a Christian, and I trust in God that I am a true Christian: what then does a man mean when he asks me whether I am of the *Law* or of the *Gospel* — whether I am *legal* or *evangelical*? If I be a Christian, I am an humble believer of the glad tidings of salvation contained in the New Testament; and to ask me whether I am a believer in the Gospel, is to ask

whether I am a Christian. But say some, there are persons in the churches of the Lord Jesus who dispute these leading and essential points, and believe that a man is saved by the measure of his works, — persons who discredit the sanctifying influences of the spirit from above. How, then, are we to distinguish between the false and the faithful, except by these appellations? To this, I answer, that the man who, in reality, thinks he can go about the salvation of mankind without the intervention of the Redeemer is *no* Christian. The term *Mahomedan* is no nick-name for a follower of Mahommed, or *Jew* for an Israelite. We ought to be carefully exact in the application of names. It is a matter of some importance, and we must not let a spirit of dangerous moderation so far influence us as to set us about seeking a new epithet for true Christians, in order that a part of mankind may not be deprived of an appellation to which they have no right.

You may think, Mr. Editor, that I betray an unbecoming asperity in these remarks; permit me to assure you that I feel none; — but I have observed among some persons, an attachment to names in the church of Christ, which bodes no good to its interests. I begin to fear lest religion should be brought to consist in names alone, and lest the too frequent use of doctrinal terms should degenerate into a mere repetition of words without meaning or effect.

From the answers to correspondents in your last number, I find a writer, whose signature is Theodosius,

disapproves of the biographical sketches which have recently appeared in your work, as *unevangelical*. Permit me to remark, Mr. Editor, that every thing which tends to the establishment of virtue and morality, and whatever discountenances vice upon proper grounds, is evangelical. You yourself allow, in your notice of this correspondent, that "in some of the sketches less is said than might have been wished, respecting some very essential doctrines of Christianity." I need scarcely remark that Christianity does not consist in doctrines; or that a man may be a very good Christian who has very little notion of these doctrines, as a system, or plan of human salvation. There are, I believe, many now living, and in former times, for obvious reasons, there have been many more, who have felt a fervent and lively faith in the Lord Jesus; who have deplored that proneness to sin which is incidental to our fallen and depraved natures; who have sincerely prayed to God for that spiritual assistance, without which they were conscious they must fall into all manner of sin; and who, finally have walked in humble confidence with the Lord their God all the days of their lives, without ever hearing the word *evangelical*, or of any compendious arrangement of the Gospel system, such as, in these times, is considered as the *Shibboleth* of the faithful.

The doctrinal part of the Gospel is much too exclusively insisted upon by zealous ministers, and zealous writers. Christian preachers should, for the most part,

take these doctrines as the *data*, or given foundations of their discourses, and while they pay more particular attention to the elucidation of the practical part of our duties, and the enforcement of the moral rules laid down by the Lord Jesus and his disciples, they will do more good, by allusions to the sole spring of all human virtue in the *Grace of God*, and the means of attaining that grace through faith, than if they had made these things the leading topics of their sermons. If a congregation be constantly taught to look to God for ability to perform their respective duties, and meet their several trials, and that too through faith in the blessed author of our salvation, they will be insensibly led to doubt their own strength, to lament their own weakness, and to pray earnestly to God to aid and assist them for Jesus Christ's sake. We all know to what such dispositions as these are the prelude, and we have reason to believe that a conversion of mind from the world to God, wrought in this manner, will be more stable than any effect of sudden impressions, or supernatural agitations of the grosser part of our natures. Let any man observe the proportion which the *doctrinal* bears to the *practical* part of the Scriptures, and then decide as to the propriety of these observations.

Besides, there are other advantages attending this mode of preaching and writing, which, though inferior, are not altogether trifling. The great features of the system of salvation contained in the New Testament, by being less argued, will, in process of time, come to be less dis-

puted. All logicians are aware of the evils which result from attempting to prove acknowledged truths, and the unwary hearer is sometimes led to imagine, that what is so often and laboriously defended must stand in need of defence. Few are able to comprehend a train of intricate reasoning, but all can understand that there must be great need of vindication, where vindication is so frequently attempted. By this means, also, another evil will be obviated, a great source of spiritual pride will be stopped. Congregations will see more of the true spirit of Christianity, and of the extent of their duties, and will here have proper encouragement to the performance of them, at the same time that there will not be so great an opportunity of attaining a superficial knowledge of *generals*, with which we often see Christians puffed up, to the exclusion of better things. They will learn, under circumstances like these, to think more and talk less, and they will not be quite so prone to make comparisons favourable to themselves, with people who may be less enlightened. The Christian virtues of humility, love, and charity, will, it may fairly be expected, be more attended to, because they will be more insisted upon; and so long as an assembly of Christians maintain these cardinal virtues unsullied amongst them, who will doubt that they are under the guidance of the spirit from above?

I have extended these remarks, Mr. Editor, to a greater length than I at first intended. If you think they are likely to be useful, I shall be glad to see them

printed. The subjects are undoubtedly of importance, and I should be happy to see them undertaken by an abler hand. For the present, I feel satisfaction at having brought them forward for public discussion, and if I have pressed them with earnestness, I hope it will be construed not into the acrimony of controversy, but zeal for the cause of the great Captain of our Salvation, and for the welfare of my Christian Brethren.



MR. EDITOR,

It has been remarked, that infidelity and contempt for religion have, in all ages, kept pace with the improvements of science. The remark is, perhaps, rather too general, and the inferences, which are commonly drawn from it, by unbelievers on the one hand, and by Christians on the other, are alike mischievous and unsound. It is not, that, increasing in intelligence, as we improve in science, we pierce through the mists of superstition, and thus liberate ourselves from the trammels of education and early prejudice; but rather, that our minds become bewildered, as the scene extends before them, and thus draw conclusions which savour more of their first narrowness and prejudice, than of their present state of improvement. It is not, on the other hand, that God disapproves of the enquiries of philosophy, and visits the presumption of those who would penetrate into its recesses, with a blindness where it most concerns them to see; but rather that we stop short in our investigations, rest with too much confidence on deductions hastily formed, and slightly examined, and are thus plunged into the depth of error, by knowing, not *too much*, but *too little*.

True philosophy, which is the result of calm and patient investigation, the produce of a mind expanding

as its views are extended, and accurately acquainted with its own powers and dependencies, will very rarely stop short of a belief in the Christian Religion. We have many vouchers to the truth of this remark. No human being ever saw farther into the secrets of nature than Sir Isaac Newton, nor has the world seen many more indefatigable philosophers than Boyle, Bacon, Tycho Brahe, and Boerhaave: for various and profound learning, Sir William Jones may rank with the first scholars of any age; as for clearness and profundity of thought, Monsieur Pascal can have few equals. Yet all these men found their enquiries terminate in a thorough conviction of the truth of Christianity. These were all *Laymen*, and several of them, in the earlier parts of their lives, had many doubts upon the subject of Religion. But they were then only in the vestibule of the temple of science; when they had reached its innermost recesses, they found all their doubts disappear in the light of full conviction.

Philosophy introduces us into a new world, she unveils the mysteries of creation, and continually expands the field of vision, and multiplies the objects of our contemplation, till we sink under a sense of our own insignificance, and of our infinite unimportance in the scale of created beings. Philosophy, therefore, does well, inasmuch as she humbles us; but if, to these expanded views of the Majesty of the Almighty, as displayed in his works, we bring those imperfect and contracted apprehensions of his other attributes,

which so commonly prevail among the ignorant and unenlightened, then these discoveries of the Majesty of God will only tend to bewilder and mislead us.

It is thus that many unhappy men have been seduced into infidelity, by reasonings, apparently founded on mathematical research, but which have been, in reality, nothing more than the deductions of a confined understanding, bewildered with a little learning, and swelled with the pride of imaginary erudition.

It is thus that we reason, when, in the moments of retirement and meditation, we cast our eyes on the glorious firmament of the Heavens, clothed in all the brilliancy of a star-light evening; we consider, that every little sparkle which we behold, is either a world like our own, or, what is still more astonishing, a sun, round which some other mighty sisterhood of planets hold their everlasting courses. We call to mind, that the telescope reveals to us innumerable other stars, other planets, and other suns, which are too distant to be seen by the naked eye, and that the more perfect our glasses, and the more extended our vision, the greater is the number of worlds which seem to surround us. Every step we make into the remote fields of ether, discovers to us some new stratum of stars; and when, stretching our imaginations beyond the ken of our corporeal vision, we contemplate the realms of space, and pursue the analogy we have thus discovered to its fullest extent, we are led to conclude, that their number is, indeed, immeasurable; as immeasurable as the fields

of space which they diversify, and which are to be comprehended *alone*, by the *eternal mind*. When we have enlarged our conceptions to the uttermost, and swelled out our thoughts, until they appear to embrace the whole universe, we still ask, what is there beyond that? we are still unable to assign the limits of space, or to determine where extension shall cease to be. Yet the same analogy, which has hitherto guided our reasonings, would lead us to infer, that however far we might travel into infinite space, the same circlet of worlds would surround us. We see nothing in that part of the creation, which falls under our observation, without its use, nor can we conceive that there is any portion of the Universe unappropriated to some distinct purpose of the Almighty Framer. The number of worlds is, therefore, most probably, as *infinite* as are the fields of space. If every grain of sand which composes our globe were itself an *Earth*, their number would, probably, bear no more proportion to the *whole mass of worlds*, than any *finite* magnitude does to an *infinite*. And that these innumerable worlds are all inhabited by beings like ourselves, is a conclusion which reason and analogy alike confirm. A more awful and humiliating consideration than this cannot be presented to the human mind. We all immediately exclaim, "What are we? What is the globe we inhabit? what even is the system of which it forms a part?" The humble and pious mind is filled with gratitude to God at the consideration, and wonders, with David,

how the Governor and Creator of so stupendous a scene, can have such regard for "man the son of man." The presumptuous reasoner, on the contrary, the slave of his passions, his pride, or his sensuality, shields himself under the covert of his own insignificance. "Surely," he exclaims, "God can have no regard to the actions of a being like me, who am infinitely less, in comparison with the universe, than a grain of dust is to the whole earth. The Divine mind is engaged in loftier speculations than the blind wanderings of a worm like me. I may live as I please, and do as I please, without the animadversion of so stupendous a being as the great God. As for Religion it fades into insignificance, it appears like the babblings of an idiot, after such an insight as I have gotten into the mystery of nature: nor can I ever believe, that the Son of God died for the inhabitants of this little world, when it might have been annihilated without making any blank in the system of the universe, or being missed among the innumerable orbs with which it is encompassed."

Such are the reasonings of proud and ignorant men, when slightly tinctured with philosophy. I will now endeavour to show the folly of such conclusions, and to prove that these considerations, instead of inducing us to hope for impunity on account of our insignificance, ought to convince us of the awful importance of the soul of man.

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Addressed to the *Members of a Society for visiting and relieving the Sick Poor*; and of which HENRY was a very active Member.

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THE difference which has lately taken place between certain members of the "*Sick visiting Society*," has occasioned much pain to the pious members of the Church of England; who, without being actively engaged in that Society's affairs, are still anxious for its prosperity, and for the interests of religion in general.

They anticipate consequences from this dispute, more important than the disunion of a charitable body, or the diversion of the streams of public benevolence:—they anticipate those feuds and intestine divisions, against which our Saviour has solemnly cautioned us, and which, as they are pernicious to houses and nations in general, so are they ruinous to the *house* and *people* of *Christ* in particular.

Under these circumstances, it becomes a matter of serious importance to enquire, whether the existing differences be, or be not such, as a trifling mutual concession will entirely remove; and if these differences be such, and if the concessions to be made by each party be so trifling, that no scrupulosity can take offence at them, surely, then, little exhortation will be wanting to re-instate the harmony of this religious society, and heal the ugly wound, which, while it appears to extend no

farther than a few individuals, does, in fact, reach the very vitals of religion itself.

The original ground of complaint against the late visitors of the society, seems to be, that, setting aside the form appointed by the church for the visitation of the sick, they have made use of extemporaneous prayers. In this practice, it seems, they were not sanctioned by the rules of the society. These rules restricted the visitors to Dr. Stonehouse's prayers, along with his directions for supplying the deficiencies, which must be found in every pre-composed form when applied to particular cases. If the visitors have presumed so far as to neglect these restrictions altogether, and without being guided by the form of our church, or the directions of Dr. Stonehouse, have trusted wholly to their own resources, they have undoubtedly been guilty of imprudence, and are liable to just reprehension, for having violated a rule which had their previous assent. Such a misconduct, on the part of the visitors, called for the animadversions of the Committee; and it may be supposed, that no visitor would be displeased with animadversions so just, or would again violate so explicit a law. But the misconduct of the visitors in this respect does not seem to afford any colour for the rescinding the original regulation, and substituting another, confining them solely to the ordinance of our church. If the public were contented with the regulation as it originally stood, and are only displeased with its infraction, the correction of the abuse is all the public can expect or desire; and it is difficult to

see how their confidence will be restored by the establishment of a rule, which, as it is stricter, is more liable to infraction than the former.

The form of prayer appointed by our church for the *visitation of the sick*, is truly excellent; but it never could enter into the minds of the framers of it, that it would so far answer every emergency, and adapt itself to every case, as to render all addition superfluous and impertinent. The very service itself proves this; for it presumes the sick person to be a member of the Church of Christ, and in the last prayer, it presumes him to be a penitent; and as many sick persons are *neither of these*, the form cannot be adapted to all cases; and, therefore, to confine the visitor to this one form, will be to ordain, that they should pray for one description of persons only; and that as to the hardened and reprobate, and those who most need the prayers of the pious, they should either not pray by them at all, or pray *by* them, without praying *for* them. The form of our church, therefore, is not of universal application; and it seems most certain, that it entered not into the contemplation of the framers to provide for every case. I believe the practice of the most orthodox divines from the period of the Reformation confirms this opinion; and if we advert to the earlier ages of Christianity, it is very manifest, not only from Tertullian, but from St. Cyprian, that prayers adapted to particular cases were in use in social worship, and were highly approved by the bishops, at a period when the church did not want its established



and sanctioned forms. A zeal for every branch of our established ordinances is certainly laudable, and ought to be cherished; but we must not permit that zeal to carry us into such an attachment to them, as to exalt them out of their proper sphere, and make them objects of superstitious observance, rather than of rational esteem. But dismissing all argument, one circumstance alone ought to prevent too tenacious an adherence to the forms of prayer employed by our church in the visitation of the sick; namely, that, in the present instance, they are no more sanctioned to their use, than any other *forms* which contain nothing contrary to the truth, since the whole service is a ministerial service, and is no more calculated for private use amongst laymen than is the service of matrimony. To enjoin, therefore, the sole use of these church forms, would be to enjoin a thing in itself improper as well as unprofitable; every churchman will delight to use them, when they appear fitted for the occasion; and, surely, no Christian would, out of blind regard to a particular system, wish them to be used where they do not appear so adapted. The question, therefore, now seems to be, whether *forms* of prayer, and that, *too*, such as have been approved by the Committee, should be *alone* permitted to be used by the visitors. And here, I hope, that after a little conviction all parties will coincide. We have seen, in numerous instances, the wildness and extravagance which have arisen from the habit of extemporaneous prayer; and, as churchmen, we see daily the admirable effects of a pre-

composed form. To say that a Christian feels more warmth of affection, and fervour of spirit, while he pours forth his unpremeditated petition in unpremeditated words, than when he merely runs over a form of words, which may not be in exact unison with his feelings, is *no* conclusive argument in favour of extemporaneous effusions. A man may offer up his petitions with great warmth of feeling, when he is not necessarily more spiritual and devout. There is animal feeling as well as spiritual, and the *one* may very easily be mistaken for the *other*. An orator, or a poet, reciting his own compositions, may feel a similar flame kindling in his bosom.

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## ON THE DIGNITY OF THE PULPIT.

THE dignity of the pulpit cannot be too energetically enforced upon ministers, and those destined for the holy office. The lamentable effects which we daily observe to ensue from the prostitution of this dignity, are a sufficient proof that it is highly displeasing in the eyes of God, and deleterious to the true interests of religion. It is to the defection of this dignity that I attribute a great portion of the undisguised contempt, and profane ridicule, with which the profession of the gospel of Jesus Christ is now so universally treated. *Truth* in her native garb *will* command respect; but when she is either tricked out in vulgar ornaments, or concealed beneath the coarse habiliments of meanness and ignorance, it is not to be wondered at that she be received by the world with derision and contumely.

A preacher ought to regard himself, in scripture phrase, as a "vessel of honour set apart to God;" as a mean by which the Almighty Father of the universe makes known his will to mankind, and directs his people into the paths of truth and holiness. He ought, therefore, to take heed that he be duly qualified by learning, and a chaste and correct taste, to fill, with propriety, the sacred function to which he has been called by the Divine Will. I say, he ought to beware, with all pos-

sible anxiety, lest, by any negligence or carelessness on his part, he disgrace, instead of honouring, the sacred office, and tempt the God before whom he ministers to withdraw from him that countenance, without which all his exertions will avail nothing. The qualifications of human learning are not of trivial importance to a priest.

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## ON OUR ESTIMATE OF HAPPINESS.

THE estimates which we make of human life, its pleasures, and its pains, are commonly inaccurate. That which seems desirable is not always good, nor is the possession of the objects of our warmest wishes always a real benefit. This is true, not only when we covet the means of animal gratification, and pursue objects which from their agreeableness, and the delights they promise, are most likely to blind our judgments and lull our vigilance; but even in instances where the passions seem to be enlisted on the side of the virtues, and when the heart pants only for the fair, the beautiful, and the honourable.

The most ignorant of men can conceive that the possession of learning, wit, and genius is honourable and gratifying; and those who think with more precision, reckon the pleasures of intellect the most exquisite, at the same time that they are the most innocent, and the farthest removed from what is sensual and gross. Yet it would admit of much controversy, whether the happiness of mankind has been increased or diminished by the progress of science; and still more, whether the gifts of genius, and the acquirements of study, confer any additional happiness on him by whom they are possessed. If it be granted, that the arts, (which are

the parents of science), have administered much to the comforts and enjoyments of life, they have likewise created wants, of which we were before ignorant, and have fostered luxury, by the readiness with which they have adapted themselves to every inconvenience. If the increase of knowledge has opened to us new sources of gratification, and increased our stock of untainted pleasures, it has likewise opened our eyes to the miseries of our station; given us a keener susceptibility of the calamities of life, and, by inducing habits of continued reflection, has exaggerated our sympathies, and stretched out, to a greater extent, those fine threads of social and relative attachment, which are continually conveying some jarring vibration to the heart. That the increase of knowledge has a progressive influence on our feelings and sympathies, is manifest from the history of nations, as well as from that of individuals. The savage in the rudest state of humanity has few sympathies; his cares and fears extend but little beyond himself; he exposes his aged parents when they become useless to him, and he murders the infant whose deformity disgusts him, or whose puny appearance gives cause to apprehend that it may be burthensome to him. As he becomes more civilized, the relative attachments grow stronger, yet still not so strong as entirely to overcome the love of self. Thus, though Niobe weeps herself to stone over the bodies of her dead children, yet Medea imbrues her hands in the blood of her infant brother, and scatters his limbs in her flight, in order to retard the pursuit of

her father. In the next stage, the bonds of attachment become wider than those of blood. Pylades persists in his resolution of dying with Orestes, in spite of the entreaties and remonstrances of his friend; and the servants of the younger Cyrus, at a period of barbaric history, which may answer to that of Pylades and Orestes in Grecian annals, enthusiastically immolate themselves on the body of their benevolent master. The attachment of the sexes also grows more refined and sentimental, as knowledge and civilization extend themselves, and differs as widely from *that passion*, whose only gratifications are *sensual*, as a covenant of mutual convenience, from a covenant of affection.

In process of time, as the mind begins to soar above material things, and penetrate into the obscure regions of the moral world, it makes new discoveries as to the condition of man, busies itself with the probable chances of futurity, anticipates a thousand ills, which it perceives are but too inseparable from our unhappy state, and feels, in the apprehension of calamity, all the miseries of its reality. In this way, when the mind has been long accustomed to dwell with melancholy attention on the ills of life, to examine its promises and their issues; to contemplate the speedy termination of all its cares, and to consider the dark cloud which envelopes that termination; it becomes too well skilled in the chances and changes of mortality, and neglects to enjoy the present good, through the apprehension that it may be dashed from its lips before it be tasted.

The enlargement, therefore, of our views, and the increase of our powers, while it exalts the human character, and draws it a step nearer to its great original, does not necessarily augment the happiness of life. The condition of the wealthy and potent is more enviable than that of the poor and despised only in appearance. Wealth has its cares, and dominion its anxieties; and wealth and power often serve but to increase, by indulgence, those evils which are the fundamental causes of all human misery. So likewise, wisdom, and learning, and science, though they may exalt the condition of humanity, can do little towards the alleviation of its woes, or the prevention of its misfortunes.

Yet it must be allowed, that the evils of learning do not extend so much beyond its immediate votaries, while its benefits are felt over the whole community. Though the pale suitor of wisdom may find by daily experience that the fruit of the tree of knowledge is still the fruit of bitterness, and though he may languish under the pressure of imaginary ills, and find every joy shadowed with melancholy, and every prospect clouded with care and apprehension, yet society at large will feel the good effects of his pains. To his labours, will men owe the downfall of superstition and bigotry, the general diffusion of reason, the confirmation of moral truth, and the substitution of the pleasures of intellect for those of sense. These are benefits of such a magnitude, that we might be induced to deify the author of them; but their abuse is so common, and so certainly



consequent on their possession, that we again hesitate to place them in the list of benefits, or their author in the roll of benefactors. We no sooner dispel the mists of superstition, than infidelity rears aloft her standard, and beats to arms. We cannot teach men to make reason their guide, but presently they disdain every other help, and immolate religion on the altars of their pride. And when at length we have proved that the pleasures of       \*       \*       \*

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## ON THE HUMAN MIND.

THE economy of creation is every where pregnant with wonder; but nature has no mystery so astonishing, no secret so dark, as the human mind. It was in this respect, in respect to his reasoning powers, that man was originally made in the express image of God; and it is from hence that the same inscrutable gloom hangs over that wonderful part of our being which is called MIND, as shrouds the king of the universe himself, and *all his attributes*, from the vulgar gaze.

Although we are sometimes able, obscurely, to trace our ratiocinative faculties in the course of their operations, yet our observations tend to little more than to excite astonishment at the subtilty of their transitions, and the swiftness with which they traverse all nature, and connect, by an almost imperceptible link, ideas the most distant. Being thus little acquainted with the mind at large, we know it merely by its effects, and consider *genius*, or natural superiority of intellect, only in connection with the object to which it is directed, and in which it excels; but the ethereal and evanescent quality in which genius more particularly consists, seems to elude our keenest observation. The power of combining a larger number of ideas must always be re-

garded as a characteristic of a great mind ; but it is so far from being the sole constituent of genius, that alone, it would, probably, produce no movements of excellence. If it were unattended with the warmth and enthusiasm, which is another, and more universal mark of genius, it would want an adequate motive for exertion ; it would soon grow cold and languid in its efforts, and would achieve nothing, because it would plan little. There are even adventitious circumstances, which, though they add nothing to the powers of the mind themselves, are, perhaps, necessary to call them into action, and without which they might lie unnoticed and undiscovered. I believe that even Pascal himself, although so many wonders are told of the irresistible impulse by which he was led to the mathematics, was indebted for his first inclination to those studies to the conversation of his father, who was deeply versed in them.

Milton was blind, and Homer is supposed to have been blind, and where do we meet with such strong and characteristic painting as in Milton and Homer. Those works of the former poet which were written before the loss of his sight, beautiful and glowing and as they are, do not possess either the strength of delineation or the bold sublimity of conception, remarkable in his epics. It may be thought paradoxical to assert that he would never have produced the *Paradise Lost* had he never lost his sight, but that it had considerable influence on *that* work, will, on reflection, appear not improbable.

A thousand springs, unseen even to the eye of the minute observer, contribute to the production of a work of genius. The sophists imagine that man was once a monkey, and inhabited the woods, but that he accidentally learned the use of the muscle, by the contraction of which the thumb is brought in contact with the fore-finger; that, from the dexterity which this discovery gave him, he gradually improved his faculties, and heaped discovery upon discovery, until he arose to the summit of science and of art. This ridiculous story may be applied with more propriety to the *mind*.—The energies of a mighty genius lie dormant, like a treasure, hidden even from its owner, until some happy chance, some fortunate accident, gives them the first impulse, and awakes their owner to a sense of his unobserved powers. From this period the progress of genius may be gradual, but it is sure: when once the enchanted spring has been touched, the mind will recur with eagerness to its newly discovered pursuit; it will hang with a secret and inexpressible fondness over its hidden beauties; it will expatiate on all its varying appearances, and trace its unfolding graces, until it comes forth prepared to astonish mankind with pure and original excellence. In works of mere genius, the fire and animation which stamps their sterling worth upon them is often caught from the mere reflection of these first transports; a kind of sacred sublimity seems to dwell upon every thing connected with that object to

which the genius is particularly bent, and as often as it is recalled to the mind the fervour and enthusiasm of former periods is again and again excited.

To this cause I attribute the particularities of composition and character which have distinguished some of the poets. Some have manifested peculiar fondness for night; some for ocean scenery; others for woods, and groves; and, among the incidents of mortal life, for subjects which touch on grief, or love, fortitude, complaint, death. So likewise, many have been able to write only at particular periods. Milton's vein flowed only from the autumnal to the vernal equinox; and Thomson seldom composed except in the autumn, and during the night season. Poetry, with them, was connected with particular impressions which, probably, they were themselves unable to trace, but from which it was in no wise happily to be separated. Dr. Johnson has sneered at these fancies, as he is pleased to call them; but when he has defined in *what true genius* consists, he may be permitted to decide on matters which affect its essence.

Conceiving it, then, to be at all events in a greater or less degree true, that genius depends on fortuitous circumstances, and external impressions, the poet's position will appear most certain, that,

" Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

This reflection might be a mournful one to a disciple of Epicurus; but, confiding in the existence of an all-good,

and wise providence, we trust that no man of real genius has been permitted to wear away the day of mortality in obscurity and neglect, but whose talents, had they been called into action, would have been ruinous to mankind, and destructive to himself. \* \* \* \*

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## ON HUMAN LIFE.

WE may with justice term this life a state of expectation. Though all human happiness be at best comparative only, it is made to consist more in anticipation than in actual enjoyment. The things we looked forward to with longing, become insipid in possession. Every new acquisition serves only to open new prospects, until the life of man languishes to its close, and the still unsatisfied eye turns to a state of future existence, and rests at length on objects exempt from human vicissitude. Sad as this representation may seem, it is yet the fairer side of the picture of our mortal affairs. There is something pleasing in the contemplation of successful exertion, however unsatisfactory its object, when attained; but even this source of pleasure is denied to a considerable portion of mankind, the numerous children of disappointment, and misfortune, who only form schemes of happiness to see them frustrated, and build hopes but to lament over their untimely destruction.

The sanguine principle implanted in our bosoms by the wise author of our being, is the joint source of our sweetest pleasures, and our most cruel woes. Disappointment treads swiftly on the heels of hope. We form

projects, and see them blasted. Again from the ashes of the former arises some new pursuit, which is again destroyed, and again renewed, in a perpetual series of annihilation, and re-production, until the mind, like the long-used bow, loses its elasticity, and the eyes are at length opened when their late acquired clearness can no longer avail.

If the position be true, that our happiness consists rather in anticipation than in enjoyment, it is also true, that, with regard to earthly bliss, the man of obtuse faculties and sluggish disposition has infinitely the advantage of the man of talents and exalted understanding. The one founds his plans in mediocrity and moderation; he follows his aim tardily, but with certainty. His probation is fortunately for him extended, and it is free alike from the anxiety of uncertainty, and the apprehension of danger. But the other grasps at worlds. He would wield the thunders of Jehovah, and direct the fate of the Universe; he aims at improbabilities, and he expends all his strength on a stroke; his expectations grow with his failures, until at length the bubble is dispelled, and he looks on the past as the uneasy tracings of a feverish dream.

Here, then, are the tables turned upon wisdom. The very philosopher, who surveys, as from an eminence, the deluded crouds who are pursuing the rainbow of promise beneath him, falls into the very folly he affects to pity, and while he shakes his head



at the vagaries of his poor fellow sojourners, turns to contemplate with flattering delight some visionary fabric of his own, ten thousand times more unsubstantial, as it is infinitely more refined.

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## OMNIPRESENCE.

IF we allow that there is a *God*. It will follow that he is infinite in all his attributes. Since he, who is the fountain of all perfection in created things, cannot but be himself perfect, and as his being is infinite, so are his attributes. They cannot be less than infinite, because God is an infinite being; if he have power, it must be unbounded; if he be present any where, he must be present every where; if his knowledge extend to one thing, or to one period, it must extend to all things, and to all times. Again, we cannot doubt that God's power is infinite, and, if his power be infinite, all his other attributes are infinite, for infinity is the perfection of any quality, and we cannot suppose that a God of infinite power would possess any quality in an imperfect degree. Considering it proved that God is omnipresent, it follows that he is omniscient; for as God is an immaterial being in a mode incomprehensible to the human understanding, his knowledge is not confined to any particular place, but is in all places at once, and that too in its fullest perfection. In the human mind the brain is the seat of reason and perception, and our ideas are conveyed to it by the senses of sight, feeling, hearing, taste, and smell; but the mind of God is in all parts of space at once. The whole Universe is, as it were, his sensorium.

The omniscience and omnipresence of God, then, ought to fill our hearts with fear and trembling. These sovereign perfections of his nature ought to be unintermittingly before our eyes, that so we might walk with more wariness and circumspection, and might be anxious to chase every image and idea of pollution from entering into breasts on which the eye of God is incessantly fixed. What would the wicked man say could he perfectly comprehend the exquisite perfection of God's omniscience; he would then know, that, in moments of debasing and guilty pleasure, the eye of the all-pure God is fixed steadfastly upon him; that in darkness and in solitude God is with him, and that his justice has only to say, *strike*, and the uplifted arm of his vengeance falls heavy upon him. What terrors would agitate the mind of the Hypocrite did he fully comprehend, and believe the omniscience of God! could he bear to think, that, in the very acts of dissembled adoration, the scrutinizing gaze of the Lord of Truth was penetrating into the innermost recesses of his vile and corrupted heart. But wherefore do I speak of the profligate or deceitful only. Let the man here stand forth who can say he doth not shrink from the idea, that the inspecting view of the Almighty is unceasingly fixed upon his heart. You, who have on this day joined in the worship of your Lord and Saviour, have your thoughts never wandered, or hath no imagination obtruded itself into your hearts which you would blush to expose to the eye of your fellow

mortals? And if they would disgrace you in their eyes, if you would recoil from the animadversions of your companions in sin, how shall you dare to expose them to the examination of HIM, who is All-Holy, All-Righteous, and All-Wise ! But in Truth, you neither believe nor understand this important attribute of the Deity. We are apt at all times to reason of things *spiritual* by things *temporal*, and to compare *infinite* things with *finite*. Thus arguing of God, as if his capacities were like our own, we conceive that he is too much engaged with the government of the Universe, the regulation of the Heavenly bodies, or the revolutions of States and Empires, to bestow any attention to the actions of poor, passing worms like us. But is this reasonable? We know that God is omniscient. We know his knowledge extends every where, that he dwells every where, that he is found in the atom as completely as in the universe. of then he know every thing, he must know every thing *perfectly*; for if he knew any thing partially, or not entirely, he would have something imperfect, which is contrary to his nature. God, therefore, knows every thing that passes in our inmost souls *better* than we do ourselves, he reads our most secret thoughts, all the cogitations of our hearts pass in review before him; and he is as perfectly and entirely employed in the scrutiny of the thoughts and actions of an individual as in the regulation of the most important concerns of the universe. This is what we cannot comprehend, but it is what, according to the light of reason, must be true,

and, according to revelation, is indeed true. God can do nothing imperfectly, and we may form some idea of his superintending knowledge, by conceiving, what is indeed the *truth*, that all the powers of the Godhead are employed, and solely employed, in the observation, and examination of the conduct of one individual. I say this is *indeed* the case, because all the powers of the Godhead are employed upon the *least* as well as upon the greatest concerns of the universe, and the whole mind and power of the Creator are as exclusively employed upon the formation of a grub, as of a world. God knows every thing perfectly, and he knows every thing perfectly *at once*. This, to a human understanding, would breed confusion, but there can be no confusion in the Divine understanding, because confusion arises from imperfection. Thus God, without confusion, beholds as distinctly the actions of every man, as if that man were the only created being, and the Godhead were solely employed in observing him. Let this thought fill your minds with awe and with remorse. \* \*

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“ And Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians.”

Acts, vii. 22.

THE natural weakness of the human understanding, and the circumstance of its being confined, in all its operations, to reasoning from material objects, or things *seen* alone, sufficiently prove the necessity of revelation to inform us concerning the things which *are not seen*. Mere animal instinct, or the light of nature, might have sufficed for regulating the economy of our bodily existence; but as our being was endowed with an immortal principle, and we were taught, almost by intuition, to look forward to a time when the bonds of matter should be dissolved, and we yet live, — some better information was to be expected concerning this future life and its conditions, than we could gather from our own confined and defective reasonings. The moment we regard ourselves as creatures destined to outlive the wreck of matter, and fill a station in that spiritual world which shall rise upon the ruins of this material one, a new view opens before our eyes, and we become anxious to be informed of the nature of the future state, and in what degree our happiness therein may be dependant on ourselves. That our felicity hereafter is conditional, the most *barbarous* nations seem to understand; and that there is any condition, except those of moral life, and benevolence towards our fellows, *the most enlightened*,

when unvisited by the Gospel, have not discovered. Keen and penetrating philosophers among the heathen have conjectured that man must have fallen from a happier condition, since the existing depravity and misery of the race could only be reconciled with the benevolence of the Supreme being on such a supposition.

The golden age of the poets is only a figurative representation of this primitive state, and they represent the occasion of the declension of mankind from their first happy condition to have been the gradual desertion of their deities, of whom *Astrea*, or *Justice*, was the last who lingered amongst them, and whose departure closed the age of Gold, and introduced that of Iron.

So far, then, has the light of reason been able to penetrate. Yet a mystery still hangs over this period in the history of the world; there is yet something which the eye of man cannot reach, there is yet a gulph he cannot penetrate. The tradition of a fall from a state of primitive innocence is universal: but how far has this event affected our hopes of the future? How, in our present lapsed condition, over-run with vice and wickedness, are we to be rendered acceptable in the eyes of an all-pure God? No answer could be given to these questions, except by a revelation from Almighty God himself; and such a revelation was in due time given to mankind. These mysteries, so far as they really concerned us, were cleared up, and God condescended to explain to us the course of his dealings with us, and to point out the means of attaining everlasting life.

While men were yet few and simple, God enabled them to walk according to his will, and instructed them where to look for the reparation of the damages their nature had sustained at the fall by immediate revelation of the Holy Spirit : but when mankind had increased in numbers, and in refinement, near 2600 years after the Creation, *He* deposited in the hands of the people, whom for this purpose he had peculiarly chosen to himself, the written revelation of his will ; and to this people he, from time to time, made himself known by the mouths of holy men, until the coming of the Messiah, who was the completion of prophecy, the key to all mystery, and the herald of light and life to the whole human race.

The first revelation given from God to man, was that of Moses, wherein the history of the world, from the creation, was shortly and clearly deduced ; the situation of mankind, in consequence of the transgression of our first parents, delineated ; and a rule of life and religion laid down, adapted to the condition of the people for whom it was more immediately intended.

The books of the Pentateuch contain the foundation of our religion and our hopes. It is true, the glorious dispensation of the Gospel is in them but darkly shadowed ; yet they sufficed for the salvation of the chosen seed, until the fulfilment of God's purposes came to pass. In them we trace evident and undoubtful marks of the Divine hand ; and if they did not sufficiently attest themselves to the hearts and understandings of all



Christians, by their intimate connection with the first principles of our religion, if all other evidence of their divine origin were lost or thrown aside, there would be sufficient ground for believing them to be the work of a man inspired by God from external circumstances; from a comparison with the manners, laws, and religion of other nations at this period; from their ideas of the Deity; their traditional accounts of the creation; and from the general state of learning and knowledge in the world at the period they were written. On the present occasion, we mean to examine more particularly into the wisdom of the Egyptians mentioned in the text; to compare their superstitions and traditions with the Mosaic history and religion; and to examine, as far as the lapse of years, and the particular mode of transmitting their knowledge adopted by the Egyptians, will permit; how far it was possible for Moses to have availed himself of the wisdom of the Egyptians in framing the Divine books.

I. The religion of the Egyptians, even at this early period, as may be collected from the Greek historians, was Polytheism, in its wildest and most extravagant degree. They worshipped an infinite variety of deities, of whom the chief seem to have been Osiris and Isis. After these the bull Apis was held in sovereign adoration, and the long catalogue of their gods was filled with other animals, and every plant of the most ignoble and contemptible species. To such folly and blindness had God given up this unhappy people, that they paid

all kinds of slavish and servile obeisance to the shrines of these senseless and stupid divinities ; they maintained their priests in the greatest opulence, and held all other religions, even that of the true God, in the utmost abhorrence for their sakes. Although it does not appear that, in Egypt, as in Chaldea, the priests were the sole guardians of their knowledge as well as their religion ; but, on the other hand, that they were distinct orders of men, yet the two interests were so far blended, that, while they asserted the antiquity of their science, they maintained that their religion was coeval. The spirits, by whose power they professed to perform wonders and invert the order of nature, must have been the objects of adoration from the first cultivation of the magical arts amongst them. Now, it is observed, that the conjuration of spirits is the first species of knowledge affected amongst uncivilized nations, and the Egyptians pretended to have traces of science amongst them for several hundred thousand years beyond the period of the creation, according to Moses. Of the traditions concerning the creation, preserved among the Egyptians, we know nothing. Scarcely any of the ancient religions made their gods even older than the world we inhabit ; and we cannot for a moment suppose, that they attributed the creation of the universe to gods, whom they themselves saw born and expire, and who were but branches ; and, moreover, subordinate branches of the animal creation. They probably, therefore, like many of the ancient philosophers, believed the world eternal, or else

ascribed its origin to the natural and spontaneous properties of pre-existent matter; a doctrine which had likewise its abettors among the luminaries of the heathen world. They never thought of affixing to their gods more than a mundane and temporal dominion, and their worship was rather to be considered as a series of rites, on which they believed their good fortune depended, than the heartfelt adoration of an All-intelligent and Almighty Deity.

II. As for the sciences on which the Egyptians so greatly prided themselves, we shall find that their pretensions to them were unquestionably legitimate, but that their knowledge was still deformed with superstition and clouded with mystery. They appear to have derived their knowledge of astronomy from the Chaldeans. This people, who inhabited a plain and level country, particularly adapted to the observation of the heavenly bodies, early addicted themselves to this study; and although Belus, the reputed inventor of the science amongst them, is placed by some chronologers after Moses in the order of time, yet on the testimony of the Greeks, who were jealous of their pre-eminence, they had observations on record to a much earlier period. Geometry is another art which they must early have cultivated; for as the annual inundations of the Nile destroy or obliterate the boundary line and land-marks, they would otherwise have had no means of ascertaining every man's individual property after the reflux of the waters. That land had been appropriated long before

Moses' time, is plain from the policy of Joseph, who, during the seven years of famine, bought all the land of Egypt for Pharaoh in return for corn, and then restored it to the proprietors, on condition of their paying a proportion of the annual increase into the treasury. Besides these, we may gather from what was known in after times, that they had a particular predilection for many branches of physics, and endeavoured to penetrate into the mysteries of the material and immaterial world. Their physicians were early distinguished. We read of them embalming the body of Israel, and we are told, that they cultivated the medical art with so much care and minute attention, that they had separate physicians for every part of the body. These arts, however, seem to have been but subordinate pursuits. The great objects of attention were the occult sciences. It was the magicians who swayed the minds of the people with a power almost imperial. It was the magicians who spread their fame over all the civilized world, and attached a reverential awe to the name of an Egyptian. The mysteries of these arts, the magi preserved with the most scrupulous care, they were imparted to none but their immediate descendants, they were not entrusted to writing, but were locked up in the breasts of their jealous possessors. There is reason to believe, that a portion of judicial astrology was mixed with their magic, but they seem to have relied more on the incantation of spirits for the accomplishment of their purposes. Who does not read the accounts contained in the book of

Exodus of the wonders they performed in emulation of Moses, with surprise and astonishment? This prompt reduplication of the miracles wrought by the power of God, is such, as we cannot readily conceive to have been effected by art, or simulated by deception; and there remains no other possible mode of accounting for their power, than by presuming that they did really maintain that intercourse with fallen spirits to which they pretended. I am aware that the sneers of vain philosophy will be directed against such a supposition, but the course of all history, sacred and profane, countenances the idea; and after the body of evidence afforded by the ancient writers on this point, to express unqualified and unhesitating disbelief, can only argue an utter ignorance of the grounds on which we can alone judge in this mysterious subject. Let any one, however, read with attention the history of the ancient world, and he will see strong reason for believing that a very great part of mankind was given up to the government of unclean spirits. He will find that their gods were rather devils, worse than the very worst of their followers; that their religious institutions were a compound of imposture, avarice, and the most abominable wickedness; yet he will find their oracles often true in their predictions, and maintaining for a long series of years the reputation of being inspired. It was thus in Egypt at the time of the Exodus; the spirits of darkness held uncontrolled dominion over the people through the medium of the magicians, and had arrived at such a pitch of audacity, as almost to fly in the face

of Almighty God himself, and measure their powers with his. — But we see in the Scripture how they were defeated. They could not follow the arm of the Lord in his wonders. They could not even save their unhappy votaries from his plagues, for “*the magicians could not stand before Moses, because of the boils, for the boil was with the magician.*” That they knew the evil character of the spirits they served, and were aware of their subordination to the true Jehovah, is manifest from the confession extorted by the wonders wrought by Moses, when, unable to equal him in his miracles, they exclaimed to Pharaoh, “*This is the finger of God.*”

II. Under such masters as these, then, was Moses educated; such was the wisdom, in which he is stated by the text to have been instituted. Now, we might fairly expect to find some traces of this his first learning in the historical, and philosophical parts of the Pentateuch. We can conceive no reason which could induce him to discredit the antiquity of the world, as maintained by his masters, the Egyptians, or why he should expose himself, and his countrymen, to contempt, by affixing the date of the creation, at a period comparatively so recent, except he knew, and confided in the authority and direction of a power that could not err.

But Moses                   \*                   \*                   \*                   \*                   \*

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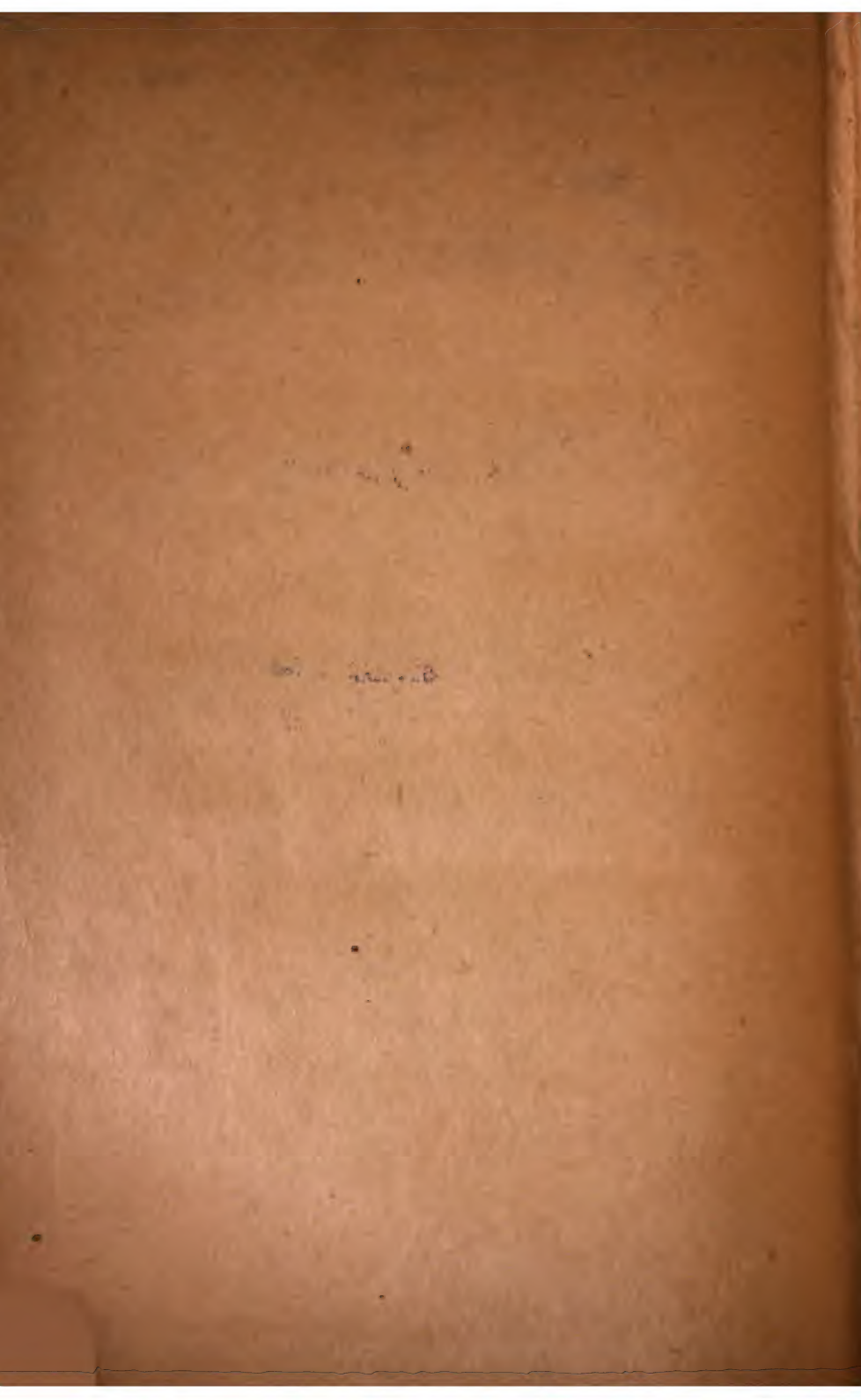
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